CANADIAN POETS

EDITED BY
JOHN W. GARVIN

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2023

https://archive.org/details/canadianpoets0000john

Canadian Poets

Canadian Poets

Edited by

John W. Garvin, B.A.

Editor, 'The Collected Poems of Isabella Valancy Crawford'
Editor, 'Canadian Poems of the Great War'
Editor, 'Master-Works of Canadian Authors'

McClelland & Stewart, Limited
Publishers - - Toronto

Copyright, Canada, 1926
by McClelland & Stewart, Limited, Toronto

First Printing, September, 1926
Second " December, 1930

Printed in Canada

TO

CHARLES MAIR

OUR FIRST NATURE AND DRAMATIC POET,
THE ADVENTURER WHO BLAZED THE TRAIL,
A NATIVE CANADIAN AND A NOBLE GENTLEMAN,—

WITH PRIDE AND DEEP AFFECTION THIS VOLUME

IS DEDICATED.

Editor's Foreword

THIS Revised Edition of Canadian Poets clearly indicates that Canada is making progress in poetic development. *Twenty-eight* poets have representation who were not included in the 1916 edition, most of whom were not even heard of at that time; and the quality of their work will come as a surprise to many... The whole volume contains 212 poems not incorporated in the original edition.

In the world crisis of the Great War there was infinite suffering and disaster, but the Law of Compensation never ceased to operate; and one of the chief compensations was the breaking down of artificial conventionalities and the clearer-eyed recognition of the fundamental realities of life. . . The change in literary standards has been very noticeable. Words regarded as especially 'poetic' are now rarely used by the best poets. They are using simple, strong diction that the everyday man can read and understand. They are observing nature closely, but human nature more so; and they are striving to get personality and human interest into their verse,—in other words, to give us reality, ennobled and spiritualized into permanent beauty.

In an Introduction by the late Alice Meynell to a book of selected poems from Shelley, there is this memorable passage which our younger poets in particular should read and ponder:

> The poetry of imagery may seem, to the minds of young readers, the poetry of all poetry,—the greatest, or the sole. It is not so, however, for there is a region of poetry on the yonder side of imagery which is transcendantly great; it is the further simplicity, and the company of poets—albeit immortal—who never reach it are not the greatest. They have stopped finally upon the beauty of imagery, whereas the master poets, having paused there also, *go beyond and touch realities with a miraculous touch.* For if exquisite secondary poetry is magical, supreme poetry is miraculous—it is more greatly and more nobly wonderful. Imagery is in the outer courts of the temple of poetry.

Canadian poets are not much given to the writing of 'free verse,' but what they have written in this form is good. They are aware that it does not consist of prose, cut into lengths, with a capital letter beginning each line, but that it must have rhythm and verbal music, originality of thought and expression, and when desirable, appropriate imagery.

For suggestions of value, acknowledgements are due to Dr J. D. Logan, R. H. Hathaway, William Arthur Deacon, Dr Lorne Albert Pierce, Florence Randal Livesay, Katherine Hale and E. J. Hathaway.

The Editor's acknowledgments are due also to the following publishers, for permission to use copyright selections:

(*a*) G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London: *The Poetical Works of William Henry Drummond; Sea Dogs and Men at Arms* by Jesse Edgar Middleton.

(*b*) J. M. Dent & Sons Limited, London, Paris & Toronto: *Songs of Ukraina* by Florence Randal Livesay; *Spun-Yarn and Spindrift* by Norah M. Holland.

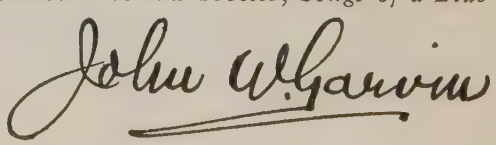
(*c*) George H. Doran Company, New York: *The Piper and the Reed* by Robert Norwood; *The Man of Kerioth* by Robert Norwood; *Bill Boram* by Robert Norwood.

(*d*) The Macmillan Company of Canada, Limited, at St. Martin's House, Toronto: *The Garden of the Sun* by Albert E. S. Smythe; *Shepherd's Purse* by Florence Randal Livesay; *When Half Gods Go* by Norah M. Holland; *Moonlight and Common Day* by Louise Morey Bowman; *Dream Tapestries* by Louise Morey Bowman; *Flame and Adventure* by Annie Charlotte Dalton; *A Book of Verses* by Gertrude M. Moffatt; *Sea Wall* by Lyon Sharman.

(*e*) The Ryerson Press, Toronto: *In Flanders Fields and Other Poems* by John McCrae, with an Essay in Character by Sir Andrew MacPhail; *Complete Poems* by Tom MacInnes; *Morning in the West* by Katherine Hale; *Newfoundland Verse* by E. J. Pratt; *Blue Homespun* by Frank Oliver Call; *The Poetical Works of Albert Durrant Watson; Song of the Prairie Land and Other Poems* by Wilson MacDonald; *The Miracle Songs of Jesus* by Wilson MacDonald.

(*f*) McClelland and Stewart Limited, Toronto: *The Witch of Endor* by Robert Norwood; *Lundy's Lane and Other Poems* by Duncan Campbell Scott; *Later Poems* by Bliss Carman, with an Appreciation by R. H. Hathaway; *Ballads and Lyrics* by Bliss Carman; *Jean Blewett's Poems; Fires of Driftwood* by Isabel Ecclestone Mackay; *My Pocket Beryl* by Mary Josephine Benson; *White Winds of Dawn* by Frances Beatrice Taylor; *The Rosary of Pan* by A. M. Stephen; *Highways of Canadian Literature* by Dr J. D. Logan and Donald French; *The Wood Carver's Wife* by Marjorie L. C. Pickthall; *The Watchman and Other Poems* by L. M. Montgomery; *Irish Lyrics and Ballads* by James B. Dollard; *A Canadian Twilight* by Bernard Freeman Trotter; *Songs of a Bluenose* by H. A. Cody.

Toronto, Canada,



Contents

With an attempt at chronological arrangement

		PAGE
	Dedication	v
	Editor's Foreword	vii
1.	*Charles Sangster*	3
2.	*Charles Mair*	13
3.	*Isabella Valancy Crawford*	25
4.	*Charles G. D. Roberts*	37
5.	*Archibald Lampman*	49
6.	*Frederick George Scott*	61
7.	*Wilfred Campbell*	73
8.	*Bliss Carman*	85
9.	*George Frederick Cameron*	97
10.	*Duncan Campbell Scott*	105
11.	*S. Frances Harrison*	117
12.	*E. Pauline Johnson*	125
13.	*E. W. Thomson*	135
14.	*Ethelwyn Wetherald*	143
15.	*William Henry Drummond*	151
16.	*Helena Coleman*	163
17.	*Theodore Harding Rand*	171
18.	*Arthur W. H. Eaton*	177
19.	*Jean Blewett*	185
20.	*Helen Merrill Egerton*	193
21.	*Gilbert Parker*	199
22.	*Virna Sheard*	207

PAGE

23. *Marian Osborne* - - - - 215
24. *Isabel Ecclestone Mackay* - - - 221
25. *L. M. Montgomery* - - - 229
26. *Albert Durrant Watson* - - 235
27. *Peter McArthur* - - - 245
28. *William E. Marshall* - - - 251
29. *William Douw Lighthall* - - 259
30. *John W. Garvin* - - - 263
31. *Arthur Stringer* - - - 267
32. *Grace Blackburn* - - - - 275
33. *Katherine Hale* - - - - 279
34. *Beatrice Redpath* - - - - 287
35. *Norah M. Holland* - - - 295
36. *John Daniel Logan* - - - 299
37. *Albert E. S. Smythe* - - - 307
38. *Robert Norwood* - - - 313
39. *Marjorie L. C. Pickthall* - - - 323
40. *Louise Morey Bowman* - - - 331
41. *Florence Randal Livesay* - - - 339
42. *Annie Charlotte Dalton* - - - 345
43. *Lyon Sharman* - - - - 351
44. *Constance Lindsay Skinner* - - 357
45. *Tom MacInnes* - - - 363
46. *Annie Campbell Huestis* - - - 373
47. *Lionel Haweis* - - - - 379
48. *Alan Sullivan* - - - - 387
49. *John McCrae* - - - - 391

PAGE

50. *Richard Scrace* - - - - 395
51. *Theodore Goodridge Roberts* - - 399
52. *Archibald MacMechan* - - 405
53. *William T. Allison* - - - 409
54. *Gertrude MacGregor Moffatt* - - 413
55. *James B. Dollard* - - - 417
56. *Laura E. McCully* - - - - 425
57. *Wilson MacDonald* - - - 431
58. *Jesse Edgar Middleton* - - - 441
59. *Alfred Gordon* - - - 445
60. *Robert W. Service* - - - - 449
61. *Arthur S. Bourinot* - - - 455
62. *Bernard Freeman Trotter* - - - 459
63. *Lloyd Roberts* - - - - 463
64. *E. J. Pratt* - - - - 469
65. *Mary Josephine Benson* - - - 475
66. *Frank Oliver Call* - - - 481
67. *John Crichton* - - - - 487
68. *Frances Beatrice Taylor* - - - 493
69. *Cecilia MacKinnon* - - - 499
70. *Hilda Mary Hooke* - - - 505
71. *Arthur L. Phelps* - - - 511
72. *H. A. Cody.* - - - - 515
73. *A. M. Stephen* - - - - 519
74. *James Harold Manning* - - - 523
75. *Dorothy Choate Herriman* - - 527

Index - - - - - 531

Canadian Poets

Charles Sangster

TO him belongs the honour of being the first poet who made appreciative use of Canadian subjects in his poetical work. In this sense he is a true representative Canadian poet. . . Though many defects may be found in his first volume, indicating undue haste in preparation and over-confidence on the part of the author, yet fine rhythm and spirit are often met with. . . This volume established his position as a poet of no common power, which was freely accorded him by writers in Britain, in the United States and in Canada. The lyric to 'The Isles in the St. Lawrence' is much admired, and also 'The Rapid'. . . The second volume is not open to the same objections. The poems are more highly finished and show greater skill and care in the poetic art. Mr Sangster is at his best, perhaps, in his martial pieces, such as 'Brock,' 'Wolfe,' 'Song for Canada,' etc. . . He had a passionate love for nature; but his grand theme was love—the noblest of themes.—ARCHIBALD MACMURCHY, M.A., LL.D. in his 'Handbook of Canadian Literature.'

CHARLES SANGSTER was born at the Navy Yard, Point Frederick, Kingston, Ontario, on the 16th of July, 1822. He was the son of a joiner in the British Navy, and the grandson of a United Empire Loyalist, a Scotch soldier who had fought in the American Revolution.

Charles was but two years old when his father died; and when he was but fifteen years of age he retired from school to assist his mother in providing for the family.

He found work, first, in the naval laboratory at Fort Henry; and, second, in a subordinate position in the Ordnance Office, Kingston, which he held for several years.

It was during this period that he began to contribute both prose and verse to the public journals. In 1849, he was appointed editor of the *Courier* in Amherstburg, and went there to reside; but, the following year, resigned and returned to Kingston, where he joined the staff of the *Whig*. Subsequently, in 1864, the *Daily News* of the same city engaged his services.

It was during his journalistic career in the 'Limestone City' that he accomplished his best literary work. His first volume, *The St. Lawrence and the Saguenay, and Other Poems,* appeared in 1856, published by subscription; and his second, *Hesperus, and Other Poems and Lyrics,* in 1860.

When forty-six years of age he accepted a position in the Post-Office Department at Ottawa, where his poetic energy and ambition succumbed, apparently, to the incessant drudgery and to the hampering cares of ill-paid employment.

Sangster was a poet born, but his literary genius was handicapped by his elementary education. For his opportunities, he achieved notably. He died in 1893.

Sonnet

I SAT within the temple of her heart,
And watched the living Soul as it passed through,
Arrayed in pearly vestments, white and pure.
The calm, immortal presence made me start.
It searched through all the chambers of her mind
With one mild glance of love, and smiled to view
The fastnesses of feeling, strong, secure,
And safe from all surprise. It sits enshrined

And offers incense in her heart, as on
An altar sacred unto God. The dawn
Of an imperishable love passed through
The lattice of my senses, and I, too,
Did offer incense in that solemn place—
A woman's heart made pure and sanctified by grace.

Lyric to the Isles

HERE the spirit of Beauty keepeth
Jubilee for evermore;
Here the voice of Gladness leapeth,
Echoing from shore to shore.
O'er the hidden watery valley,
O'er each buried wood and glade,
Dances our delighted galley,
Through the sunlight and the shade;
Dances o'er the granite cells,
Where the soul of Beauty dwells.

Here the flowers are ever springing,
While the summer breezes blow;
Here the Hours are ever clinging,
Loitering before they go;
Playing round each beauteous islet,
Loath to leave the sunny shore,
Where, upon her couch of violet,
Beauty sits for evermore;
Sits and smiles by day and night,
Hand in hand with pure Delight.

Here the spirit of Beauty dwelleth
In each palpitating tree,
In each amber wave that welleth
From its home beneath the sea;
In the moss upon the granite
In each calm, secluded bay,
With the zephyr trains that fan it
With their sweet breaths all the day—
On the waters, on the shore,
Beauty dwelleth evermore!

The Soldiers of the Plough

NO maiden dream, nor fancy theme,
Brown Labour's muse would sing;
Her stately mien and russet sheen
Demand a stronger wing.
Long ages since, the sage, the prince,
The man of lordly brow,
All honour gave that army brave,
The Soldiers of the Plough.
Kind Heaven speed the plough,
And bless the hands that guide it!
God gives the seed—
The bread we need,
Man's labour must provide it.

In every land, the toiling hand
Is blest as it deserves;
Not so the race who, in disgrace,
From honest labour swerves.
From fairest bowers bring rarest flowers
To deck the swarthy brow
Of him whose toil improves the soil,—
The Soldier of the Plough.
Kind Heaven speed the plough,
And bless the hands that guide it!
God gives the seed—
The bread we need,
Man's labour must provide it.

Blest is his lot, in hall or cot,
Who lives as Nature wills,
Who pours his corn from Ceres' horn,
And quaffs his native rills;
No breeze that sweeps trade's stormy deeps
Can touch his golden prow.
Their foes are few, their lives are true,
The Soldiers of the Plough.
Kind Heaven speed the plough,
And bless the hands that guide it!
God gives the seed—
The bread we need,
Man's labour must provide it.

Harvest Hymn

GOD of the Harvest, Thou, whose sun
Has ripened all the golden grain,
We bless Thee for Thy bounteous store,
The cup of Plenty running o'er,
The sunshine and the rain!

The year laughs out for very joy,
Its silver treble echoing
Like a sweet anthem through the woods,
Till mellowed by the solitudes
It folds its glossy wing.

But our united voices blend
From day to day unweariedly;
Sure as the sun rolls up the morn,
Or twilight from the eve is born,
Our song ascends to Thee.

Where'er the various-tinted woods,
In all their autumn splendour dressed,
Impart their gold and purple dyes
To distant hills and farthest skies
Along the crimson west:

Across the smooth, extended plain,
By rushing stream and broad lagoon,
On shady height and sunny dale,
Wherever scuds the balmy gale
Or gleams the autumn moon:

From inland seas of yellow grain,
Where cheerful Labour, heaven-blest,
With willing hands and keen-edged scythe,
And accents musically blythe,
Reveals its lordly crest:

From clover-fields and meadows wide,
Where moves the richly-laden wain
To barn well-stored with new-made hay,
Or where the flail at early day
Rolls out the ripened grain:

From meads and pastures on the hills
And in the mountain valleys deep,
Alive with beeves and sweet-breathed kine
Of famous Ayr or Devon's line
And shepherd-guarded sheep:

The spirits of the golden year,
From crystal caves and grottoes dim,
From forest depths and mossy sward,
Myriad-tongued, with one accord
Peal forth their harvest hymn.

The Rapid

ALL peacefully gliding,
The waters dividing,
The indolent batteau moved slowly along,
The rowers, light-hearted,
From sorrow long parted,
Beguiled the dull moments with laughter and song:
'Hurrah for the rapid that merrily, merrily
Gambols and leaps on its tortuous way!
Soon we will enter it, cheerily, cheerily,
Pleased with its freshness, and wet with its spray.'

More swiftly careering,
The wild rapid nearing,
They dash down the stream like a terrified steed;
The surges delight them,
No terrors affright them,
Their voices keep pace with the quickening speed:
'Hurrah for the rapid that merrily, merrily
Shivers its arrows against us in play!
Now we have entered it, cheerily, cheerily,
Our spirits as light as its feathery spray.'

Fast downward they're dashing,
Each fearless eye flashing,
Though danger awaits them on every side.
Yon rock—see it frowning!
They strike—they are drowning!

But downward they speed with the merciless tide;
No voice cheers the rapid, that angrily, angrily
Shivers their bark in its maddening play;
Gaily they entered it—heedlessly, recklessly,
Mingling their lives with its treacherous spray!

The Wine of Song

WITHIN Fancy's halls I sit and quaff
Rich draughts of the wine of Song,
And I drink and drink
To the very brink
Of delirium wild and strong,
Till I lose all sense of the outer world
And see not the human throng.

The lyral chords of each rising thought
Are swept by a hand unseen,
And I glide and glide
With my music bride,
Where few spiritless souls have been;
And I soar afar on wings of sound
With my fair Æolian queen.

Deep, deeper still, from the springs of Thought
I quaff till the fount is dry,
And I climb and climb
To a height sublime
Up the stars of some lyric sky,
Where I seem to rise upon airs that melt
Into song as they pass by.

Millennial rounds of bliss I live,
Withdrawn from my cumb'rous clay,
As I sweep and sweep
Through infinite deep
On deep of that starry spray;
Myself a sound on its world-wide round,
A tone on its spheral way.

And wheresoe'er through the wondrous space
My soul wings its noiseless flight,

On their astral rounds
Float divinest sounds,
Unseen, save by spirit-sight,
Obeying some wise, eternal law,
As fixed as the law of light.

But, oh, when my cup of dainty bliss
Is drained of the wine of Song,
How I fall and fall
At the sober call
Of the body that waiteth long
To hurry me back to its cares terrene,
And earth's spiritless human throng!

Brock

ONE voice, one people, one in heart
And soul and feeling and desire.
Re-light the smouldering martial fire
And sound the mute trumpet! Strike the lyre!
The hero dead cannot expire:
The dead still play their part.

Raise high the monumental stone!
A nation's fealty is theirs,
And we are the rejoicing heirs,
The honoured sons of sires whose cares
We take upon us unawares
As freely as our own.

We boast not of the victory,
But render homage, deep and just,
To his—to their—immortal dust,
Who proved so worthy of their trust;
No lofty pile nor sculptured bust
Can herald their degree.

No tongue can blazon forth their fame—
The cheers that stir the sacred hill
Are but mere promptings of the will
That conquered them, that conquers still;
And generations yet shall thrill
At Brock's remembered name.

Some souls are the Hesperides
Heaven sends to guard the golden age,
Illumining the historic page
With record of their pilgrimage.
True martyr, hero, poet, sage,—
And he was one of these.

Each in his lofty sphere, sublime,
Sits crowned above the common throng:
Wrestling with some pythonic wrong
In prayer, in thunders, thought or song,
Briareus-limbed, they sweep along,
The Typhons of the time.

The Plains of Abraham

I STOOD upon the Plain,
That had trembled when the slain,
Hurled their proud defiant curses at the battle-hearted foe,
When the steed dashed right and left
Through the bloody gaps he cleft,
When the bridle-rein was broken, and the rider was laid low.

What busy feet had trod
Upon the very sod
Where I marshalled the battalions of my fancy to my aid!
And I saw the combat dire,
Heard the quick, incessant fire,
And the cannons' echoes startling the reverberating glade.

I saw them one and all,
The banners of the Gaul
In the thickest of the contest, round the resolute Montcalm;
The well-attended Wolfe,
Emerging from the gulf
Of the battle's fiery furnace, like the swelling of a psalm.

I heard the chorus dire,
That jarred along the lyre
On which the hymn of battle rung, like surgings of the wave
When the storm, at blackest night,

Wakes the ocean in affright,
As it shouts its mighty pibroch o'er some shipwrecked vessel's grave.

I saw the broad claymore
Flash from its scabbard, o'er
The ranks that quailed and shuddered at the close and fierce attack;
When Victory gave the word,
Then Scotland drew the sword,
And with arm that never faltered drove the brave defenders back.

I saw two great chiefs die,
Their last breaths like the sigh
Of the zepher-sprite that wantons on the rosy lips of morn;
No envy-poisoned darts,
No rancour in their hearts,
To unfit them for their triumph over death's impending scorn.

And as I thought and gazed,
My soul, exultant, praised
The Power to whom each mighty act and victory are due,
For the saint-like Peace that smiled
Like a heaven-gifted child,
And for the air of quietude that steeped the distant view.

The sun looked down with pride,
And scattered far and wide
His beams of whitest glory till they flooded all the Plain;
The hills their veils withdrew,
Of white, and purplish blue,
And reposed all green and smiling 'neath the shower of golden rain.

Oh, rare, divinest life
Of Peace, compared with Strife!
Yours is the truest splendour, and the most enduring fame;
All the glory ever reaped
Where the fiends of battle leaped,
Is harsh discord to the music of your undertoned acclaim.

Charles Mair

AS an interpreter of nature, Mair is at one with Carman, Roberts and Lampman. As an interpreter of mankind he enters the company of Isabella Valancy Crawford, Wilfred Campbell and William Drummond. . . In technique Carman, Roberts and Lampman surpass him; but in strength of gesture and firmness of touch on the great motives of human conduct he outclasses them. . . To-day dramatic poetry is not popular, but that is only a phase. . . We are frankly amazed when we listen to the voices of those who play on whistles. They are so very sure that lyric poetry is the ultimate thing in the art of creative words. When, however, lyric poetry abounds, man only marks time. He moves forward when the dramatist begins to speak. . . The lyric poet is too often impersonal. He becomes dramatic as he passes from the chant of things to the heralding of man. . . Judged by this standard Charles Mair is not only the dean of Canadian letters; he is our most authentic poet.—Dr Robert Norwood in his Introduction to the Mair volume in 'Master-Works of Canadian Authors.'

AS *Tecumseh*—a drama, native to the soil, and still without a successful rival—was published in 1886; and as the same author, by the publication in 1868 of *Dreamland and Other Poems,* originated our nature school of verse, it seems clear that his poetical works have a very special significance in Canadian literature.

Charles Mair, son of the late James Mair, a native of Scotland, one of the pioneers of the old square timber trade in the Ottawa valley, and Margaret (Holmes) Mair, was born in Lanark, Ontario, September 21, 1838. He was educated at the Perth Grammar School and at Queen's University, Kingston. In 1867, he returned to Queen's College and studied medicine. In the summer of 1868, he was called to Ottawa by the Hon. William McDougall, Minister of Public Works, to prepare a *précis* of available records in the Parliamentary Library, pertaining to the Hudson's Bay Company's territories and tenure. The following autumn, he was appointed paymaster of the first expedition sent to the North-West by the Canadian Government, its object being to open up an immigration route via the Lake of the Woods, and was requested to describe in the press, the prairie country and its inducement to settlers. His correspondence to the Toronto *Globe* and the Montreal *Gazette* was widely copied and was potent in influencing western immigration.

In Winnipeg, Sept. 8th, 1869, he married Elizabeth Louise, daughter of the late Augustus Mackenney, Amherstburg, Ont., and a niece of Sir John C. Schultz, K.C.M.G.

During the first Riel rebellion, 1869-70, Mr Mair was imprisoned by the rebels, and until he escaped, his life was in serious danger, but his greatest distress was caused by the loss of valuable manuscripts which he had taken with him to the West, to revise and prepare for publication, and which his memory was unable to restore.

This loss and discouragement doubtless had its effect, for his next publication did not appear until 1886. In the meantime he was engaged in the fur trade at Portage la Prairie and later at Prince Albert until 1883, when he returned to Ontario and resided at Windsor. It was during the next two years that he had leisure to write his great drama.

In 1885, when the second Riel rebellion broke out, Mr. Mair promptly enlisted and served as quartermaster in the Governor General's Body Guard, commanded by Col. G. T. Denison. Afterwards he removed to Kelowna, B.C., of which he was one of the founders. Subsequently he joined the Immigration Service at Winnipeg, and several years later, took charge of the Lethbridge Immigration Office and Agency. Thence was removed to Coutts on the Boundary, and was afterwards transferred as relieving officer to Fort Steele, B.C. In 1921, he retired with a pension.

The Last Bison, an original and virile poem of gripping interest, was written in 1890. In 1901, his collected poems, *Tecumseh, a drama, and Canadian Poems,* was published; and in 1908, there appeared in prose, his *Through the Mackenzie Basin,* an important work giving an account of the great Peace River Treaty of 1899, with the Indians of the North, who ceded a territory 800 miles by 400 in length and breadth. Mr Mair was English Secretary to the Scrip Commission and gave a favourable account of the vast region, since confirmed by the extensive immigration into that country.

August

DULL August! Maiden of the sultry days,
And Summer's latest born! When all the woods
Grow dim with smoke, and smirch their lively green
With haze of long-continued drought begot;
When every field grows yellow, and a plague
Of thirst dries up its herbage to the root,
So that the cattle grow quite ribby-lean
On woody stalks whose juices all are spent;
When every fronded fern in mid-wood hid
Grows sick and yellow with the jaundice heat,
Whilst those on hill-sides glare with patchy red;
When streamlets die upon the lichened rocks,
And leave the bleaching pebbles shining bare,
And every mussell shell agape and parched,
And small snail-craft quite emptied of their crews;
When not one angel-cloud is to be seen
To image coolness and the coming rain,
But all the air with stour and dust is filled,

Through which the sun stares with a pallid face
On which one long may look, and turn, and read
Some prophecy of old with eyes undimmed;
When every morn is fiery as the noon,
And every eve is fiery as the morn,
And every night a prison hot and dark,
Where one doth sleep and dream of pleasant snow,
And winter's icicles and blessed cold,
But, soon awakes, with limbs uneasy cramped,
And garments drenched, and stifled, panting breath;
When life itself grows weary of its use,
And mind is tarnished with the hue of things,
And thoughts are sickened with o'erdarkened food;
When man uneasy strolls, a listless mome
In museless misery, a wretch indeed—
Say, fiery maiden, with the scorching eyes,
What hast thou left to chain us to the earth?

Ah, there are busy forms which, all unsought,
Find yet a relish in thy scanty store.
And, for that blooms are scarce, therefore the bee
Wades knee-deep in the purple thistle tops,
And shares their sweetness with the hungry wasp.
Therefore the butterfly comes sailing down,
And, heedless, lighting on a hummer's back,
Soon tacks aloft in sudden strange alarm,
Whilst bee and wasp quick scurry out of sight,
And leave their treasures to the plodding ant.
The beetle in the tree-top sits and sings
His brassy tune with increase to the end,
And one may peep and peer amongst the leaves,
Yet see him not though still he sits aloft,
And winds his reedy horn into the noon.
Now many a sob is heard in thickets dim,
Where little birds sit, pensive, on the spray,
And muse mayhap on the delights of Spring;
And many a chitmunk whistles out its fear,
And jerks and darts along the panneled rails,
Then stops, and watches with unwinking eyes
Where you do stand, as motionless as death;

But should you wag a finger through the air,
Or move a-tiptoe o'er the crispy sod,
'Twill snudge away beneath the balsam brush,
Quick lost and safe among the reddened spray.

Now one may sit within a little vale,
Close to the umbrage of some wood whose gums
Give heavy odours to the heavy air,
And watch the dusty crackers snap their wings,
Whilst gangs of blue-flies fetch a buzzing tease
Of mad, uneasy whirlings overhead.
Now one may mark the spider trim his web
From bough to bough, and sorrow at the fate
Of many a sapless fly quite picked and bare,
Still hanging lifeless in the silken mesh,
Or muse upon the maze of insect brede
Which finds a home and feeds upon the leaves
Till naught but fibre-skeletons are hung
From branch to branch up to the highest twig.
And many a curious pleasance may be seen
And strange disport. Of such the wondrous glee
The joinèd gnats have in their headlong flight;
The wild'ring quest of horse-flies humming past
In twos and threes, and the small cloud of wings
Which mix and throng together in the sun.
A num'rous kin dart shining o'er some pool
Spared from the general wreck of water store,
And from the lofty woods crow-blackbird trains
Chuck o'er the barren leas with long-drawn flight.
Far o'er the hills the grouse's feath'ry drum
Beats quick and loud within a beechen copse,
And, sometimes, when the heavy woods are still,
A single tap upon a hemlock spire
Dwells with the lonely glades in echoes deep.

Then with the eve come sounds of varied note.
The boys troop clam'ring to the woods, and curs
Yelp sharply where the groundhog's lair is found.
The horn has called the reapers from the fields,
And, now, from cots half-hid by fruited trees,
The homely strains of fiddle or of fife,

Which distance sweetens with a needed art,
Come dropping on the ear. And sometimes, too,
If sparks are deemed sincere, and rustic love
Run smooth, the merry milkmaids sing
A fallow's length with pails at elbow slung,
Or, while they thrust the draw-well dangler down,
'Gainst which the swains oppose their yielding strength,
Laugh loud and long, or scold with mimicked heat.
These find a pleasure in the waste of days,
And strive against the mis'ry of the time
With am'rous snares and artifice of love.
Not less those faithful ones who look upon
This weather-sorrow with sufficing joy—
The old, who still would linger with their seed,
And snatch a little comfort from the earth.
Still would they gaze upon the simmering sun,
And take the warmth into their aged bones,
Nor cavil with the hindrances which stay.
The lethal hour when death shall come and bend
Their reverend heads into the restful grave.

Hail August! Maiden of the sultry days,
To thee I bring the measured meed of praise.
For, though thou hast besmirched the day and night,
And hid a wealth of glory from our sight,
Thou still dost build in musing, pensive mood,
Thy blissful idyls in the underwood.
Thou still dost yield new beauties, fair and young,
With many a form of grace as yet unsung,
Which ripens o'er thy pathway and repays
The toil and languor of the sultry days.
1868

From 'Tecumseh'

LEFROY. This region is as lavish of its flowers
As heaven of its primrose blooms by night.
This is the arum which within its root
Folds life and death; and this the prince's pine,
Fadeless as love and truth—the fairest form
That ever sun-shower washed with sudden rain.
This golden cradle is the moccasin flower,
Wherein the Indian hunter sees his hound;

And this dark chalice is the pitcher-plant,
Stored with the water of forgetfulness.
Whoever drinks of it, whose heart is pure,
Will sleep for aye 'neath foodful asphodel
And dream of endless love. I need it not.
I am awake, and yet I dream of love.
It is the hour of meeting, when the sun
Takes level glances at these mighty woods,
And Iena has never failed till now
To meet me here. What keeps her? Can it be
The Prophet? Ah, that villain has a thought,
Undreamt of by his simple followers,
Dark in his soul as midnight! If—but no—
He fears her though he hates.
What shall I do?
Rehearse to listening woods, or ask these oaks
What thoughts they have, what knowledge of the past?
They dwarf me with their greatness, but shall come
A meaner and a mightier than they,
And cut them down. Yet rather would I dwell
With them, with wildness and its stealthy forms—
Yea, rather with wild men, wild beasts and birds,
Than in the sordid town that here may rise.
For here I am a part of nature's self,
And not divorced from her like men who plod
The weary streets of care in search of gain.
And here I feel the friendship of the earth:
Not the soft cloying tenderness of hand
Which fain would satiate the hungry soul
With household honey combs and parloured sweets,
But the strong friendship of primeval things—
The rugged kindness of a giant heart,
And love that lasts.
I have a poem made
Which doth concern earth's injured majesty—
Be audience, ye still untroubled stems!

(*Recites*)

There was a time on this fair continent
When all things throve in spacious peacefulness.

The prosperous forests unmolested stood,
For where the stalwart oak grew there it lived
Long ages, and then died among its kind.
The hoary pines—those ancients of the earth—
Brimful of legends of the early world,
Stood thick on their own mountains unsubdued.
And all things else illumined by the sun,
Inland or by the lifted wave, had rest.
The passionate or calm pageants of the skies
No artist drew; but in the auburn west
Innumerable faces of fair cloud
Vanished in silent darkness with the day.
The prairie realm—vast ocean's paraphrase—
Rich in wild grasses numberless, and flowers
Unnamed save in mute nature's inventory,
No civilized barbarian trenched for gain.
And all that flowed was sweet and uncorrupt.
The rivers and their tributary streams,
Undammed, wound on forever, and gave up
Their lonely torrents to weird gulfs of sea,
And ocean wastes unshadowed by a sail.
And all the wild life of this western world
Knew not the fear of man; yet in those woods,
And by those plenteous streams and mighty lakes,
And on stupendous steppes of peerless plain,
And in the rocky gloom of canyons deep,
Screened by the stony ribs of mountains hoar
Which steeped their snowy peaks in purging cloud,
And down the continent where tropic suns
Warmed to her very heart the mother earth,
And in the congealed north where silence' self
Ached with intensity of stubborn frost,
There lived a soul more wild than barbarous:
A tameless soul—the sunburnt savage free—
Free, and untainted by the greed of gain:
Great nature's man content with nature's food.

But hark! I hear her footsteps in the leaves—
And so my poem ends.

—Scene II, Act I.

* * * *

Tecumseh to General Harrison

TECUMSEH. . . .

Once all this mighty continent was ours,
And the Great Spirit made it for our use.
He knew no boundaries, so had we peace
In the vast shelter of His handiwork,
And, happy here, we cared not whence we came.
We brought no evils thence—no treasured hate,
No greed of gold, no quarrels over God;
And so our broils, to narrow issues joined,
Were soon composed, and touched the ground of peace.
Our very ailments, rising from the earth,
And not from any foul abuse in us,
Drew back, and let age ripen to death's hand.
Thus flowed our lives until your people came,
Till from the East our matchless misery came!
Since then our tale is crowded with your crimes,
With broken faith, with plunder of reserves—
The sacred remnants of our wide domain—
With tamp'rings, and delirious feasts of fire,
The fruit of your thrice-cursèd stills of death
Which make our good men bad, our bad men worse,
Ay, blind them till they grope in open day
And stumble into miserable graves!
Oh, it is piteous, for none will hear!
There is no hand to help, no heart to feel,
No tongue to plead for us in all your land.
But every hand aims death, and every heart,
Ulcered with hate, resents our presence here;
And every tongue cries for our children's land
To expiate their crime of being born.
Oh, we have ever yielded in the past,
But we shall yield no more! Those plains are ours!
Those forests are our birth-right and our home!
Let not the Long-Knife build one cabin there—
Or fire from it will spread to every roof,
To compass you, and light your souls to death!

—Scene IV, Act II.

Enter General Brock and Lefroy

BROCK. You may be right, Lefroy, but, for my part,
I stand by old tradition and the past.
My father's God is wise enough for me,
And wise enough this gray world's wisest men.
LEFROY. I tell you, Brock,
The world is wiser than its wisest men,
And shall outlive the wisdom of its gods,
Made after man's own liking. The crippled throne
No longer shelters the uneasy king,
And outworn sceptres and Imperial crowns
Now grow fantastic as an idiot's dream.
These perish with the kingly pastime, war,
And war's blind tool, the monster, Ignorance,
Both hateful in themselves, but this the worst.
One tyrant will remain—one impious fiend
Whose name is Gold—our earliest, latest foe.
Him must the earth destroy, ere man can rise,
Rightly self-made, to his high destiny,
Purged of his grossest faults: humane and kind;
Co-equal with his fellows and as free.
BROCK. Lefroy, such thoughts let loose would
wreck the world.
The kingly function is the soul of state,
The crown the emblem of authority,
And loyalty the symbol of all faith.
Omitting these, man's government decays—
His family falls into revolt and ruin.
But let us drop this bootless argument,
And tell me more of those unrivalled wastes
You and Tecumseh visited.
LEFROY. We left
The silent forest, and, day after day,
Great prairies swept beyond our aching sight
Into the measureless West; uncharted realms,
Voiceless and calm, save when tempestuous wind
Rolled the rank herbage into billows vast,
And rushing tides which never found a shore.
And tender clouds, and veils of morning mist,

Cast flying shadows, chased by flying light,
Into interminable wildernesses,
Flushed with fresh blooms, deep perfumed by the rose,
And murmurous with flower-fed bird and bee.
The deep-grooved bison-paths like furrows lay,
Turned by the cloven hoofs of thundering herds
Primeval, and still travelled as of yore.
And gloomy valleys opened at our feet,
Shagged with dusk cypresses and hoary pine;
The sunless gorges, rummaged by the wolf,
Which through long reaches of the prairie wound,
Then melted slowly into upland vales,
Lingering, far-stretched amongst the spreading hills.

BROCK. What charming solitudes! And life was there?

LEFROY. Yes, life was there, inexplicable life,
Still wasted by inexorable death!
There had the stately stag his battle-field—
Dying for mastery among his hinds.
There vainly sprung the affrighted antelope,
Beset by glittering eyes and hurrying feet.
The dancing grouse, at their insensate sport,
Heard not the stealthy footstep of the fox;
The gopher on his little earthwork stood,
With folded arms, unconscious of the fate
That wheeled in narrowing circles overhead;
And the poor mouse, on heedless nibbling bent,
Marked not the silent coiling of the snake.
At length we heard a deep and solemn sound—
Erupted moanings of the troubled earth
Trembling beneath innumerable feet.
A growing uproar blending in our ears,
With noise tumultuous as ocean's surge,
Of bellowings, fierce breath and battle shock,
And ardour of unconquerable herds.
A multitude whose trampling shook the plains,
With discord of harsh sound and rumblings deep,
As if the swift revolving earth had struck,
And from some adamantine peak recoiled,
Jarring. At length we topped a high-browed hill—
The last and loftiest of a file of such—

And, lo, before us lay the tameless stock,
Slow wending to the northward like a cloud!
A multitude in motion, dark and dense—
Far as eye could reach, and farther still,
In countless myriads stretched for many a league.
BROCK. You fire me with the picture! What a scene!
LEFROY. Nation on nation was invillaged there,
Skirting the flanks of that imbanded host;
With chieftains of strange speech and port of war,
Who, battle-armed, in weather-brawny bulk,
Roamed fierce and free in huge and wild content.
These gave Tecumseh greetings fair and kind,
Knowing the purpose havened in his soul.
And he, too, joined the chase as few men dare:
For I have seen him, leaping from his horse,
Mount a careering bull in foaming flight,
Urge it to fury o'er its burden strange,
Yet cling tenacious, with a grip of steel,
Then, by a knife-plunge, fetch it to its knees
In mid career and pangs of speedy death.
BROCK. You rave, Lefroy, or saw this in a dream!
LEFROY. No, no; 'tis true—I saw him do it, Brock!
Then would he seek the old, and with his spoils
Restore them to the bounty of their youth,
Cheering the crippled lodge with plenteous feasts,
And warmth of glossy robes, as soft as down,
Till withered cheeks ran o'er with feeble smiles,
And tongues, long silent, babbled of their prime.
BROCK. This warrior's fabric is of perfect parts!
A worthy champion of his race—he heaps
Such giant obligations on our heads
As will outweigh repayment. It is late,
And rest must preface war's hot work to-morrow,
Else would I talk till morn. How still the night!
Here Peace has let her silvery tresses down
And falls asleep beside the lapping wave.

—Scene VI, Act IV.

Isabella Valancy Crawford

LET us to the work of this divinely dowered Isabella—this angelic mendicant, craving nothing of life but its finer gifts —this blessed gypsy of Canadian woods and streams. What a royal life she led! No pose to take, no reputation to sustain, no tendency to routine thinking or lassitude of the imaginative faculty to be struggled with, no half-penny worth of sack to an intolerable deal of bread, not a single syllable out-breathing the 'vulgar luxury of despair.' Happy, happy poet! She, like every other genius, found in the ecstasy of expression at the full height of her nature a compensation that turned all outward trials into details not worth speaking of. . . . She is purely a genius, not a craftswoman, and a genius who has patience enough to be an artist. She has in abundant measure that power of youth which persists in poets of every age—that capacity of seeing things for the first time, and with the rose and pearl of dawn upon them. . . —ETHELWYN WETHERALD in her Introduction to 'The Collected Poems.'

ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD, one of the greatest of women poets, was born of cultured parents,—Stephen Dennis Crawford, M.D., and Sydney Scott—in Dublin, Ireland, on Christmas day, 1850.

In 1858, the family emigrated to Upper Canada and settled at Paisley, on the Saugeen river. Of these pioneer days in Bruce county, Maud Wheeler Wilson has written:

> The village was but just struggling out of the embrace of the forest, and it was here that the little Isabella, who had developed into a shy and studious child, blue-eyed and with a beautiful profile, beheld the practical results of those harbingers of civilization—the axe. the plough and the hammer—whose work she afterward depicted in *Malcolm's Katie*. . . Their children's education was conducted by both Dr and Mrs Crawford. The girls were carefully grounded in Latin, as well as in the English branches. They spoke French readily and were conversant with the good literature of the day, Isabella especially being an omnivorous reader, fondest of history and of verse, and claiming Dante as her favourite poet.

Good fortune did not accompany the Crawfords to the New World. In a few years, disease had taken nine of the twelve children, and a small medical practice had reduced the family to semi-poverty. In 1864, the remaining members moved to the village of Lakefield, the southern entrance to the beautiful Kawartha Lakes, in the county of Peterborough, and lived there about eight years. They then moved to the town of Peterborough, where the Doctor continued the practice of his profession, until his demise in 1875.

Prior to her sudden and premature death from heart failure, on February 12th, 1887, Miss Crawford and her mother had lived for nearly a decade in the city of Toronto,—most of the time in humble lodgings over a small corner grocery store on King St. Here this brilliant writer strove with tireless pen, to earn sufficient for their support. A small quarterly allowance was sent them regularly by Dr John Irwin Crawford, of the Royal Navy, to whom his grateful niece dedicated her book of verse, *Old Spookses' Pass,* which she published at a financial loss in 1884.

In 1905, the editor of this volume, with the knowledge and consent of her brother, Mr Stephen Crawford, collected, edited and published Miss Crawford's best poems, in a volume of over three hundred pages, together with a comprehensive and critical Introduction by Miss Wetherald.

Love's Forget-Me-Not

WHEN Spring in sunny woodland lay,
And gilded buds were sparely set
On oak tree and the thorny may,
I gave my love a violet.
"O Love," she said, and kissed my mouth
With one light, tender maiden kiss,
"There are no rich blooms in the south
So fair to me as this!"

When Summer reared her haughty crest,
We paused beneath the ruddy stars;
I placed a rose upon her breast,
Plucked from the modest casement bars.
"O Love," she said, and kissed my mouth—
Heart, heart, rememb'rest thou the bliss?—
"In east or west, in north or south,
I know no rose but this!"

When Autumn raised the purple fruit
In clusters to his bearded lips,
I laid a heartsease on the lute
That sang beneath her finger-tips.
"O Love," she said—and fair her eyes
Smiled thro' the dusk upon the lea—
"No heartsease glows beneath the skies
But this thou givest me!"

When Winter wept at shaking doors,
And holly trimmed his ermine vest,
And wild winds maddened on the moors,
I laid a flower upon her breast.
"Dear Heart," I whispered to the clay,
Which stilly smiled yet answered not,
"Bear thou to Heaven itself away
True love's Forget-me-not!"

Said the Daisy

THERE ne'er was blown out of the yellow east
So fresh, so fair, so sweet a morn as this.
The dear earth decked herself as for a feast;
And, as for me, I trembled with my bliss.

The young grass round me was so rich with dew,
  And sang me such sweet, tender strains, as low
The breath of dawn among its tall spikes blew;
  But what it sang none but myself can know!

O never came so glad a morn before!
  So rosy dimpling burst the infant light,
So crystal pure the air the meadows o'er,
  The lark with such young rapture took his flight,
The round world seemed not older by an hour
  Than mine own daisy self! I laughed to see
How, when her first red roses paled and died,
  The blue sky smiled, and decked her azure lea
With daisy clouds, white, pink-fringed, just like me!

'This is a morn for song,' sang out the lark,
  'O silver-tressed beloved!' My golden eye
Watched his brown wing blot out the last star-spark
  Amidst the daisy cloudlets of the sky.
'No morn so sweet as this, so pure, so fair—
  God's bud time,' so the oldest white thorn said,
And she has lived so long; yet here and there
  Such fresh white buds begem her ancient head.

And from her thorny bosom all last night
  Deep in my dew-sealed sleep I heard a note—
So sweet a voice of anguish and delight
  I dreamed a red star had a bird-like throat
And that its rays were music which had crept
  'Mid the white-scented blossoms of the thorn,
And that to hear her sing the still night wept
  With mists and dew until the yellow morn.

I wonder, wonder what the song he sang,
  That seemed to drown in melody the vales!
I knew my lark's song as he skyward sprang,
  But only roses know the nightingale's.
The yellow cowslip bent her honeyed lips
  And whispered: 'Daisy, wert thou but as high
As I am, thou couldst see the merry ships
  On yon blue wondrous field blown gaily by.'

A gay, small wind, arch as a ruddy fox,
  Crept round my slender, green and dainty stem,
And piped: 'Let me but shake thy silver locks
  And free thy bent head from its diadem
Of diamond dew, and thou shalt rise and gaze,
  Like the tall cowslips, o'er the rustling grass,
On proud, high cliffs, bright strands and sparkling bays,
  And watch the white ships as they gaily pass.'

'Oh, while thou mayst keep thou thy crystal dew!'
  Said the aged thorn, where sang the heart of night,
The nightingale. 'The sea is very blue,
  The sails of ships are wondrous swift and white.
Soon, soon enough thy dew will sparkling die,
  And thou, with burning brow and thirsty lips,
Wilt turn the golden circle of thine eye,
  Nor joy in them, on ocean and her ships!'

There never flew across the violet hills
  A morn so like a dove with jewelled eyes,
With soft wings fluttering like the sound of rills,
  And gentle breast of rose and azure dyes.
The purple trumpets of the clover sent
  Such rich, dew-loosened perfume, and the bee
Hung like a gold drop in the woodbine's tent.
  What care I for the gay ships and the sea!

From 'Malcolm's Katie'

THE mighty morn strode laughing up the land,
  And Max, the lab'rer and the lover, stood
Within the forest's edge beside a tree—
The mossy king of all the woody tribes—
Whose clattering branches rattled, shuddering,
As the bright axe cleaved moon-like through the air,
Waking the strange thunders, rousing echoes linked,
From the full lion-throated roar to sighs
Stealing on dove-wings through the distant aisles.
Swift fell the axe, swift followed roar on roar,
Till the bare woodland bellowed in its rage
As the first-slain slow toppled to his fall.
'O King of Desolation, art thou dead?'
Cried Max, and laughing, heart and lips, leaped on

The vast prone trunk. 'And have I slain a king?
Above his ashes will I build my house;
No slave beneath its pillars, but—a king!'

Max wrought alone but for a half-breed lad
With tough, lithe sinews, and deep Indian eyes
Lit with a Gallic sparkle. Max the lover found
The lab'rer's arms grow mightier day by day,
More iron-welded, as he slew the trees;
And with the constant yearning of his heart
Toward little Kate, part of a world away,
His young soul grew and showed a virile front,
Full-muscled and large-statured like his flesh.

Soon the great heaps of brush were builded high,
And, like a victor, Max made pause to clear
His battle-field high strewn with tangled dead.
Then roared the crackling mountains, and their fires
Met in high heaven, clasping flame with flame;
The thin winds swept a cosmos of red sparks
Across the bleak midnight sky; and the sun
Walked pale behind the resinous black smoke.

And Max cared little for the blotted sun,
And nothing for the startled, outshone stars;
For love, once set within a lover's breast,
Has its own sun, its own peculiar sky,
All one great daffodil, on which do lie
The sun, the moon, the stars, all seen at once
And never setting, but all shining straight
Into the faces of the trinity—
The one beloved, the lover, and sweet love.

* * * *

Oh, Love builds on the azure sea,
  And Love builds on the golden sand,
And Love builds on the rose-winged cloud,
  And sometimes Love builds on the land!

Oh, if Love build on sparkling sea,
  And if Love build on golden strand,
And if Love build on rosy cloud,
  To Love these are the solid land!

Oh, Love will build his lily walls,
And Love his pearly roof will rear
On cloud, or land, or mist, or sea—
Love's solid land is everywhere!

* * * *

From his far wigwam sprang the strong North Wind
And rushed with war-cry down the steep ravines,
And wrestled with the giants of the woods;
And with his ice-club beat the swelling crests
Of the deep watercourses into death;
And with his chill foot froze the whirling leaves
Of dun and gold and fire in icy banks;
And smote the tall reeds to the hardened earth,
And sent his whistling arrows o'er the plains,
Scattering the lingering herds; and sudden paused,
When he had frozen all the running streams,
And hunted with his war-cry all the things
That breathed about the woods, or roamed the bleak,
Bare prairies swelling to the mournful sky.

"White squaw!" he shouted, troubled in his soul,
"I slew the dead, unplumed before; wrestled
With naked chiefs scalped of their leafy plumes;
I bound sick rivers in cold thongs of death,
And shot my arrows over swooning plains,
Bright with the paint of death, and lean and bare.
And all the braves of my loud tribe will mock
And point at me when our great chief, the Sun,
Relights his council fire in the Moon
Of Budding Leaves: 'Ugh, ugh! he is a brave!
He fights with squaws and takes the scalps of babes!'
And the least wind will blow his calumet,
Filled with the breath of smallest flowers, across
The war-paint on my face, and pointing with
His small, bright pipe, that never moved a spear
Of bearded rice, cry 'Ugh! he slays the dead!'
O my white squaw, come from thy wigwam grey,
Spread thy white blanket on the twice-slain dead,
And hide them ere the waking of the Sun!"

High grew the snow beneath the low-hung sky,
And all was silent in the wilderness;
In trance of stillness Nature heard her God
Rebuilding her spent fires, and veiled her face
While the Great Worker brooded o'er his Work.

'Bite deep and wide, O Axe, the tree!
What doth thy bold voice promise me?'

'I promise thee all joyous things
That furnish forth the lives of kings;

'For every silver ringing blow
Cities and palaces shall grow.'

'Bite deep and wide, O Axe, the tree!
Tell wider prophecies to me.'

'When rust hath gnawed me deep and red,
A Nation strong shall lift his head.

'His crown the very heavens shall smite,
Æons shall build him in his might.'

'Bite deep and wide, O Axe, the tree!
Bright Seer, help on thy prophecy!'

Max smote the snow-weighed tree and lightly laughed,
'See, friend,' he cried to one that looked and smiled,
'My axe and I, we do immortal tasks;
We build up nations—this my axe and I.'

* * * *

Who curseth Sorrow knows her not at all.
Dark matrix she, from which the human soul
Has its last birth; whence it, with misty thews
Close knitted in her blackness, issues out
Strong for immortal toil up such great heights
As crown o'er crown rise through Eternity.
Without the loud, deep clamour of her wail,
The iron of her hands, the biting brine
Of her black tears, the soul, but lightly built
Of indeterminate spirit, like a mist
Would lapse to chaos in soft, gilded dreams,
As mists fade in the gazing of the sun.

Sorrow, dark mother of the soul, arise!
Be crowned with spheres where thy blest children dwell,
Who, but for thee, were not. No lesser seat
Be thine, thou Helper of the Universe,
Than planet on planet piled—thou instrument
Close clasped within the great Creative Hand!

From 'The Helot'

WHO may quench the god-born fire
Pulsing at the soul's deep root?
Tyrant, grind it in the mire,
Lo, it vivifies the brute!

Stings the chain-embruted clay,
Senseless to his yoke-bound shame;
Goads him on to rend and slay,
Knowing not the spurring flame!

Tyrant, changeless stand the gods,
Nor their calm might yielded thee;
Not beneath thy chains and rods
Dies man's god-gift, Liberty!

Bruteward lash thy Helots, hold
Brain and soul and clay in gyves,
Coin their blood and sweat in gold,
Build thy cities on their lives,—

Comes a day the spark divine
Answers to the gods who gave;
Fierce the hot flames pant and shine
In the bruised breast of the slave.

Changeless stand the gods!—nor he
Knows he answers their behest,
Feels the might of their decree
In the blind rage of his breast.

Tyrant, tremble when ye tread
Down the servile Helot clods!
Under despot heel is bred
The white anger of the gods.

Through the shackle-cankered dust,
Through the gyved soul, foul and dark,
Force they, changeless gods and just,
Up the bright, eternal spark,

Till, like lightnings vast and fierce,
On the land its terror smites;
Till its flames the tyrant pierce,
Till the dust the despot bites.

The Mother's Soul

WHEN the moon was horned the mother died,
And the child pulled at her hand and knee,
And he rubbed her cheek and loudly cried:
'O mother, arise, give bread to me!'
But the pine tree bent its head,
And the wind at the door-post said:
'O child, thy mother is dead!'

The sun set his loom to weave the day;
The frost bit sharp like a silent cur;
The child by her pillow paused in his play:
'Mother, build up the sweet fire of fir!'
But the fir tree shook its cones,
And loud cried the pitiful stones:
'Wolf Death has thy mother's bones!'

They bore the mother out on her bier;
Their tears made warm her breast and shroud;
The smiling child at her head stood near;
And the long, white tapers shook and bowed,
And said with their tongues of gold,
To the ice lumps of the grave mold:
'How heavy are ye and cold!'

They buried the mother; to the feast
They flocked with the beaks of unclean crows.
The wind came up from the red-eyed east
And bore in its arms the chill, soft snows.
They said to each other: 'Sere
Are the hearts the mother held dear;
Forgotten, her babe plays here!'

The child with the tender snowflakes played,
And the wind on its fingers twined his hair;
And still by the tall, brown grave he stayed,
Alone in the churchyard lean and bare.
The sods on the high grave cried
To the mother's white breast inside:
'Lie still; in thy deep rest bide!'

Her breast lay still like a long-chilled stone,
Her soul was out on the bleak, grey day;
She saw her child by the grave alone,
With the sods and snow and wind at play.
Said the sharp lips of the rush,
'Red as thy roses, O bush,
With anger the dead can blush!'

A butterfly to the child's breast flew,*
Fluttered its wings on his sweet, round cheek,
Danced by his fingers, small, cold and blue.
The sun strode down past the mountain peak.
The butterfly whispered low
To the child: 'Babe, follow me; know,
Cold is the earth here below.'

The butterfly flew; followed the child,
Lured by the snowy torch of its wings;
The wind sighed after them soft and wild
Till the stars wedded night with golden rings;
Till the frost upreared its head,
And the ground to it groaned and said:
'The feet of the child are lead!'

The child's head drooped to the brown, sere mold,
On the crackling cones his white breast lay;
The butterfly touched the locks of gold,
The soul of the child sprang from its clay.
The moon to the pine tree stole,
And silver-lipped, said to its bole:
'How strong is the mother's soul!'

*In Eastern Europe the soul of the deceased is said to hover, in the shape of a bird or butterfly, close to the body until after the burial. . . . The original title of the poem was 'The Butterfly.'

The wings of the butterfly grew out
To the mother's arms, long, soft and white;
She folded them warm her babe about,
She kissed his lips into berries bright,
She warmed his soul on her breast;
And the east called out to the west:
'Now the mother's soul will rest!'

Under the roof where the burial feast
Was heavy with meat and red with wine,
Each crossed himself as out of the east
A strange wind swept over oak and pine.
The trees to the home-roof said:
' 'Tis but the airy rush and tread
Of angels greeting thy dead.'

The Rose

THE Rose was given to man for this:
He, sudden seeing it in later years,
Should swift remember Love's first lingering kiss
And Grief's last lingering tears;

Or, being blind, should feel its yearning soul
Knit all its piercing perfume round his own,
Till he should see on memory's ample scroll
All roses he had known;

Or, being hard, perchance his finger-tips
Careless might touch the satin of its cup,
And he should feel a dead babe's budding lips
To his lips lifted up;

Or, being deaf and smitten with its star,
Should, on a sudden, almost hear a lark
Rush singing up—the nightingale afar
Sing through the dew-bright dark;

Or, sorrow-lost in paths that round and round
Circle old graves, its keen and vital breath
Should call to him within the yew's bleak bound
Of Life, and not of Death.

Photo by Walter H. Calder, Vancouver, B.C.

Charles G. D. Roberts

MR ROBERTS has tried a great variety of tones and themes in the course of his poetic career; no poet so many, that I know of. But the deepest thing in his poetic passion and experience is his poetry of nature description. Its basis is, in general, a pure æstheticism, for though it may occasionally be mingled with some fanciful train of thought or have appended to it a Wordsworthian moral, its value lies wholly in the gleaming and glancing surface which it brings before the reader's eye. This impressionistic nature poetry is the best part of his old Keatsian heritage for one thing, and it is part perhaps of his best days also, the days he describes in 'Tantramar Revisited,' long youthful days spent on the coast or amongst the farmsteads of New Brunswick, when he strove hardest to catch and to shape into some new line the vague, evasive, elemental beauty of nature. The power which he acquired then has never deserted him amongst all the transformations of spirit and literary ideals which he has experienced.—Prof. James Cappon, M.A., LL.D., Queen's University.

THE Roberts family of Fredericton, New Brunswick, is Canada's most distinguished literary family. They are the sons, the daughter, and the grandsons of the late Rev. George Goodridge Roberts, M.A., LL.D., Rector of Fredericton and Canon of Christ Church Cathedral, and Emma Wetmore Bliss, daughter of the late Hon. G. P. Bliss, Attorney-General of New Brunswick.

Charles George Douglas Roberts, the eldest son, was born at Douglas, York County, N.B., January 10th, 1860. He was educated at the Fredericton Collegiate School, and at the University of New Brunswick (B.A., 1879, with honours in Mental and Moral Science, and Political Economy; M.A. in 1881; LL.D., honorary, in 1906).

In his twenty-first year, he married Miss Mary I. Fenety, daughter of the late George E. Fenety, Queen's Printer of N.B.

For a few months in 1883-4, Roberts was editor of *The Week,* Toronto, Ontario; in 1885-8, Professor of English and French Literature in King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia; in 1888-95, Professor of English and Economics in the same College; in 1897-8, associate editor of *The Illustrated American,* New York. Since then, untrammelled by academic or editorial duties, he has devoted himself to the writing and publishing of many books, his fame steadily extending.

Before the close of the 19th century, he had written and published seven books of verse of notable quality; but in 1901 he issued a volume of poems selected from these, containing all that he wished to preserve, and of which the first poem is his imperishable threnody, 'Ave!'

No other writer known to me has more intimately associated his mind and spirit with every object and phase of nature. His poetic descriptions are vividly real, and exquisite in beauty of expression, whilst his animal stories in felicitous literary English, in accuracy of particulars, in intensity of dramatic interest, are beyond criticism.

Dr Roberts enlisted in September, 1914, as a trooper in the Legion of Frontiersmen. Later he was promoted to a Captaincy in the King's Liverpool Regiment and still later he attained to the rank of Major. . . . For many years Roberts lived in London, England, but returned to Canada in 1925.

For two years he was President of the Toronto Branch of the Canadian Authors Association (1925-27).

In the original copy, the following poems were included: 'The Solitary Woodsman,' 'Kinship,' 'The Succour of Gluscâp,' 'Two Spheres,' 'Earth's Complines,' 'Introductory,' 'The Flight of the Geese,' 'The Furrow,' 'The Sower,' 'The Mowing,' 'Where the Cattle Come to Drink,' 'The Pumpkins in the Corn' and 'A Nocturne of Consecration.'

Roberts cabled his consent, but his Boston publisher who claims ownership of copyright refused permission. The following poems are published by permission of Constable & Co., London, England.

This extract from a letter written by Roberts in May, 1907, will be of much interest:

> For the first fourteen years of my life—a formative period which influenced my future more than any other—I lived in the village of Westcock, below Sackville, in Westmoreland county at the mouth of the Tantramar river. There my home was the old Westcock Parsonage, of which I have given a very minute and precise description in chapter III of my latest novel, *The Heart That Knows.* The opening chapter describes the local scenery and those wonderful Tantramar marshes in particular. My father and mother are studied in the characters of the Rev. G. G. Goodridge and Mrs. Goodridge.

Roberts' only sister, the late Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald, has not been included in this volume, because of copyright difficulties.

Hill-Top Songs

HERE on the hill
At last the soul sees clear.
Desire being still
The High Unseen appear.
The thin grass bends
One way, and hushed attends
Unknown and gracious ends.
Where the sheep's pasturing feet
Have cleft the sods
The mystic light lies sweet;
The very clods,
In purpling hues elate,
Thrill to their fate;
The high rock-hollows wait,
Expecting gods.

II

When the lights come out in the cottages
  Along the shores at eve,
And across the darkening water
  The last pale shadows leave;

And up from the rock-ridged pasture slopes
  The sheep-bell tinklings steal,
And the folds are shut, and the shepherds
  Turn to their quiet meal;

And even here, on the unfenced height,
  No journeying wind goes by,
But the earth-sweet smells, and the home-sweet
      sounds,
  Mount, like prayer, to the sky;

Then from the door of my opened heart
  Old blindness and pride are driven,
Till I know how high is the humble,
  The dear earth how close to heaven.

The Good Earth

THE smell of burning weeds
  Upon the twilight air;
The piping of the frogs
  From meadows wet and bare;

A presence in the wood,
  And in my blood a stir;
In all the ardent earth
  No failure or demur.

O spring wind, sweet with love
  And tender with desire,
Pour into veins of mine
  Your pure, impassioned fire!

O waters running free
  With full, exultant song,
Give me, for outworn dream,
  Life that is clean and strong!

O good Earth, warm with youth,
  My childhood heart renew.

Make me elate, sincere,
Simple and glad, as you!

O springing things of green,
O waiting things of bloom,
O winging things of air,
Your lordship now resume!

On the Road

EVER just over the top of the next brown rise
I expect some wonderful thing to flatter my eyes.
"What's yonder?" I ask of the first wayfarer I meet.
"Nothing!" he answers, and looks at my travel-worn feet.

"Only more hills and more hills, like the many you've passed,
With rough country between, and a poor enough inn at the last."
But already I am a-move, for I see he is blind,
And I hate that old grumble I've listened to time out of mind.

I've tramped it too long not to know there is truth in it still,
That lure of the turn of the road, of the crest of the hill.
So I breast me the rise with full hope, well assured I shall see
Some new prospect of joy, some brave venture a tip-toe for me.

For I have come far, and confronted the calm and the strife.
I have fared wide, and bit deep in the apple of life.
It is sweet at the rind, but oh, sweeter still at the core;
And whatever be gained, yet the reach of the morrow is more.

At the crest of the hill I shall hail the new summits to climb.
The demand of my vision shall beggar the largess of time.
For I know that the higher I press, the wider I view,
The more's to be ventured and visioned, in worlds that are new.

So when my feet, failing, shall stumble in ultimate dark,
And faint eyes no more the high lift of the pathway shall mark,
There under the dew I'll lie down with my dreams, for I know
What bright hill-tops the morning will show me, all red in the glow.

The Summons

DEEPS of the wind-torn west,
Flaming and desolate,
Upsprings my soul from his rest
With your banners at the gate.

'Neath this o'ermastering sky
  How could the heart lie still,
  Or the sluggish will
Content in the old chains lie,
  When over the lonely hill
Your torn wild scarlets cry?

Up, Soul, and out
  Into the deeps alone,
To the long peal and the shout
  Of those trumpets blown and blown!

Wayfarer of Earth

UP, Heart of mine,
  Thou wayfarer of earth!
Of seed divine,
Be mindful of thy birth.
Though the flesh faint
Through long-endured constraint
Of nights and days,
Lift up thy praise
To Life, that set thee in such strenuous
    ways,
And left thee not
To drowse and rot
In some thick-perfumed and luxurious
    plot.

Strong, strong is earth,
With vigour for thy feet,
To make thy wayfaring
Tireless and fleet.
And good is earth,—
But earth not all thy good,
O thou with seed of suns
And star-fire in thy blood.

And though thou feel
The slow clog of the hours
Leaden upon thy heel,
Put forth thy powers.

Thine the deep sky,
The unpreëmpted blue,
The haste of storm,
The hush of dew.
Thine, thine the free
Exalt of star and tree,
The reinless run
Of wind and sun,
The vagrance of the sea!

All Night the Lone Cicada

ALL night the lone cicada
Kept shrilling through the rain—
A voice of joy undaunted
By unforgotten pain.

Down from the wind-blown branches
Rang out the high refrain,
By tumult undisheartened,
By storm assailed in vain.

To looming vasts of mountain
And shadowy deeps of plain,
The ephemeral, brave defiance
Adventured not in vain.

Till to the faltering spirit
And to the weary brain,
From loss and fear and failure,
My joy returned again.

O Earth, Sufficing all our Needs

O EARTH, sufficing all our needs, O you
With room for body and for spirit, too,
How patient while your children vex their souls
Devising alien heavens beyond your blue!

Dear dwelling of the immortal and unseen,
How obstinate in my blindness have I been,
Not comprehending what your tender calls,
Veiled promises and reassurance, mean!

Not far and cold the way that they have gone,
Who thro' your sundering darkness have
withdrawn:
Almost within our hand-reach they remain
Who pass beyond the sequence of the dawn.

Not far and strange the heavens, but very near,
Your children's hearts unknowingly hold dear.
At times we almost catch the door swung wide—
An unforgotten voice almost we hear.

I am the heir of heaven—and you are just.
You, you alone I know, and you I trust.
Tho' I seek God beyond the farthest star,
Here shall I find Him, in your deathless dust.

Monition

A FAINT wind, blowing from World's End,
Made strange the city street,
A strange sound mingled in the fall
Of the familiar feet.

Something unseen whirled with the leaves
To tap on door and sill.
Something unknown went whispering by
Even when the wind was still.

And men looked up with startled eyes,
And hurried on their way,
As if they had been called, and told
How brief their day.

"The Unknown City"

THERE lies a city inaccessible,
Where the dead dreamers dwell.

Abrupt and blue, with many a high ravine
And soaring bridge half seen,
With many an iris cloud that comes and goes
Over the ancient snows,
The imminent hills environ it, and hold
Its portals from of old,
That grief invade not, weariness, nor war,
Nor anguish evermore.

White-walled and jettied on the peacock tide,
With domes and towers enskied,
Its battlements and balconies one sheen
Of ever-living green,
It hears the happy dreamers turning home
Slow-oared across the foam.

Cool are its streets with waters musical
And fountains' shadowy fall.
With orange and anemone and rose,
And every flower that blows
Of magic scent or unimagined dye,
Its gardens shine and sigh.
Its chambers, memoried with old romance
And faëry circumstance,—
From any window love may lean some time
For love that dares to climb.

This is that city babe and seer divined
With pure, believing mind.
This is the home of unachieved emprize.
Here, here the visioned eyes
Of them that dream past any power to do,
Wake to the dream come true.
Here the high failure, not the level fame,
Attests the spirit's aim.
Here is fulfilled each hope that soared and sought
Beyond the bournes of thought.

The obdurate marble yields; the canvas glows;
Perfect the column grows;
The chorded cadence art could ne'er attain
Crowns the imperfect strain;
And the great song that seemed to die unsung
Triumphs upon the tongue.

The Place of His Rest

THE green marsh-mallows
Are over him.
Along the shallows
The pale lights swim.

Wide air, washed grasses,
And waveless stream;
And over him passes
The drift of dream;—

The pearl-hue down
Of the poplar seed;
The elm-flower brown;
And the sway of the reed;

The blue moth, winged
With a flake of sky;
The bee, gold ringed;
And the dragon fly.

Lightly the rushes,
Lean to his breast;
A bird's wing brushes
The place of his rest.

The far-flown swallow,
The gold-finch flame,—
They come, they follow
The paths he came.

'Tis the land of No Care
Where now he lies,
Fulfilled the prayer
Of his weary eyes:

And while around him
The kind grass creeps,
Where peace hath found him
How sound he sleeps.

Well to his slumber
Attends the year:
Soft rains without number
Soft noons, blue clear,

With nights of balm,
And the dark, sweet hours
Brooding with calm,
Pregnant with flowers.

See how she speeds them,
  Each childlike bloom,
And softly leads them
  To tend his tomb!—

The white thorn nears
  As the cowslip goes;
Then the iris appears;
  And then, the rose.

When the Cloud Comes Down the Mountain

WHEN the cloud comes down the mountain,
  And the rain is loud on the leaves,
And the slim flies gather for shelter
  Under my cabin eaves,—

Then my heart goes out to earth,
  With the swollen brook runs free,
Drinks life with the drenched brown roots,
  And climbs with the sap in the tree.

Under the Pillars of the Sky

UNDER the pillars of the sky
  I played at life, I knew not why.

The grave recurrence of the day
Was matter of my trivial play.

The solemn stars, the sacred night,
I took for toys of my delight,

Till now, with startled eyes, I see
The portents of Eternity.

Cambrai and Marne

BEFORE our trenches at Cambrai
  We saw their columns cringe away.
We saw their masses melt and reel
Before our line of leaping steel.

A handful to their storming hordes,
We scourged them with the scourge of
  swords,

And still, the more we slew, the more
Came up for every slain a score.

Between the hedges and the town
The cursing squadrons we rode down;
To stay them we outpoured our blood
Between the beetfields and the wood.

In that red hell of shrieking shell
Unfaltering our gunners fell;
They fell, or ere that day was done,
Beside the last unshattered gun.

But still we held them, like a wall
On which the breakers vainly fall—
Till came the word, and we obeyed,
Reluctant, bleeding, undismayed.

Our feet, astonished, learned retreat;
Our souls rejected still defeat;
Unbroken still, a lion at bay,
We drew back grimly from Cambrai.

In blood and sweat, with slaughter spent,
They thought us beaten as we went,
Till suddenly we turned, and smote
The shout of triumph in their throat.

At last, at last we turned and stood—
And Marne's fair water ran with blood;
We stood by trench and steel and gun,
For now the indignant flight was done.

We ploughed their shaken ranks with fire,
We trod their masses into mire;
Our sabres drove through their retreat
As drives the whirlwind through young wheat.

At last, at last we drove them back
Along their drenched and smoking track;
We hurled them back, in blood and flame,
The reeking ways by which they came.

By cumbered road and desperate ford
How fled their shamed and harassed horde!
Shout, Sons of Freemen, for the day
When Marne so well avenged Cambrai!

Archibald Lampman

LAMPMAN is Canada's greatest nature poet. . . It is to the exquisite felicity of his nature poems that he owes his reputation both in this country and abroad. . . Never was there a more genuine lover of nature for her own sake. He was not under the spell alone of her sublimer aspects. Indeed, the mountains he had never seen, and the sea but rarely, and in later life. He loved nature as Thoreau loved her —in all her moods. The very thorns and burs were dear to him, and it was this gentle sympathy which he felt for the unobtrusive beauties which we too commonly fail to see, or, seeing, fail to understand that imparted to his poetry its peculiar charm. . . If landscape is, as has been said, 'a state of the soul,' no other Canadian poet has so adequately rendered the spiritual significance which nature gains from the reflection of human emotions. . . His message to his generation is the promise of consolation which nature accords to her devotees.—Prof. Pelham Edgar, Ph.D., in the 'Globe Magazine.'

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN, the beloved poet, was born on Sunday morning, Nov. 17th, 1861, in the village of Morpeth, Ont., where his father, the Rev. Archibald Lampman, was rector of Trinity Church. He was of Dutch descent, and the father of each of his parents was a United Empire Loyalist.

Lampman dedicated his third volume of verse, *Alcyone,* as follows: "To the memory of my father, himself a poet, who first instructed me in the art of verse"; and we are told by his biographer that there had been poets and scientists on his mother's side of the house.

When Archibald had entered his sixth year, the family left Morpeth, resided for a time at Perrytown, near Port Hope, and in October, 1867, moved to Gore's Landing, a small community on the shore of Rice Lake. Here, in the midst of beautiful surroundings, they dwelt for seven years, the most impressionable years of the poet's life.

Unfortunately, in November, 1868, the boy was stricken with rheumatic fever, induced by a damp rectory. He suffered acutely for months, and in consequence was lame for four years. It was probably due to this illness that in youth and in manhood he never enjoyed robust health.

The future poet was educated at home until nearly nine years of age, when he entered the school of a notable schoolmaster, Mr F. W. Barron, M.A., of Cambridge, formerly Principal of Upper Canada College. Here he was thoroughly grounded in Latin and Greek. When thirteen years old, he attended the Cobourg Collegiate Institute for a year, and then went to Trinity College School, Port Hope, to prepare for attendance at Trinity College, Toronto. During his two years in Port Hope, he was noted as a prize-winner. In September, 1879, he entered Trinity College, Toronto, where, by the help of scholarships won, he completed his course, graduating with honours in classics in 1882. After graduation, he taught for a few months in the Orangeville High School, and then accepted permanent employment in the Post-Office Department at Ottawa.

In 1887, Lampman married Maud, the youngest daughter of Dr Edward Playter, of Toronto, and during their twelve years of happiness, several children were born to them.

In 1888, our poet published his first book of verse, *Among the Millet,* which extended his fame and encouraged him to greater effort. Five years later was issued his second book, *Lyrics of Earth,* which won for him additional laurels. His third, *Alcyone,* was on the press when he was stricken by the brief illness which resulted in his death, two days later, on the 10th of February, 1899.

Archibald Lampman was slight of form and of middle height. He was quiet and undemonstrative in manner, but had a fascinating personality. Sincerity and high ideals characterized his life and work.

In 1900, his three books, with additional poems, and with an excellent memoir from the pen of Mr Duncan Campbell Scott, were published in one large volume of nearly five hundred pages, and in 1926 a revised edition was brought out by the same editor.

April in the Hills

TO-DAY the world is wide and fair
With sunny fields of lucid air,
And waters dancing everywhere;
The snow is almost gone;
The noon is builded high with light,
And over heaven's liquid height,
In steady fleets serene and white,
The happy clouds go on.

The channels run, the bare earth steams,
And every hollow rings and gleams
With jetting falls and dashing streams;
The rivers burst and fill;
The fields are full of little lakes,
And when the romping wind awakes
The water ruffles blue and shakes,
And the pines roar on the hill.

The crows go by, a noisy throng;
About the meadows all day long,
The shore-lark drops his brittle song;
And up the leafless tree

The nut-hatch runs, and nods, and clings;
The bluebird dips with flashing wings,
The robin flutes, the sparrow sings,
And the swallows float and flee.

I break the spirit's cloudy bands,
A wanderer in enchanted lands,
I feel the sun upon my hands;
And far from care and strife
The broad earth bids me forth. I rise
With lifted brow and upward eyes.
I bathe my spirit in blue skies,
And taste the springs of life.

I feel the tumult of new birth;
I waken with the wakening earth;
I match the bluebird in her mirth;
And wild with wind and sun,
A treasurer of immortal days,
I roam the glorious world with praise,
The hillsides and the woodland ways,
Till earth and I are one.

The Truth

FRIEND, though thy soul should burn thee, yet be still
Thoughts were not meant for strife, nor tongues for swords,
He that sees clear is gentlest of his words,
And that's not truth that hath the heart to kill.
The whole world's thought shall not one truth fulfil.
Dull in our age, and passionate in youth,
No mind of man hath found the perfect truth,
Nor shalt thou find it; therefore, friend, be still.

Watch and be still, nor hearken to the fool,
The babbler of consistency and rule:
Wisest is he, who, never quite secure,
Changes his thoughts for better day by day:
To-morrow some new light will shine, be sure,
And thou shalt see thy thought another way.

Morning on the Lievre

FAR above us where a jay
Screams his matins to the day,
Capped with gold and amethyst,
Like a vapour from the forge
Of a giant somewhere hid,
Out of hearing of the clang
Of his hammer, skirts of mist
Slowly up the woody gorge
Lift and hang.

Softly as a cloud we go,
Sky above and sky below,
Down the river; and the dip
Of the paddles scarcely breaks,
With the little silvery drip
Of the water as it shakes
From the blades, the crystal deep
Of the silence of the morn,
Of the forest yet asleep;
And the river reaches borne
In a mirror, purple gray,
Sheer away
To the misty line of light,
Where the forest and the stream
In the shadow meet and plight,
Like a dream.

From amid a stretch of reeds,
Where the lazy river sucks
All the water as it bleeds
From a little curling creek,
And the muskrats peer and sneak
In around the sunken wrecks
Of a tree that swept the skies
Long ago,
On a sudden seven ducks
With a splashy rustle rise,
Stretching out their seven necks,

One before, and two behind,
And the others all arow,
And as steady as the wind
With a swivelling whistle go,
Through the purple shadow led,
Till we only hear their whir
In behind a rocky spur,
Just ahead.

Heat

FROM plains that reel to southward, dim,
The road runs by me white and bare;
Up the steep hill it seems to swim
Beyond, and melt into the glare.
Upward half-way, or it may be
Nearer the summit, slowly steals
A hay-cart, moving dustily
With idly clacking wheels.

By his cart's side the wagoner
Is slouching slowly at his ease,
Half-hidden in the windless blur
Of white dust puffing to his knees.
This wagon on the height above,
From sky to sky on either hand,
Is the sole thing that seems to move
In all the heat-held land.

Beyond me in the fields the sun
Soaks in the grass and hath his will;
I count the marguerites one by one;
Even the buttercups are still.
On the brook yonder not a breath
Disturbs the spider or the midge.
The water-bugs draw close beneath
The cool gloom of the bridge.

Where the far elm-tree shadows flood
Dark patches in the burning grass,
The cows, each with her peaceful cud,
Lie waiting for the heat to pass.

From somewhere on the slope near by
  Into the pale depth of the noon
A wandering thrush slides leisurely
  His thin revolving tune.

In intervals of dreams I hear
  The cricket from the droughty ground;
The grasshoppers spin into mine ear
  A small innumerable sound.
I lift mine eyes sometimes to gaze:
  The burning sky-line blinds my sight:
The woods far off are blue with haze:
  The hills are drenched in light.

And yet to me not this or that
  Is always sharp or always sweet;
In the sloped shadow of my hat
  I lean at rest, and drain the heat;
Nay more, I think some blessèd power
  Hath brought me wandering idly here:
In the full furnace of this hour
  My thoughts grow keen and clear.

A January Morning

THE glittering roofs are still with frost; each worn
  Black chimney builds into the quiet sky
Its curling pile to crumble silently.
Far out to the westward on the edge of morn,
The slender misty city towers up-borne
Glimmer faint rose against the pallid blue;
And yonder on those northern hills, the hue
Of amethyst, hang fleeces dull as horn.

And here behind me come the woodmen's sleighs
With shouts and clamorous squeakings; might and main
Up the steep slope the horses stamp and strain,
Urged on by hoarse-tongued drivers—cheeks ablaze,
Iced beards and frozen eyelids—team by team,
With frost-fringed flanks, and nostrils jetting steam.

After Rain

FOR three whole days across the sky,
In sullen packs that loomed and broke,
With flying fringes dim as smoke,
The columns of the rain went by;
At every hour the wind awoke;
The darkness passed upon the plain;
The great drops rattled at the pane.

Now piped the wind, or far aloof
Fell to a sough remote and dull;
And all night long with rush and lull
The rain kept drumming on the roof:
I heard till ear and sense were full
The clash or silence of the leaves,
The gurgle in the creaking eaves.

But when the fourth day came—at noon,
The darkness and the rain were by;
The sunward roofs were steaming dry;
And all the world was flecked and strewn
With shadows from a fleecy sky.
The haymakers were forth and gone,
And every rillet laughed and shone.

Then, too, on me that loved so well
The world, despairing in her blight,
Uplifted with her least delight,
On me, as on the earth, there fell
New happiness of mirth and might;
I strode the valleys pied and still;
I climbed upon the breezy hill.

I watched the gray hawk wheel and drop,
Sole shadow on the shining world;
I saw the mountains clothed and curled,
With forest ruffling to the top;
I saw the river's length unfurled,
Pale silver down the fruited plain,
Grown great and stately with the rain.

Through miles of shadow and soft heat,
Where field and fallow, fence and tree,
Were all one world of greenery,
I heard the robin ringing sweet,
The sparrow piping silverly,
The thrushes at the forest's hem;
And as I went I sang with them.

To My Daughter

O LITTLE one, daughter, my dearest,
With your smiles and your beautiful curls,
And your laughter, the brightest and clearest,
O gravest and gayest of girls;

With your hands that are softer than roses,
And your lips that are lighter than flowers,
And that innocent brow that discloses
A wisdom more lovely than ours;

With your locks that encumber, or scatter
In a thousand mercurial gleams,
And those feet whose impetuous patter
I hear and remember in dreams;

With your manner of motherly duty,
When you play with your dolls and are wise;
With your wonders of speech, and the beauty
In your little imperious eyes;

When I hear you so silverly ringing
Your welcome from chamber or stair,
When you run to me kissing and clinging,
So radiant, so rosily fair;

I bend like an ogre above you;
I bury my face in your curls;
I fold you, I clasp you, I love you,
O baby, queen-blossom of girls!

Winter Evening

TO-NIGHT the very horses springing by
Toss gold from whitened nostrils. In a dream
The streets that narrow to the westward gleam
Like rows of golden palaces; and high
From all the crowded chimneys tower and die
A thousand aureoles. Down in the west
The brimming plains beneath the sunset rest,
One burning sea of gold. Soon, soon shall fly

The glorious vision, and the hours shall feel
A mightier master; soon from height to height,
With silence and the sharp unpitying stars,
Stern creeping frosts, and winds that touch like steel,
Out of the depth beyond the eastern bars,
Glittering and still shall come the awful night.

In March

THE sun falls warm: the southern winds awake:
The air seethes upwards with a steamy shiver:
Each dip of the road is now a crystal lake,
And every rut a little dancing river.
Through great soft clouds that sunder overhead
The deep sky breaks as pearly blue as summer:
Out of a cleft beside the river's bed
Flaps the black crow, the first demure newcomer.

The last seared drifts are eating fast away
With glassy tinkle into glittering laces:
Dogs lie asleep, and little children play
With tops and marbles in the sun-bare places;
And I that stroll with many a thoughtful pause
Almost forget that winter ever was.

The Railway Station

THE darkness brings no quiet here, the light
No waking; ever on my blinded brain
The flare of lights, the rush, and cry, and strain,
The engine's scream, the hiss and thunder smite:

I see the hurrying crowds, the clasp, the flight,
Faces that touch, eyes that are dim with pain.
I see the hoarse wheels turn, and the great train
Move labouring out into the bourneless night.

So many souls within its dim recesses,
So many bright, so many mournful eyes:
Mine eyes that watch grow fixed with dreams and guesses;
What threads of life, what hidden histories,
What sweet or passionate dreams and dark distresses,
What unknown thoughts, what various agonies!

Nesting Time

THE bees are busy in their murmurous search,
The birds are putting up their woven frames,
And all the twigs and branches of the birch
Are shooting into tiny emerald flames:
The maple leaves are spreading slowly out
Like small red hats, or pointed parasols.
The high-ho flings abroad his merry shout,
The veery from the inner brushwood calls:
The gold-green poplar, jocund as may be,
The sunshine in its laughing heart receives,
And shimmers in the wind innumerably
Through all its host of little lacquered leaves.
And lo! the bob-o-link—he soars and sings,
With all the heart of summer in his wings.

The Largest Life

I

I LIE upon my bed and hear and see.
The moon is rising through the glistening trees;
And momently a great and sombre breeze,
With a vast voice returning fitfully,
Comes like a deep-toned grief, and stirs in me,
Somehow, by some inexplicable art,
A sense of my soul's strangeness, and its part
In the dark march of human destiny.
What am I, then, and what are they that pass
Yonder, and love and laugh, and mourn and weep?

What shall they know of me, or I, alas!
Of them? Little. At times, as if from sleep,
We waken to this yearning passionate mood,
And tremble at our spiritual solitude.

II

Nay, never once to feel we are alone,
While the great human heart around us lies:
To make the smile on other lips our own,
To live upon the light in others' eyes:
To breathe without a doubt the limped air
Of that most perfect love that knows no pain:
To say—I love you—only, and not care
Whether the love come back to us again:
Divinest self-forgetfulness, at first
A task, and then a tonic, then a need;
To greet with open hands the best and worst,
And only for another's wound to bleed:
This is to see the beauty that God meant,
Wrapped round with life, ineffably content.

III

There is a beauty at the goal of life,
A beauty growing since the world began,
Through every age and race, through lapse and strife
Till the great human soul complete her span.
Beneath the waves of storm that lash and burn,
The currents of blind passion that appall,
To listen and keep watch till we discern
The tide of sovereign truth that guides it all;
So to address our spirits to the height,
And so attune them to the valiant whole,
That the great light be clearer for our light,
And the great soul the stronger for our soul:
To have done this is to have lived, though fame
Remember us with no familiar name.

Frederick George Scott

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT'S poetry has followed three or four well-defined lines of thought. He has reflected in turn the academic subjects of a library, the majesty of nature, the tender love of his fellowmen, and the vision and enthusiasm of an Imperialist. His work in any one field would attract attention; taken in mass it marks him as a sturdy, developing interpreter of his country and of his times. Whether he writes of 'Samson' and 'Thor,' of the 'Little River,' or whether he expands his soul in a 'Hymn of Empire,' his lines are marked by imagination, melody, sympathy and often wistfulness. Living on the edge of the shadow-flecked Laurentians, he constantly draws inspiration from them, and more than any other has made articulate their lonely beauties. His pastoral relations with a city flock give colour and tenderness to not a few of his poems of human relationships. His ardent love of the Empire gives rein to his restless, roving thoughts and has finally drawn him to the battle-front as a chaplain. . . . —M. O. HAMMOND, of 'The Globe,' Toronto, 1916.

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT, 'The Poet of the Laurentians,' has this supreme gift as a writer: the art of expressing noble, beautiful and often profound thoughts, in simple, appropriate words which all who read can understand. His poems uplift the spirit and enrich the heart.

He was born in Montreal, April 7th, 1861, son of the late Dr William Edward Scott, for nearly forty years Professor of Anatomy, in McGill University, and Elizabeth Sproston. Both parents were of English birth.

He was educated at the Montreal High School, at Bishop's College, Lennoxville (B.A., 1881; M.A., 1884; D.C.L., honorary, 1902), and at King's College, London, England.

Ordained deacon, 1884, and priest, 1886, his subsequent clerical career is indicated by the following: curate at Coggeshall, Essex, England, 1886-7; Rector of Drummondville, P.Q., 1887-96; curate, St. Mathews, Quebec, 1896-9, and then Rector; Canon, Holy Trinity Cathedral, Quebec, 1906, and ever since; Provincial Superior, Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament.

As an author, Canon Scott has won distinction by these publications: *The Soul's Quest, and Other Poems,* 1888; *Elton Hazlewood,* 1892; *My Lattice, and Other Poems,* 1894; *The Unnamed Lake, and Other Poems,* 1897; *Poems Old and New,* 1900; *The Hymn of Empire, and Other Poems,* 1906; *The Key of Life, a Mystery Play,* 1907; *Collected Poems,* 1910; *In the Battle Silences,* 1916; and *The Great War as I Saw It,* 1922.

At a special meeting of the Royal Society of Canada, held during the Quebec Tercentenary, he read an ode, *Canada,* written for the occasion.

His marriage to Amy, eldest daughter of the late George Brooks, of Barnet, England, took place in April, 1887. Of this union there are six children living, five boys and one girl. The two eldest sons are practising lawyers in Montreal.

This hero-poet was Major and Senior Chaplain of the 1st Canadian Division during the Great War, and is now Hon. Lieut.-Col., C.M.G.,D.S.O. The *Montreal Star* has said of him:

> A man of liberal culture and wide sympathies, a patriot whose heart has thrilled with the truth of the larger life, political, social and religious, a man of strong courage born of reverent unquestioning faith.

The Feud

'I HEAR a cry from the Sansard cave,
O mother, will no one hearken?
A cry of the lost, will no one save?
A cry of the dead, though the oceans rave,
And the scream of a gull as he wheels o'er a grave,
While the shadows darken and darken.'

'Oh, hush thee, child, for the night is wet,
And the cloud-caves split asunder,
With lightning in a jagged fret,
Like the gleam of a salmon in the net,
When the rocks are rich in the red sunset,
And the stream rolls down in thunder.'

'Mother, O mother, a pain at my heart,
A pang like the pāng of dying.'
'Oh, hush thee, child, for the wild birds dart
Up and down, and close and part,
Wheeling round where the black cliffs start,
And the foam at their feet is flying.'

'O mother, a strife like the black clouds' strife,
And a peace that cometh after.'
'Hush, child, for peace is the end of life,
And the heart of a maiden finds peace as a wife,
But the sky and the cliffs and the ocean are rife
With the storm and thunder's laughter.'

'Come in, my sons, come in and rest,
For the shadows darken and darken,
And your sister is pale as the white swan's breast,
And her eyes are fixed and her lips are pressed
In the death of a name ye might have guessed,
Had ye twain been here to hearken.'

'Hush, mother, a corpse lies on the sand,
And the spray is round it driven,
It lies on its face, and one white hand
Points through the mist on the belt of strand
To where the cliffs of Sansard stand,
And the ocean's strength is riven.'

'Was it God, my sons, who laid him there?
  Or the sea that left him sleeping?'
'Nay, mother, our dirks where his heart was bare,
As swift as the rain through the teeth of the air;
And the foam-fingers play in the Saxon's hair,
  While the tides are round him creeping.'

'Oh, curses on you, hand and head,
  Like the rains in this wild weather,
The guilt of blood is swift and dread,
Your sister's face is cold and dead,
Ye may not part whom God would wed
  And love hath knit together.'

Samson

PLUNGED in night, I sit alone
  Eyeless on this dungeon stone,
Naked, shaggy, and unkempt,
Dreaming dreams no soul hath dreamt.

Rats and vermin round my feet
Play unharmed, companions sweet;
Spiders weave me overhead
Silken curtains for my bed.

Day by day the mould I smell
Of this fungus-blistered cell;
Nightly in my haunted sleep
O'er my face the lizards creep.

Gyves of iron scrape and burn
Wrists and ankles when I turn,
And my collared neck is raw
With the teeth of brass that gnaw.

God of Israel, canst Thou see
All my fierce captivity?
Do Thy sinews feel my pains?
Hearest Thou the clanking chains?

Thou who madest me so fair,
Strong and buoyant as the air,
Tall and noble as a tree,
With the passions of the sea,

Swift as horse upon my feet,
Fierce as lion in my heat,
Rending, like a wisp of hay,
All that dared withstand my way,

Canst Thou see me through the gloom
Of this subterranean tomb,—
Blinded tiger in his den,
Once the lord and prince of men?

Clay was I; the potter Thou
With Thy thumb-nail smooth'dst my brow,
Roll'dst the spittle-moistened sands
Into limbs between Thy hands.

Thou didst pour into my blood
Fury of the fire and flood,
And upon the boundless skies
Thou didst first unclose my eyes.

And my breath of life was flame,
God-like from the source it came,
Whirling round like furious wind,
Thoughts upgathered in the mind.

Strong Thou mad'st me, till at length
All my weakness was my strength;
Tortured am I, blind and wrecked,
For a faulty architect.

From the woman at my side,
Was I woman-like to hide
What she asked me, as if fear
Could my iron heart come near?

Nay, I scorned and scorn again
Cowards who their tongues restrain;
Cared I no more for Thy laws
Than a wind of scattered straws.

When the earth quaked at my name
And my blood was all aflame,
Who was I to lie, and cheat
Her who clung about my feet?

From Thy open nostrils blow
Wind and tempest, rain and snow;
Dost Thou curse them on their course,
For the fury of their force?

Tortured am I, wracked and bowed,
But the soul within is proud;
Dungeon fetters cannot still
Forces of the tameless will.

Israel's God, come down and see
All my fierce captivity;
Let Thy sinews feel my pains,
With Thy fingers lift my chains,

Then, with thunder loud and wild,
Comfort Thou Thy rebel child,
And with lightning split in twain
Loveless heart and sightless brain.

Give me splendour in my death—
Not this sickening dungeon breath,
Creeping down my blood like slime,
Till it wastes me in my prime.

Give me back for one blind hour,
Half my former rage and power,
And some giant crisis send,
Meet to prove a hero's end.

Then, O God, Thy mercy show—
Crush him in the overthrow
At whose life they scorn and point,
By its greatness out of joint.

Dawn

THE immortal spirit hath no bars
To circumscribe its dwelling place;
My soul hath pastured with the stars
Upon the meadow-lands of space.

My mind and ear at times have caught,
From realms beyond our mortal reach,

The utterance of Eternal Thought
Of which all nature is the speech.

And high above the seas and lands,
On peaks just tipped with morning light,
My dauntless spirit mutely stands
With eagle wings outspread for flight.

The River

WHY hurry, little river,
Why hurry to the sea?
There is nothing there to do
But to sink into the blue
And all forgotten be.
There is nothing on that shore
But the tides for evermore,
And the faint and far-off line
Where the winds across the brine
For ever, ever roam
And never find a home.

Why hurry, little river,
From the mountains and the mead,
Where the graceful elms are sleeping
And the quiet cattle feed?
The loving shadows cool
The deep and restful pool;
And every tribute stream
Brings its own sweet woodland dream
Of the mighty woods that sleep
Where the sighs of earth are deep,
And the silent skies look down
On the savage mountain's frown.

Oh, linger, little river,
Your banks are all so fair,
Each morning is a hymn of praise,
Each evening is a prayer.
All day the sunbeams glitter
On your shallows and your bars,
And at night the dear God stills you
With the music of the stars.

The Storm

O GRIP the earth, ye forest trees,
Grip well the earth to-night,
The Storm-God rides across the seas
To greet the morning light.

All clouds that wander through the skies
Are tangled in his net,
The frightened stars have shut their eyes,
The breakers fume and fret.

The birds that cheer the woods all day
Now tremble in their nests,
The giant branches round them sway,
The wild wind never rests.

The squirrel and the cunning fox
Have hurried to their holes,
Far off, like distant earthquake shocks,
The muffled thunder rolls.

In scores of hidden woodland dells,
Where no rough winds can harm,
The timid wild-flowers toss their bells
In reasonless alarm.

Only the mountains rear their forms,
Silent and grim and bold;
To them the voices of the storms
Are as a tale re-told.

They saw the stars in heaven hung,
They heard the great Sea's birth,
They know the ancient pain that wrung
The entrails of the Earth.

Sprung from great Nature's royal lines,
They share her deep repose,—
Their rugged shoulders robed in pines,
Their foreheads crowned with snows.

But now there comes a lightning flash,
And now on hill and plain
The charging clouds in fury dash,
And blind the world with rain.

In the Winter Woods

WINTER forests mutely standing
Naked on your bed of snow,
Wide your knotted arms expanding
To the biting winds that blow,
Nought ye heed of storm or stress,
Stubborn, silent, passionless.

Buried is each woodland treasure,
Gone the leaves and mossy rills,
Gone the birds that filled with pleasure
All the valleys and the hills;
Ye alone of all that host
Stand like soldiers at your post.

Grand old trees, the words ye mutter,
Nodding in the frosty wind,
Wake some thoughts I cannot utter,
But which haunt the heart and mind,
With a meaning, strange and deep,
As of visions seen in sleep.

Something in my inmost thinking
Tells me I am one with you,
For a subtle bond is linking
Nature's offspring through and through,
And your spirit like a flood
Stirs the pulses of my blood.

While I linger here and listen
To the crackling boughs above,
Hung with icicles that glisten
As if kindling into love,
Human heart and soul unite
With your majesty and might.

Horizontal, rich with glory,
Through the boughs the red sun's rays
Clothe you as some grand life-story
Robes an aged man with praise,
When, before his setting sun,
Men recount what he has done.

But the light is swiftly fading,
And the wind is icy cold,
And a mist the moon is shading,
Pallid in the western gold;
In the night-winds still ye nod,
Sentinels of Nature's God.

Now with laggard steps returning
To the world from whence I came,
Leave I all the great West burning
With the day that died in flame,
And the stars, with silver ray,
Light me on my homeward way.

The Unnamed Lake

IT sleeps among the thousand hills
Where no man ever trod,
And only nature's music fills
The silences of God.

Great mountains tower above its shore,
Green rushes fringe its brim,
And o'er its breast for evermore
The wanton breezes skim.

Dark clouds that intercept the sun
Go there in Spring to weep,
And there, when Autumn days are done,
White mists lie down to sleep.

Sunrise and sunset crown with gold
The peaks of ageless stone,
Where winds have thundered from of old
And storms have set their throne.

No echoes of the world afar
Disturb it night or day,
The sun and shadow, moon and star
Pass and repass for aye.

'Twas in the grey of early dawn,
When first the lake we spied,
And fragments of a cloud were drawn
Half down the mountain side.

Along the shore a heron flew,
And from a speck on high,
That hovered in the deepening blue,
We heard the fish-hawk's cry.

Among the cloud-capt solitudes,
No sound the silence broke,
Save when, in whispers down the woods,
The guardian mountains spoke.

Through tangled brush and dewy brake,
Returning whence we came,
We passed in silence, and the lake
We left without a name.

The Burden of Time

BEFORE the seas and mountains were brought forth,
I reigned. I hung the universe in space,
I capped earth's poles with ice to South and North,
And set the moving tides their bounds and place.

I smoothed the granite mountains with my hand,
My fingers gave the continents their form;
I rent the heavens and loosed upon the land
The fury of the whirlwind and the storm.

I stretched the dark sea like a nether sky
Fronting the stars between the ice-clad zones;
I gave the deep his thunder; the Most High
Knows well the voice that shakes His mountain thrones.

I trod the ocean caverns black as night,
And silent as the bounds of outer space,
And where great peaks rose darkly towards the light
I planted life to root and grow apace.

Then through a stillness deeper than the grave's,
The coral spires rose slowly one by one,
Until the white shafts pierced the upper waves
And shone like silver in the tropic sun.

I ploughed with glaciers down the mountain glen,
And graved the iron shore with stream and tide;
I gave the bird her nest, the lion his den,
The snake long jungle-grass wherein to hide.

In lonely gorge and over hill and plain,
I sowed the giant forests of the world;
The great earth like a human heart in pain
Has quivered with the meteors I have hurled.

I plunged whole continents beneath the deep,
And left them sepulchred a million years;
I called, and lo, the drowned lands rose from sleep,
Sundering the waters of the hemispheres.

I am the lord and arbiter of man—
I hold and crush between my finger-tips
Wild hordes that drive the desert caravan,
Great nations that go down to sea in ships.

In sovereign scorn I tread the races down,
As each its puny destiny fulfils,
On plain and island, or where huge cliffs frown,
Wrapt in the deep thought of the ancient hills.

The wild sea searches vainly round the land
For those proud fleets my arm has swept away;
Vainly the wind along the desert sand
Calls the great names of kings who once held sway.

Yea, Nineveh and Babylon the great
Are fallen—like ripe ears at harvest-tide;
I set my heel upon their pomp and state,
The people's serfdom and the monarch's pride.

One doom waits all—art, speech, law, gods, and men,
Forests and mountains, stars and shining sun,—
The hand that made them shall unmake again,
I curse them and they wither one by one.

Waste altars, tombs, dead cities where men trod,
Shall roll through space upon the darkened globe,
Till I myself be overthrown, and God
Cast off creation like an outworn robe.

Wilfred Campbell

CAMPBELL'S mind (and verse at times) showed a bent toward speculation, derived partly, perhaps, from his early training in philosophy and theology. He often strongly protested against our bondage to the material and the present, and in his poems habitually sought the freedom of a wider outlook and of the truth in ideals. . . . That Campbell was a lover of beauty goes without saying. From his earliest years nature appealed to him and there are but few of her aspects as seen in Eastern Canada all through the different months of the year that have escaped him. . . . Beauty in form of poetry, the finished verse, the finely chiselled line, did not greatly appeal to him—at least in the latter part of his life. His view is that 'the spirit and not the form makes earth's literature.' . . . And yet many examples might be quoted to show that he was to a high degree master of melody and rhythm. It is only that artistic workmanship was not Campbell's main aim in poetry. . . . He was a man of rugged independence and marked personality.—W. J. SYKES in his Memoir, 1922.

WILFRED CAMPBELL, one of the most distinguished of our native writers, was a poet and novelist by inherited right. Through his father, the Rev. Thomas Swaniston Campbell, a descendant of the first Lord Campbell, of the House of Argyll, he was of the same stock as the poet, Thomas Campbell, and as the novelist, Henry Fielding.

His maternal grandfather was the late Major Francis Wright of the Royal Horse Guards.

He was born in Berlin, Ontario, June 1st, 1861, and was educated at the local High School, at University College, Toronto, and at Cambridge, Massachusetts. The honorary degree, LL.D., was conferred on him, in 1906, by the University of Aberdeen.

He was married in 1884 to Mary Louisa, only child of the late David Mark Dibble, M.D., of Woodstock, Ontario.

Dr Campbell was ordained a clergyman of the Episcopal Church in 1885, and undertook parish work in New England. Three years later he returned to Canada and became Rector of St. Stephen, New Brunswick. In 1891, he retired from the ministry to devote his life chiefly to literary effort, and entered the civil service at Ottawa. For some years he was associated with Dr Doughty in the Dominion Archives Bureau.

In 1905, the best of Campbell's lyrics and sonnets were published in a substantial volume entitled, *The Collected Poems of Wilfred Campbell.* At the same time appeared *The Collected Poems of Isabella Valancy Crawford,* and such a notable coincidence aroused much interest in Canadian literary circles.

There is another coincidence of singular interest pertaining to these poets: each wrote a remarkable poem on an identical theme,—*the soul of a mother returning from the grave for her child.*

In 1908, Campbell's *Poetical Tragedies*: 'Mordred,' 'Daulac,' 'Morning' and 'Hildebrand,' were issued in a handsome volume, and his *Sagas of Vaster Britain,* a notable selection of his verse, in 1914. . . He published two historical novels, *Ian of the Orcades* (1906) and *A Beautiful Rebel* (1909), and several other volumes of historical importance.

Since his premature death from pneumonia, January 1st, 1919, 'The Poetical Works of Wilfred Campbell,' edited with a Memoir by W. J. Sykes, has been published.

England

ENGLAND, England, England,
Girdled by ocean and skies,
And the power of a world, and the heart of a race,
And a hope that never dies.

England, England, England,
Wherever a true heart beats,
Wherever the rivers of commerce flow,
Wherever the bugles of conquest blow,
Wherever the glories of liberty grow,
'Tis the name that the world repeats.

And ye, who dwell in the shadow
Of the century-sculptured piles,
Where sleep our century-honoured dead,
Whilst the great world thunders overhead,
And far out, miles on miles,
Beyond the smoke of the mighty town,
The blue Thames dimples and smiles;
Not yours alone the glory of old,
Of the splendid thousand years,
Of Britain's might and Britain's right
And the brunt of British spears.
Not yours alone, for the great world round,
Ready to dare and do,
Scot and Celt and Norman and Dane,
With the Northman's sinew and heart and brain,
And the Northman's courage for blessing or bane,
Are England's heroes too.

North and south and east and west,
Wherever their triumphs be,
Their glory goes home to the ocean-girt isle,
Where the heather blooms and the roses smile,
With the green isle under her lee.
And if ever the smoke of an alien gun
Should threaten her iron repose,
Shoulder to shoulder against the world,
Face to face with her foes,

Scot, and Celt and Saxon are one
  Where the glory of England goes.

And we of the newer and vaster West,
  Where the great war-banners are furled,
And commerce hurries her teeming hosts,
And the cannon are silent along our coasts,
Saxon and Gaul, Canadians claim
A part in the glory and pride and aim
  Of the Empire that girdles the world.

England, England, England,
  Wherever the daring heart
By Arctic floe or torrid strand
  Thy heroes play their part;
For as long as conquest holds the earth,
  Or commerce sweeps the sea,
By orient jungle or western plain
  Will the Saxon spirit be:
And whatever the people that dwell beneath,
  Or whatever the alien tongue,
Over the freedom and peace of the world
  Is the flag of England flung,
Till the last great freedom is found,
  And the last great truth be taught,
Till the last great deed be done,
  And the last great battle is fought;
Till the last great fighter is slain in the last great fight,
  And the war-wolf is dead in his den—
England, breeder of hope and valour and might,
  Iron mother of men.

Yea, England, England, England,
  Till honour and valour are dead,
Till the world's great cannons rust,
Till the world's great hopes are dust,
  Till faith and freedom be fled,
Till wisdom and justice have passed
To sleep with those who sleep in the many-chambered
    vast,
Till glory and knowledge are charnelled dust in dust,

To all that is best in the world's unrest,
  In heart and mind you are wed.
While out from the Indian jungle
  To the far Canadian snows,
Over the East and over the West,
  Over the worst and over the best,
The flag of the world to its winds unfurled,
  The blood-red ensign blows.

The Children of the Foam

OUT forever and forever,
  Where our tresses glint and shiver
  On the icy moonlit air;
Come we from a land of gloaming,
Children lost, forever homing,
  Never, never reaching there;
Ride we, ride we, ever faster,
Driven by our demon master,
  The wild wind in his despair.
Ride we, ride we, ever home,
Wan, white children of the foam.

In the wild October dawning,
When the heaven's angry awning
  Leans to lakeward, bleak and drear;
And along the black, wet ledges,
Under icy, caverned edges,
  Breaks the lake in maddened fear;
And the woods in shore are moaning;
Then you hear our weird intoning,
  Mad, late children of the year;
Ride we, ride we, ever home,
Lost, white children of the foam.

All grey day, the black sky under,
Where the beaches moan and thunder,
  Where the breakers spume and comb,
You may hear our riding, riding,
You may hear our voices chiding,
  Under glimmer, under gloam;
Like a far-off infant wailing,

You may hear our hailing, hailing,
For the voices of our home;
Ride we, ride we, ever home,
Haunted children of the foam.

And at midnight, when the glimmer
Of the moon grows dank and dimmer,
Then we lift our gleaming eyes;
Then you see our white arms tossing,
Our wan breasts the moon embossing,
Under gloom of lake and skies;
You may hear our mournful chanting,
And our voices haunting, haunting,
Through the night's mad melodies;
Riding, riding, ever home,
Wild, white children of the foam.

There, forever and forever,
Will no demon-hate dissever
Peace and sleep and rest and dream:
There is neither fear nor fret there
When the tired children get there,
Only dews and pallid beam
Fall in gentle peace and sadness
Over long surcease of madness,
From hushed skies that gleam and gleam,
In the longed-for, sought-for home
Of the children of the foam.

There the streets are hushed and restful,
And of dreams is every breast full,
With the sleep that tired eyes wear;
There the city hath long quiet
From the madness and the riot,
From the failing hearts of care;
Balm of peacefulness ingliding,
Dream we through our riding, riding,
As we homeward, homeward fare;
Riding, riding, ever home,
Wild, white children of the foam.

Under pallid moonlight beaming,
Under stars of midnight gleaming,
And the ebon arch of night;
Round the rosy edge of morning,
You may hear our distant horning,
You may mark our phantom flight;
Riding, riding, ever faster,
Driven by our demon master,
Under darkness, under light;
Ride we, ride we, ever home,
Wild, white children of the foam.

Stella Flammarum

An Ode to Halley's Comet

STRANGE wanderer out of the deeps,
Whence, journeying, come you?
From what far, unsunned sleeps
Did fate foredoom you,
Returning for ever again,
Through the surgings of man,
A flaming, awesome portent of dread
Down the centuries' span?

Riddle! from the dark unwrung
By all earth's sages;—
God's fiery torch from His hand outflung,
To flame through the ages;
Thou Satan of planets eterne,
'Mid angry path,
Chained, in circlings vast, to burn
Out ancient wrath.

By what dread hand first loosed
From fires eternal?
With majesties dire infused
Of force supernal,
Takest thy headlong way
O'er the highways of space?
O wonderful, blossoming flower of fear
On the sky's far face!

What secret of destiny's will
In thy wild burning?
What portent dire of humanity's ill
In thy returning?
Or art thou brand of love
In masking of bale?
And bringest thou ever some mystical surcease
For all who wail?

Perchance, O Visitor dread,
Thou hast thine appointed
Task, thou bolt of the vast outsped!
With God's anointed,
Performest some endless toil
In the universe wide,
Feeding on cursing some infinite need
Where the vast worlds ride.

Once, only once, thy face
Will I view in this breathing;
Just for a space thy majesty trace
'Mid earth's mad seething;
Ere I go hence to my place,
As thou to thy deeps,
Thou flambent core of a universe dread,
Where all else sleeps.

But thou and man's spirit are one,
Thou poet! thou flaming
Soul of the dauntless sun,
Past all reclaiming!
One in that red unrest,
That yearning, that surge,
That mounting surf of the infinite dream,
O'er eternity's verge.

The Mother

I

IT was April, blossoming spring,
They buried me, when the birds did sing;
Earth, in clammy wedging earth,
They banked my bed with a black, damp girth.

Under the damp and under the mould,
I kenned my breasts were clammy and cold.

Out from the red beams, slanting and bright,
I kenned my cheeks were sunken and white.

I was a dream, and the world was a dream,
And yet I kenned all things that seem.

I was a dream, and the world was a dream,
But you cannot bury a red sunbeam.

For though in the under-grave's doom-night
I lay all silent and stark and white,

Yet over my head I seemed to know
The murmurous moods of wind and snow,

The snows that wasted, the winds that blew,
The rays that slanted, the clouds that drew

The water-ghosts up from lakes below,
And the little flower-souls in earth that grow.

Under earth, in the grave's stark night,
I felt the stars and the moon's pale light.

I felt the winds of ocean and land
That whispered the blossoms soft and bland.

Though they had buried me dark and low,
My soul with the season's seemed to grow.

II

From throes of pain they buried me low,
For death had finished a mother's woe.

But under the sod, in the grave's dread doom,
I dreamed of my baby in glimmer and gloom.

I dreamed of my babe, and I kenned that his rest
Was broken in wailings on my dead breast.

I dreamed that a rose-leaf hand did cling;
Oh, you cannot bury a mother in spring!

When the winds are soft and the blossoms are red
She could not sleep in her cold earth-bed.

I dreamed of my babe for a day and a night,
And then I rose in my grave-clothes white.

I rose like a flower from my damp earth-bed
To the world of sorrowing overhead.

Men would have called me a thing of harm,
But dreams of my babe made me rosy and warm.

I felt my breasts swell under my shroud;
No star shone white, no winds were loud;

But I stole me past the graveyard wall,
For the voice of my baby seemed to call;

And I kenned me a voice, though my lips were dumb:
Hush, baby, hush! for mother is come.

I passed the streets to my husband's home;
The chamber stairs in a dream I clomb;

I heard the sound of each sleeper's breath,
Light waves that break on the shores of death.

I listened a space at my chamber door,
Then stole like a moon-ray over its floor.

My babe was asleep on a stranger's arm,
'O baby, my baby, the grave is so warm,

'Though dark and so deep, for mother is there!
O come with me from the pain and care!

'O come with me from the anguish of earth,
Where the bed is banked with a blossoming girth,

'Where the pillow is soft and the rest is long,
And mother will croon you a slumber-song—

'A slumber-song that will charm your eyes
To a sleep that never in earth-song lies!

'The loves of earth your being can spare,
But never the grave, for mother is there.'

I nestled him soft to my throbbing breast,
And stole me back to my long, long rest.

And here I lie with him under the stars,
Dead to earth, its peace and its wars;

Dead to its hates, its hopes, and its harms,
So long as he cradles up soft in my arms.

And heaven may open its shimmering doors,
And saints make music on pearly floors,

And hell may yawn to its infinite sea,
But they never can take my baby from me.

For so much a part of my soul he hath grown
That God doth know of it high on His throne.

And here I lie with him under the flowers
That sun-winds rock through the billowy hours,

With the night-airs that steal from the murmuring sea,
Bringing sweet peace to my baby and me.

The Last Prayer

MASTER of life, the day is done;
My sun of life is sinking low;
I watch the hours slip one by one
And hark the night-wind and the snow.

And must Thou shut the morning out,
And dim the eye that loved to see;
Silence the melody and rout,
And seal the joys of earth for me?

And must Thou banish all the hope,
The large horizon's eagle-swim,
The splendour of the far-off slope
That ran about the world's great rim,

That rose with morning's crimson rays
And grew to noonday's gloried dome,
Melting to even's purple haze
When all the hopes of earth went home?

Yea, Master of this ruined house,
  The mortgage closed, outruns the lease;
Long since is hushed the gay carouse,
  And now the windowed lights must cease.

The doors all barred, the shutters up,
  Dismantled, empty, wall and floor,
And now for one grim eve to sup
  With Death, the bailiff, at the door.

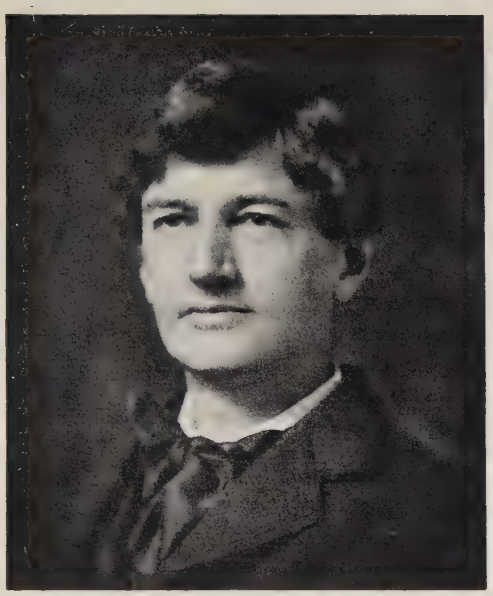
Yea, I will take the gloomward road
  Where fast the Arctic nights set in,
To reach the bourne of that abode
  Which Thou hast kept for all my kin.

And all life's splendid joys forego,
  Walled in with night and senseless stone,
If at the last my heart might know
  Through all the dark one joy alone.

Yea, Thou mayst quench the latest spark
  Of life's weird day's expectancy,
Roll down the thunders of the dark
  And close the light of life for me;

Melt all the splendid blue above
  And let these magic wonders die,
If Thou wilt only leave me, Love,
  And Love's heart-brother, Memory.

Though all the hopes of every race
  Crumbled in one red crucible,
And melted, mingled into space,
  Yet Master, Thou wert merciful.



Bliss Carman

CARMAN is before everything else a nature poet, but he is not a nature poet alone. . . . Carman's genius has its limits—it rarely, and scarcely ever with success, displays itself in themes dealing with the social life of man—but within its own compass its strength and versatility are undeniable. The imagination of the poet, which would seem extremely sensitive to the influence of his environment, is wide-reaching and full of colour; his fancy is fine and delicate; his diction is cultured and 'magical'; and he possesses a gift of melodious versification such as perhaps no other transatlantic writer, with the exception of Poe, has as yet exhibited. Canadian in his youthful gaiety and love of adventure, New England in his practical idealism and freedom from dogma, and more Latin than anything else in his passionate love of the beautiful, Bliss Carman is not only a singer of whom the Dominion has every reason to be proud, but one of the most original and captivating poets of the present century.—H. D. C. Lee, Docteur De L'Université De Rennes, in *Bliss Carman: A Study in Canadian Poetry*, 1912.

BLISS CARMAN 'has the rare and vital individuality of genius.' He was brought up in the beautiful valley of the St. John river, New Brunswick, and as in the case of his distinguished cousin, Charles G. D. Roberts, his early quest of beauty intensified later into a craving. He has ever felt his kinship with the trees, the flowers, and the furtive wild things, and has regarded himself and every other manifestation of the Infinite Spirit, as a vagrant seeking to attain to perfection. For him 'God lurks as potency in all things.'

After pointing out that Carman's philosophic thought had probably been influenced more by Robert Browning than by anyone else, Dr Lee sums up his later philosophy in these three principles:

> Love is the Lord of Life, the revealer of the purpose of creation. This divine energy can only be transmitted to the soul through the media of the senses and in proportion as the senses are perfect. The ideals awakened in the soul by Love can only be adequately realized with the help of reason.

William Bliss Carman, of United Empire Loyalist descent, was born at Fredericton, N.B., April 15th, 1861,—son of William Carman, a barrister, at one time a prominent Government official, and Sophia Bliss, an elder sister of the mother of Roberts. He was tutored at home prior to entering the Collegiate School, in Fredericton, where he came under the influence of a cultured man of letters and an ardent lover of open-air life,—Dr George R. Parkin. To this educationist of world-wide repute, Carman has gratefully acknowledged his debt, in a dedicatory preface to *The Kinship of Nature*. In 1878, he won the School medal for Greek and Latin, and passed into the University of New Brunswick (B.A., and Gold Medalist, 1881; M.A., 1884; LL.D., honorary, 1906). He had taken high honours in both classics and mathematics, and in the academic year, 1882-3, he pursued these subjects, together with philosophy, in a postgraduate course at the University of Edinburgh. Returning to Canada, he had difficulty, apparently, in choosing a profession, as he successively taught school, studied law, and practised civil engineering, before, in 1886, he resolved to take postgraduate work in Harvard University.

From 1890 to 1892, he was on the editorial staff of the

Independent, New York, and later was similarly connected with *Current Literature.* He was one of the founders of the *Chap-Book.* But tiring of the editorial chair, he soon became an independent man of letters.

Since he first attracted wide attention with his *Low Tide on Grand Pré* (1893), Carman has published many books of poems of rare quality, and four volumes of illuminating essays.

His more recent volumes are: *Later Poems,* with an Introduction by R. H. Hathaway (1921); *Ballads and Lyrics* (1923); and *Far Horizons* (1925).

Low Tide on Grand-Pré

THE sun goes down, and over all
These barren reaches by the tide
Such unelusive glories fall,
I almost dream they yet will bide
Until the coming of the tide.

And yet I know that not for us,
By any ecstasy of dream,
He lingers to keep luminous
A little while the grievous stream,
Which frets, uncomforted of dream—

A grievous stream, that to and fro,
Athrough the fields of Acadie
Goes wandering, as if to know
Why one belovèd face should be
So long from home and Acadie.

Was it a year or lives ago
We took the grasses in our hands,
And caught the summer flying low
Over the waving meadow lands,
And held it there between our hands?

The while the river at our feet—
A drowsy inland meadow stream—
At set of sun the after-heat
Made running gold, and in the gleam
We freed our birch upon the stream.

There down along the elms at dusk
We lifted dripping blade to drift,
Through twilight scented fine like musk,
Where night and gloom awhile uplift,
Nor sunder soul and soul adrift.

And that we took into our hands—
Spirit of life or subtler thing—
Breathed on us there, and loosed the bands
Of death, and taught us, whispering,
The secret of some wonder-thing.

Then all your face grew light, and seemed
To hold the shadow of the sun;
The evening faltered, and I deemed
That time was ripe, and years had done
Their wheeling underneath the sun.

So all desire and all regret,
And fear and memory, were naught;
One to remember or forget
The keen delight our hands had caught;
Morrow and yesterday were naught.

The night has fallen, and the tide. . .
Now and again comes drifting home,
Across these aching barrens wide,
A sigh like driven wind or foam:
In grief the flood is bursting home.

Spring-Song

MAKE me over, mother April,
When the sap begins to stir!
When thy flowery hand delivers
All the mountain-prisoned rivers,
And thy great heart beats and quivers
To revive the days that were,
Make me over, mother April,
When the sap begins to stir!

Take my dust and all my dreaming,
Count my heart-beats one by one,
Send them where the winters perish;
Then some golden noon recherish
And restore them in the sun,
Flower and scent and dust and dreaming,
With their heart beats every one!

Set me in the urge and tide-drift
Of the streaming hosts a-wing!
Breast of scarlet, throat of yellow,
Raucous challenge, wooings mellow—
Every migrant is my fellow,
Making northward with the spring.
Loose me in the urge and tide-drift
Of the streaming hosts a-wing!

Shrilling pipe or fluting whistle,
In the valleys come again;
Fife of frog and call of tree-toad,
All my brothers, five or three-toed,
With their revel no more vetoed,
Making music in the rain;
Shrilling pipe or fluting whistle,
In the valleys come again.

Make me of thy seed to-morrow,
When the sap begins to stir!
Tawny light-foot, sleepy bruin,
Bright-eyes in the orchard ruin,
Gnarl the good life goes askew in,
Whiskey-jack, or tanager,—
Make me anything to-morrow,
When the sap begins to stir!

Make me even (How do I know?)
Like my friend the gargoyle there;
It may be the heart within him
Swells that doltish hands should pin him
Fixed forever in mid-air.

Make me even sport for swallows,
Like the soaring gargoyle there!

Give me the old clue to follow,
Through the labyrinth of night!
Clod of clay with heart of fire,
Things that burrow and aspire,
With the vanishing desire,
For the perishing delight,—
Only the old clue to follow,
Through the labyrinth of night.

Make me over, mother April,
When the sap begins to stir!
Fashion me from swamp or meadow,
Garden plot or ferny shadow,
Hyacinth or humble burr!
Make me over, mother April,
When the sap begins to stir!

Let me hear the far, low summons,
When the silver winds return;
Rills that run and streams that stammer,
Goldenwing with his loud hammer,
Icy brooks that brawl and clamour,
Where the Indian willows burn;
Let me hearken to the calling,
When the silver winds return,

Till recurring and recurring,
Long since wandered and come back,
Like a whim of Grieg's or Gounod's,
This same self, bird, bud, or Bluenose,
Some day I may capture (Who knows?)
Just the one last joy I lack,
Waking to the far new summons,
When the old Spring winds come back.

For I have no choice of being,
When the sap begins to climb,—
Strong insistence, sweet intrusion,

Vasts and verges of illusion,—
So I win, to time's confusion,
The one perfect pearl of time,
Joy and joy and joy forever,
Till the sap forgets to climb!

Make me over in the morning
From the rag-bag of the world!
Scraps of dream and duds of daring,
Home-brought stuff from far sea-faring,
Faded colours once so flaring,
Shreds of banners long since furled!
Hues of ash and glints of glory,
In the rag-bag of the world!

Let me taste the old immortal
Indolence of life once more;
Not recalling nor foreseeing,
Let the great slow joys of being
Well my heart through as of yore!
Let me taste the old immortal
Indolence of life once more!

Give me the old drink for rapture,
The delirium to drain,
All my fellows drank in plenty
At the Three Score Inns and Twenty
From the mountains to the main!
Give me the old drink for rapture,
The delirium to drain!

Only make me over, April,
When the sap begins to stir!
Make me man or make me woman,
Make me oaf or ape or human,
Cup of flower or cone of fir;
Make me anything but neuter
When the sap begins to stir!

The Ships of Yule

WHEN I was just a little boy,
Before I went to school,
I had a fleet of forty sail
I called the Ships of Yule;

Of every rig, from rakish brig
And gallant barkentine,
To little Fundy fishing boats
With gunwales painted green.

They used to go on trading trips
Around the world for me,
For though I had to stay on shore
My heart was on the sea.

They stopped at every port to call
From Babylon to Rome,
To load with all the lovely things
We never had at home;

With elephants and ivory
Bought from the King of Tyre,
And shells and silk and sandal-wood
That sailor-men admire;

With figs and dates from Samarcand,
And squatty ginger-jars,
And scented silver amulets
From Indian bazaars;

With sugar-cane from Port of Spain,
And monkeys from Ceylon,
And paper lanterns from Pekin
With painted dragons on;

With cocoanuts from Zanzibar,
And pines from Singapore;
And when they had unloaded these
They could go back for more.

And even after I was big
And had to go to school,
My mind was often far away
Aboard the Ships of Yule.

Roadside Flowers

WE are the roadside flowers,
Straying from garden grounds,—
Lovers of idle hours,
Breakers of ordered bounds.

If only the earth will feed us,
If only the wind be kind,
We blossom for those who need us,
The stragglers left behind.

And lo, the Lord of the Garden,
He makes his sun to rise,
And His rain to fall with pardon
On our dusty paradise.

On us He has laid the duty,—
The task of the wandering breed,—
To better the world with beauty,
Wherever the way may lead.

Who shall inquire of the season,
Or question the wind where it blows?
We blossom and ask no reason.
The Lord of the Garden knows.

A Mountain Gateway

I KNOW a vale where I would go one day,
When June comes back and all the world once more
Is glad with Summer. Deep in shade it lies
A mighty cleft between the bosoming hills,
A cool dim gateway to the mountains' heart.

On either side the wooded slopes come down,
Hemlock and beech and chestnut. Here and there

Through the deep forest laurel spreads and gleams,
Pink-white as Daphne in her loveliness.
Among the sunlit shadows I can see
That still perfection from the world withdrawn,
As if the wood-gods had arrested there
Immortal beauty in her breathless flight.

The road winds in from the broad river-lands,
Luring the happy traveller turn by turn
Up to the lofty mountains of the sky.
And as he marches with uplifted face,
Far overhead against the arching blue
Gray ledges overhang from dizzy heights,
Scarred by a thousand winters and untamed.

And where the road runs in the valley's foot,
Through the dark woods a mountain stream comes down,
Singing and dancing all its youth away
Among the boulders and the shallow runs,
Where sunbeams pierce and mossy tree trunks hang
Drenched all day long with murmuring sound and spray.

There light of heart and footfree, I would go
Up to my home among the lasting hills.
Nearing the day's end, I would leave the road,
Turn to the left and take the steeper trail
That climbs among the hemlocks, and at last
In my own cabin doorway sit me down,
Companioned in that leafy solitude
By the wood ghosts of twilight and of peace,
While evening passes to absolve the day
And leave the tranquil mountains to the stars.

And in that sweet seclusion I should hear,
Among the cool-leafed beeches in the dusk,
The calm-voiced thrushes at their twilight hymn.
So undistraught, so rapturous, so pure,
They well might be, in wisdom and in joy,
The seraphs singing at the birth of time
The unworn ritual of eternal things.

The Grave-Tree

LET me have a scarlet maple
For the grave-tree at my head,
With the quiet sun behind it,
In the years when I am dead.

Let me have it for a signal,
Where the long winds stream and stream,
Clear across the dim blue distance,
Like a horn blown in a dream;

Scarlet when the April vanguard
Bugles up the laggard Spring,
Scarlet when the bannered Autumn,
Marches by unwavering.

It will comfort me with honey
When the shining rifts and showers
Sweep across the purple valley
And bring back the forest flowers.

It will be my leafy cabin,
Large enough when June returns
And I hear the golden thrushes
Flute and hesitate by turns.

And in Fall, some yellow morning,
When the stealthy frost has come,
Leaf by leaf it will befriend me
As with comrades going home.

Let me have the Silent Valley
And the hill that fronts the east,
So that I can watch the morning
Redden and the stars released.

Leave me in the Great Lone Country,
For I shall not be afraid
With the shy moose and the beaver
There within my scarlet shade.

I would sleep, but not too soundly,
Where the sunning partridge drums,

Till the crickets hush before him
When the Scarlet Hunter comes.

That will be in warm September,
In the stillness of the year,
When the river-blue is deepest
And the other world is near.

When the apples burn their reddest
And the corn is in the sheaves,
I shall stir and waken lightly
At a footfall in the leaves.

It will be the Scarlet Hunter
Come to tell me time is done;
On the idle hills forever
There will stand the idle sun.

There the wind will stay to whisper
Many wonders to the reeds;
But I shall not fear to follow
Where my Scarlet Hunter leads.

I shall know him in the darkling
Murmur of the river bars,
While his feet are on the mountains
Treading out the smoldering stars.

I shall know him, in the sunshine
Sleeping in my scarlet tree,
Long before he halts beside it
Stooping down to summon me.

Then fear not, my friends, to leave me
In the boding Autumn vast;
There are many things to think of
When the roving days are past.

Leave me by the scarlet maple,
When the journeying shadows fail,
Waiting till the Scarlet Hunter
Pass upon the endless trail.

George Frederick Cameron

IT seems strange to me that you have not thought of using any of the work of the late Mr Cameron of Kingston, who was most certainly the poet of most genuine and fervid poetic energy that this country has yet produced. There are half a dozen things of his that I would not give for all that the rest of us have written. I can get a better effect upon people by reading them some of Cameron's poems, than those of any other Canadian writer; and that I have always found is the true test. . . If I were making a selection, I would put them in this order:—The poem without title, 'Standing on Tiptoe,' 'The Way Of The World,' 'I Am Young,' 'What Matters It,' 'To The West Wind,' 'An Answer,' 'Wisdom,' 'Amor Finis,' 'In After Days.' . . That first poem I would include in any selection of English masterpieces however restricted, and the second one, 'Standing On Tiptoe,' is almost as fine. ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN, in letters written in 1892 to Mr J. E. Wetherell.

GEORGE FREDERICK CAMERON was born at New Glasgow, Nova Scotia, September 24th, 1854,—the eldest son of James Grant Cameron and Jessie Sutherland. He was educated at the local High School, where he read Virgil and Cicero in the original and devoted much time to poetry, and at the Boston University of Law. His family had moved to Boston in 1869. After graduation he entered a law office, but gave considerable attention to literary work, contributing to a number of journals. In 1882, he entered Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario, and the following year had the distinction to win the prize for the best original poem.

In March, 1883, Mr Cameron became editor of the Kingston *News,* and in the following August, married Ella, the eldest daughter of Mr Billings Amey, of Millhaven. He continued in his editorial position until a few weeks before his untimely death from heart failure, September 17th, 1885. For two years he had suffered much from insomnia. His young wife and their daughter survived him.

In 1887, Charles J. Cameron, M.A., edited and published a volume of his brother's poems, of about 300 pages, entitled *Lyrics on Freedom, Love and Death,* and which, he says in his Preface, 'represents about one fourth of his life work.'

The unique interest attaching to such a spontaneous and emphatic expression of opinion by Lampman, has induced the editor to quote the poems only that he mentioned and to record no other critical judgment.

Ah, Me! The Mighty Love

AH, me! the mighty love that I have borne
To thee, sweet song! A perilous gift was it
My mother gave me that September morn
When sorrow, song, and life were at one altar lit.

A gift more perilous than the priest's: his lore
Is all of books and to his books extends;
And what they see and know he knows—no more,
And with their knowing all his knowing ends.

A gift more perilous than the painter's: he
In his divinest moments only sees
The inhumanities of colour, we
Feel each and all the inhumanities.

Standing on Tiptoe

STANDING on tiptoe ever since my youth
Striving to grasp the future just above,
I hold at length the only future—Truth,
And Truth is Love.

I feel as one who being awhile confined
Sees drop to dust about him all his bars:—
The clay grows less, and, leaving it, the mind
Dwells with the stars.

The Way of the World

WE sneer and we laugh with the lip—the most of us do it,
Whenever a brother goes down like a weed with the tide;
We point with the finger and say—Oh, we knew it! we knew it!
But, see! we are better than he was, and we will abide.

He walked in the way of his will—the way of desire,
In the Appian way of his will without ever a bend;
He walked in it long, but it led him at last to the mire,—
But we who are stronger will stand and endure to the end.

His thoughts were all visions—all fabulous visions of flowers,
Of bird and of song and of soul which is only a song;
His eyes looked all at the stars in the firmament, ours
Were fixed on the earth at our feet, so we stand and are strong.

He hated the sight and the sound and the sob of the city;
He sought for his peace in the wood and the musical wave;
He fell, and we pity him never, and why should we pity—
Yea, why should we mourn for him—we who still stand, who are brave?

Thus speak we and think not, we censure unheeding, unknowing,—
Unkindly and blindly we utter the words of the brain;
We see not the goal of our brother, we see but his going,
And sneer at his fall if he fall, and laugh at his pain.

Ah, me! the sight of the sod on the coffin lid,
And the sound, and the sob, and the sigh of it as it falls!
Ah, me! the beautiful face forever hid
By four wild walls!

You hold it a matter for self-gratulation and praise
To have thrust to the dust to have trod on a heart that was true,—
To have ruined it there in the beauty and bloom of its days?
Very well! There is somewhere a Nemesis waiting for you.

I am Young

I AM young, and men
Who long ago have passed their prime
Would fain have what I have again,—
Youth, and it may be—time.

To gain these, and make
Life's end what it may not be now,
Monarchs of thought and song would shake
The laurels from their brow.

And each king of earth,
Whose life we deem a holiday,
For this would give his kingship's worth
Most joyously away!

What Matters It?

WHAT reck we of the creeds of men?—
We see them—we shall see again.
What reck we of the tempest's shock?
What reck we where our anchor lock?
On golden marl or mould—
In salt-sea flower or riven rock—
What matter—so it hold?

What matters it the spot we fill
On Earth's green sod when all is said?—
When feet and hands and heart are still
And all our pulses quieted?
When hate or love can kill nor thrill,—
When we are done with life and dead?

So we be haunted night nor day
  By any sin that we have sinned,
What matter where we dream away
  The ages?—In the isles of Ind,
In Tybee, Cuba, or Cathay,
  Or in some world of winter wind?

It may be I would wish to sleep
  Beneath the wan, white stars of June,
And hear the southern breezes creep
  Between me and the mellow moon;
But so I do not wake to weep
  At any night or any moon,

And so the generous gods allow
  Repose and peace from evil dreams,
It matters little where or how
  My couch is spread:—by moving streams,
Or on some eminent mountain's brow
  Kist by the morn's or sunset's beams.

For we shall rest; the brain that planned,
  That thought or wrought or well or ill,
At gaze like Joshua's moon shall stand,
  Not working any work or will,
While eye and lip and heart and hand
  Shall all be still—shall all be still!

To the West Wind

WEST wind, come from the west land
  Fair and far!
Come from the fields of the best land
  Upon our star!

Come, and go to my sister
  Over the sea:
Tell her how much I have missed her,
  Tell her for me!

Odours of lilies and roses—
  Set them astir;
Cull them from gardens and closes,—
  Give them to her!

Say I have loved her, and love her:
Say that I prize
Few on the earth here above her,
Few in the skies!

Bring her, if worth the bringing,
A brother's kiss:
Should she ask for a song of his singing,
Give her this!

An Answer

'CAN it be good to die?' you question, friend;
'Can it be good to die, and move along
Still circling round and round, unknowing end,
Still circling round and round amid the throng
Of golden orbs attended by their moons—
To catch the intonation of their song
As on they flash, and scatter nights, and noons,
To worlds like ours, where things like us belong?'

To *me* 'tis idle saying, 'He is dead.'
Or, 'Now he sleepeth and shall wake no more;
The little flickering, fluttering life is fled,
Forever fled, and all that *was* is o'er.'
I have a faith—that life and death are *one*,
That each depends upon the self-same thread,
And that the seen and unseen rivers run
To one calm sea, from one clear fountain head.

I have a faith—that man's most potent mind
May cross the willow-shaded stream nor sink;
I have a faith—when he has left behind
His earthly vesture on the river's brink,
When all his little fears are torn away,
His soul may beat a pathway through the tide,
And, disencumbered of its coward-clay,
Emerge immortal on the sunnier side.

So, say:—It must be good to die, my friend!
It must be good and more than good, I deem;
'Tis all the replication I may send—
For deeper swimming seek a deeper stream.

It must be good or reason is a cheat,
  It must be good or life is all a lie,
It must be good and more than living sweet,
  It must be good—*or man would never die.*

Wisdom

WISDOM immortal from immortal Jove
  Shadows more beauty with her virgin brows
Than is between the pleasant breasts of Love
Who makes at will and breaks her random vows,
And hath a name all earthly names above:
The noblest are her offspring; she controls
The times and seasons—yea, all things that are—
The heads and hands of men, their hearts and souls,
And all that moves upon our mother star,
And all that pauses twixt the peaceful poles.
Nor is she dark and distant, coy and cold,—
But all in all to all who seek her shrine
In utter truth, like to that king of old
Who wooed and won—yet by no right divine.

Amoris Finis

AND now I go with the departing sun:
  My day is dead and all my work is done.
No more for me the pleasant moon shall rise
  To show the splendour in my dear one's eyes;
No more the stars shall see us meet; we part
  Without a hope, or hope of hope, at heart;
For Love lies dead, and at his altar, lo,
  Stands in his room, self-crowned and crested,—*Woe!*

In After Days

I WILL accomplish that and this,
  And make myself a thorn to Things—
  Lords, councillors and tyrant kings—
Who sit upon their thrones and kiss

The rod of Fortune; and are crowned
  The sovereign masters of the earth
  To scatter blight and death and dearth
Wherever mortal man is found.

I will do this and that, and break
  The backbone of their large conceit,
  And loose the sandals from their feet,
And show 'tis holy ground they shake.

So sang I in my earlier days,
  Ere I had learned to look abroad
  And see that more than monarchs trod
Upon the form I fain would raise.

Ere I, in looking toward the land
  That broke a triple diadem,
  That grasped at Freedom's garment hem,
Had seen her, sword and torch in hand,

A freedom-fool: ere I had grown
  To know that Love is freedom's strength—
  France taught the world that truth at length!—
And Peace her chief foundation stone.

Since then, I temper so my song
  That it may never speak for blood;
  May never say that ill is good;
Or say that right may spring from wrong:

Yet am what I have ever been—
  A friend of Freedom, staunch and true,
  Who hate a tyrant, be he—you—
A people,—sultan, czar, or queen!

And then the Freedom-haters came
  And questioned of my former song,
  If *now* I held it right, or wrong:
And still my answer was the same:—

The good still moveth towards the good:
  The ill still moveth towards the ill:
  But who affirmeth that we will
Not form a nobler brotherhood

When communists, fanatics, those
  Who howl their '*vives*' to Freedom's name
  And yet betray her unto shame,
Are dead and coffined with her foes.

Duncan Campbell Scott

HE is above everything a poet of climate and atmosphere, employing with a nimble, graphic touch the clear, pure, transparent colours of a richly-furnished palette. He leaves unrecorded no single phase in the pageant of the northern year, from the odorous heat of June to the ice-bound silence of December. His work abounds in magically luminous phrases and stanzas. . . Mr Scott is particularly happy in the phrases suggested to him by the songs of birds. . . Though it must not be understood that his talent is merely descriptive. There is a philosophic and also a romantic strain in it. . . There is scarcely a poem of Mr Scott's from which one could not cull some memorable descriptive passage. . . As a rule Mr Scott's workmanship is careful and highly finished. He is before everything a colourist. He paints in lines of a peculiar and vivid translucency. But he is also a metrist of no mean skill, and an imaginative thinker of no common capacity.—WILLIAM ARCHER, in 'Poets of the Younger Generation.'

THIS distinguished poet was born in Ottawa, Canada, August 2nd, 1862, and was educated in the public schools of his native city, and at Stanstead Wesleyan Academy. He is of English and Scottish origin, son of the late Rev. William Scott of the Methodist ministry and his wife, Janet McCallum.

In 1894, he was married to Miss Belle W. Botsford, a well-known violinist, daughter of Mr George W. Botsford, of Greenfield, Massachusetts.

In 1880, Mr Scott entered the Canadian Civil Service at Ottawa, in the Department of Indian Affairs, and ever since has been an official of this Department. Repeated promotion rewarded his industry and efficiency until, in 1913, he became Deputy Superintendent General. This appointment, in his youth, has been fortunate, in another sense, for his association with the Redmen has inspired and coloured a number of his most original poems.

The following are the names and dates of Mr Scott's most notable publications: *The Magic House and Other Poems,* 1893; *In the Village of Viger,* 1896; *Labour and the Angel,* 1898; *New World Lyrics and Ballads,* 1905; *John Graves Simcoe,* 1905, *"Makers of Canada"* series, edited by him and Prof. Pelham Edgar, Ph.D.; *Via Borealis,* 1906; *Lines in Memory of Edmund Morris,* 1915; *Lundy's Lane and Other Poems,* 1916; *Beauty and Life,* 1921; *The Witching of Elspie,* 1923; and his complete poems were published in 1926.

Through a legal agreement with Mrs Lampman, Scott became Archibald Lampman's literary executor shortly after the latter's death, and wrote the memoir for the complete edition of Lampman's poems.

He was elected Secretary of the Royal Society of Canada in 1911 and was continued in this capacity until 1921 when he was advanced to the Presidency. . . Shortly afterward the degree of Litt.D. was conferred on him by the University of Toronto.

Since the publication of William Archer's critique in 1901, the poetry of Duncan Campbell Scott has steadily increased in favour, until to-day it is ranked with the best in our literature. His short stories are also regarded as surpassingly good.

At the Cedars

YOU had two girls—Baptiste—
One is Virginie—
Hold hard—Baptiste!
Listen to me.
The whole drive was jammed
In that bend at the Cedars,
The rapids were dammed
With the logs tight rammed
And crammed; you might know
The Devil had clinched them below.

We worked three days—not a budge,
'She's as tight as a wedge, on the ledge,'
Says our foreman;
'Mon Dieu! boys, look here,
We must get this thing clear.'

He cursed at the men
And we went for it then;
With our cant-dogs arow,
We just gave he-yo-ho;
When she gave a big shove
From above.

The gang yelled and tore
For the shore,
The logs gave a grind
Like a wolf's jaws behind,
And as quick as a flash
With a shove and a crash,
They were down in a mash,
But I and ten more,
All but Isaac Dufour,
Were ashore.

He leaped on a log in the front of the rush,
And shot out from the bind
While the jam roared behind;
As he floated along

He balanced his pole
And tossed us a song.
But just as we cheered,
Up darted a log from the bottom,
Leaped thirty feet square and fair,
And came down on his own.

He went up like a block
With the shock,
And when he was there
In the air,
Kissed his hand to the land;
When he dropped
My heart stopped,
For the first logs had caught him
And crushed him;
When he rose in his place
There was blood on his face.

There were some girls, Baptiste,
Picking berries on the hillside,
Where the river curls, Baptiste,
You know—on the still side.
One was down by the water,
She saw Isaac
Fall back.

She did not scream, Baptiste,
She launched her canoe;
It did seem, Baptiste,
That she wanted to die too,
For before you could think
The birch cracked like a shell
In that rush of hell,
And I saw them both sink—

Baptiste—
He had two girls,
One is Virginie,
What God calls the other
Is not known to me.

Night Burial in the Forest

LAY him down where the fern is thick and fair.
Fain was he for life, here lies he low:
With the blood washed clean from his brow and his
beautiful hair,
Lay him here in the dell where the orchids grow.

Let the birch-bark torches roar in the gloom,
And the trees crowd up in a quiet startled ring,
So lone is the land that in this lonely room
Never before has breathed a human thing.

Cover him well in his canvas shroud, and the moss
Part and heap again on his quiet breast,
What recks he now of gain, or love, or loss
Who for love gained rest?

While she who caused it all hides her insolent eyes
Or braids her hair with the ribbons of lust and of lies,
And he who did the deed fares out like a hunted beast
To lurk where the musk-ox tramples the barren ground
Where the stroke of his coward heart is the only sound.

Haunting the tamarac shade,
Hear them up-thronging
Memories foredoomed
Of strife and of longing:
Haggard or bright
By the tamaracs and birches,
Where the red torch light
Trembles and searches,
The wilderness teems
With inscrutable eyes
Of ghosts that are dreams
Commingled with memories.

Leave him here in his secret ferny tomb,
Withdraw the little light from the ocean of gloom,
He who feared nought will fear aught never,
Left alone in the forest, forever and ever.

Then, as we fare on our way to the shore
Sudden the torches cease to roar:
For cleaving the darkness remote and still
Comes a wind with a rushing, harp-like thrill,
The sound of wings hurled and furled and unfurled,
The wings of the Angel who gathers the souls from the wastes of the world.

The Voice and the Dusk

THE slender moon and one pale star,
A rose leaf and a silver bee
From some god's garden blown afar,
Go down the gold deep tranquilly.

Within the south there rolls and grows
A mighty town with tower and spire,
From a cloud bastion masked with rose
The lightning flashes diamond fire.

The purple martin darts about
The purlieus of the iris fen;
The king-bird rushes up and out,
He screams and whirls and screams again.

A thrush is hidden in a maze
Of cedar buds and tamarac bloom,
He throws his rapid flexile phrase,
A flash of emeralds in the gloom.

A voice is singing from the hill
A happy love of long ago;
Ah! tender voice, be still, be still,
'Tis sometimes better not to know.'

The rapture from the amber height
Floats tremblingly along the plain,
Where in the reeds with fairy light
The lingering fireflies gleam again.

Buried in dingles more remote,
Or drifted from some ferny rise,

The swooning of the golden throat
  Drops in the mellow dusk and dies.

A soft wind passes lightly drawn,
  A wave leaps silverly and stirs
The rustling sedge, and then is gone
  Down the black cavern in the firs.

The Sea by the Wood

I DWELL in the sea that is wild and deep,
  But afar in a shadow still,
I can see the trees that gather and sleep
  In the wood upon the hill.

The deeps are green as an emerald's face,
  The caves are crystal calm,
But I wish the sea were a little trace
  Of moisture in God's palm.

The waves are weary of hiding pearls,
  Are aweary of smothering gold,
They would all be air that sweeps and swirls
  In the branches manifold.

They are weary of laving the seaman's eyes
  With their passion prayer unsaid,
They are weary of sobs and the sudden sighs
  And movements of the dead.

All the sea is haunted with human lips
  Ashen and sere and gray,
You can hear the sails of the sunken ships
  Stir and shiver and sway

In the weary solitude;
  If mine were the will of God, the main
Should melt away in the rustling wood
  Like a mist that follows the rain.

But I dwell in the sea that is wild and deep
  And afar in the shadow still,
I can see the trees that gather and sleep
  In the wood upon the hill.

The Wood by the Sea

I DWELL in the wood that is dark and kind
But afar off tolls the main,
Afar, far off I hear the wind,
And the roving of the rain.

The shade is dark as a palmer's hood,
The air with balm is bland:
But I wish the trees that breathe in the wood
Were ashes in God's hand.

The pines are weary of holding nests,
Are aweary of casting shade;
Wearily smoulder the resin crests
In the pungent gloom of the glade.

Weary are all the birds of sleep,
The nests are weary of wings,
The whole wood yearns to the swaying deep,
The mother of restful things.

The wood is very old and still,
So still when the dead cones fall,
Near in the vale or away on the hill,
You can hear them one and all.

And their falling wearies me;
If mine were the will of God,—oh, then
The wood should tramp to the sounding sea,
Like a marching army of men!

But I dwell in the wood that is dark and kind,
Afar off tolls the main;
Afar, far off I hear the wind
And the roving of the rain.

The Builder

WHEN the deep cunning architect
Had the great minster planned,
They worked in faith for twice two hundred years
And reared the building grand;
War came and famine and they did not falter,

But held his line,
And filled the space divine
With carvings meet for the soul's eye;
And not alone the chantry and thereby
The snowy altar,
But in every part
They carved the minster after his own heart,
And made the humblest places fair,
Even the dimmest cloister-way and stair,
With vineyard tendrils,
With ocean-seeming shells,
With filmy weeds from sea,
With bell-flowers delicate and bells,
All done minute with excellent tracery.
Come, O my soul,
And let me build thee like the minster fair,
Deep based and large as air,
And full of hidden graces wrought
In faith and infinite thought,
Till all thy dimmest ways,
Shall gleam with little vines and fruits of praise,
So that one day
The consummate Architect
Who planned the souls that we are set to build,
May pause and say:
How curiously wrought is this!
The builder followed well My chart,
And worked for Me, not for the world's wild heart;
Here are the outward virtues true!
But see how all the inner parts are filled
With singular bliss:
Set it aside
I shall come here again at eventide.

The Half-Breed Girl

SHE is free of the trap and the paddle,
The portage and the trail,
But something behind her savage life
Shines like a fragile veil.

Her dreams are undiscovered,
Shadows trouble her breast,
When the time for resting cometh
Then least is she at rest.

Oft in the morns of winter,
When she visits the rabbit snares,
An appearance floats in the crystal air
Beyond the balsam firs.

Oft in the summer mornings
When she strips the nets of fish,
The smell of the dripping net-twine
Gives to her heart a wish.

But she cannot learn the meaning
Of the shadows in her soul,
The lights that break and gather,
The clouds that part and roll.

The reek of rock-built cities,
Where her fathers dwelt of yore,
The gleam of loch and shealing,
The mist on the moor.

Frail traces of kindred kindness,
Of feud by hill and strand,
The heritage of an age-long life
In a legendary land.

She wakes in the stifling wigwam,
Where the air is heavy and wild,
She fears for something or nothing
With the heart of a frightened child.

She sees the stars turn slowly
Past the tangle of the poles,
Through the smoke of the dying embers,
Like the eyes of dead souls.

Her heart is shaken with longing
For the strange, still years,
For what she knows and knows not,
For the wells of ancient tears.

A voice calls from the rapids,
  Deep, careless and free,
A voice that is larger than her life
  Or than her death shall be.

She covers her face with her blanket,
  Her fierce soul hates her breath,
As it cries with a sudden passion
  For life or death.

From 'Lines in Memory of Edmund Morris'

HERE Morris, on the plains that we have loved,
Think of the death of Akoose, fleet of foot,
Who, in his prime, a herd of antelope
From sunrise, without rest, a hundred miles
Drove through rank prairie, loping like a wolf,
Tired them and slew them, ere the sun went down.
Akoose, in his old age, blind from the smoke
Of tepees and the sharp snow light, alone
With his great grandchildren, withered and spent,
Crept in the warm sun along a rope
Stretched for his guidance. Once when sharp autumn
Made membranes of thin ice upon the sloughs,
He caught a pony on a quick return
Of prowess, and, all his instincts cleared and quickened,
He mounted, sensed the north and bore away
To the Last Mountain Lake where in his youth
He shot the sand-hill-cranes with his flint arrows.
And for these hours in all the varied pomp
Of pagan fancy and free dreams of foray
And crude adventure, he ranged on entranced,
Until the sun blazed level with the prairie,
Then paused, faltered and slid from off his pony.
In a little bluff of poplars, hid in the bracken,
He lay down; the populace of leaves
In the lithe poplars whispered together and trembled,
Fluttered before a sunset of gold smoke,
With interspaces, green as sea water,
And calm as the deep water of the sea.

There Akoose lay, silent amid the bracken,
Gathered at last with the Algonquin Chieftains.
Then the tenebrous sunset was blown out,
And all the smoky gold turned into cloud wrack.
Akoose slept forever amid the poplars,
Swathed by the wind from the far-off Red Deer
Where dinosaurs sleep, clamped in their rocky tombs.
Who shall count the time that lies between
The sleep of Akoose and the dinosaurs?
Innumerable time, that yet is like the breath
Of the long wind that creeps upon the prairie
And dies away with the shadows at sundown.

. . . . . .

What we may think, who brood upon the theme,
Is, when the old world, tired of spinning, has fallen
Asleep, and all the forms, that carried the fire
Of life, are cold upon her marble heart—
Like ashes on the altar—just as she stops,
That something will escape of soul or essence,—
The sum of life, to kindle otherwhere:
Just as the fruit of a high sunny garden,
Grown mellow with autumnal sun and rain,
Shrivelled with ripeness, splits to the rich heart,
And looses a gold kernel to the mould,
So the old world, hanging long in the sun,
And deep enriched with effort and with love,
Shall, in the motions of maturity,
Wither and part, and the kernel of it all
Escape, a lovely wraith of spirit, to latitudes
Where the appearance, throated like a bird,
Winged with fire, and bodied all with passion,
Shall flame with presage, not of tears, but joy.

S. Frances Harrison

(*Seranus*)

NATURE has done much for Mrs Harrison, in giving her a quick and ready wit, a profoundly sympathetic nature, an unusual power of entering into the thoughts and sentiments of others, besides a very high poetic endowment. .

It is necessary to mention that Mrs Harrison is of British stock, and a native of Toronto. We do not mean that there are not abundant evidences of this origin in her writings; but those who rise from the perusal of her principal volume of poems will find it difficult to believe that she has no Gallic strain in her constitution. It may perhaps be sufficient explanation for this phenomenon, the delicate perception of every shade of French thought and feeling, that the young artist was removed to Lower Canada when only a girl of fifteen, and there became conscious of all the rich material which lay around her, ready to be worked up into living pictures. . . Five pages from 'Pine, Rose and Fleur De Lis' are included in Stedman's splendid 'Victorian Anthology,' a high and just tribute from the foremost critic of America.— Rev. William Clark, D.C.L., in 'The Magazine of Poetry.'

S. FRANCES HARRISON is one of our distinctive poets whose work was slow in receiving the recognition it merited. For originality and interest, her vivid pen pictures, in villanelle form, of French-Canadian character and life, stand in almost as unique a class as Dr Drummond's *habitant* poems, and like the latter they were produced from first-hand knowledge.

Susie Frances Riley was born in Toronto, February 24th, 1859, and is of Irish-Canadian extraction, her father being the late John Byron Riley, for many years proprietor of the 'Revere House,' King St. West. She was educated in a private school for girls, and later, for two years, in Montreal. In her twenty-first year, she married Mr J. W. F. Harrison, of Bristol, England, a professional musician, at that time organist of St. George's Church, Montreal. In those days, and later, Mrs Harrison was well known as a professional pianist and vocalist, and indeed her proficiency as a musician has since had expression in compositions of worth. In 1883, while living in Ottawa, where her husband was musical director of the Ottawa Ladies College and organist and choirmaster of Christ Church Cathedral, she wrote and composed a *Song of Welcome* for the initial public appearance of the Marquis of Lansdowne; and she has since composed many songs, and an entire opera, words and music.

In 1887, Mr and Mrs Harrison moved to Toronto, where the former had become organist and choirmaster of the Church of St. Simon, the Apostle. It was about this time that 'Seranus' began her literary career in earnest, and since then her contributions have appeared in many of the leading periodicals and journals. The following are her book publications: *Crowded Out and Other Sketches,* 1886; *Canadian Birthday Book,* 1887; *Pine, Rose and Fleur De Lis,* 1891; *The Forest of Bourg-Marie,* a novel, 1898; *In Northern Skies and Other Poems,* 1912; and *Ringfield,* a novel, 1914.

Crowded Out and Other Sketches has special significance, as 'it was in point of time the first attempt to put Muskoka, and the feeling and landscape of Lower Canada, before our people in an artistic way.'

Mr and Mrs Harrison have a son and a daughter.

From 'Down the River'

Gatineau Point

A HALF-BREED, slim, and sallow of face,
Alphonse lies full length on his raft,
The hardy son of a hybrid race.

Lithe and long, with the Indian grace,
Versed in the varied Indian craft,
A half-breed, slim, and sallow of face,

He nurses within mad currents that chase—
The swift, the sluggish—a foreign graft,
This hardy son of a hybrid race.

What southern airs, what snows embrace
Within his breast—soft airs that waft
The half-breed—slim, and sallow of face,

Far from the Gatineau's foaming base!
And what strong potion hath he quaffed,
This hardy son of a hybrid race,

That upon this sun-baked blistered place
He sleeps, with his hand on the burning haft,
A Metis—slim and sallow of face,
The hardy son of a hybrid race!

The Voyageur

LIKE the swarthy son of some tropic shore
He sleeps, with his olive bosom bared,
He sleeps—in his earrings of brassy ore.

Like a tawny tiger whom hot hours bore,
When all night long he has growled and glared
At the swarthy son of some tropic shore,

Like a fierce-eyed blossom with heart of gore
That too long in the sun-flushed fields has flared,
He sleeps—in his earrings of brassy ore,

And his scarlet sash that he gaily wore
To tempt Madelon—who his heart has snared,
Like the swarthy son of some tropic shore.

That dusky form might a queen adore—
Prenez garde, Madelon, for a season spared,
He sleeps—in his earrings of brassy ore.

For a season only. What may be in store
For Madelon? She who has never cared! . . .
Like the swarthy son of some tropic shore
He sleeps—in his earrings of brassy ore.

Danger

WELL! Let him sleep! Time enough to awake
When sunset ushers a kind release,
When cooling shadows the raft overtake.

For Madelon's heart will never break
For Alphonse, but for Verrier, *fils,*
So—let him sleep! Time enough to awake

When Verrier, dressed for Madelon's sake
In his best, is up the river a piece,
When cooling shadows the raft overtake.

A Carmen—she—whose eyelashes make
Havoc with all—old Boucher's niece—
So—let him sleep! Time enough to awake,

For a desperate thing is a bad heart-ache,
And one that may not entirely cease
When cooling shadows the raft overtake.

If they met, who knows—a spring, a shake,
A jack-knife, deadly as Malay crease—
Hush! Let him sleep! Time enough to awake
When cooling shadows the raft overtake.

Les Chantiers

FOR know, my girl, there is always the axe
Ready at hand in this latitude,
And how it stings and bites and hacks

When Alphonse the sturdy trees attacks!
So fear, child, to cross him, or play the prude,
For know, my girl, there is always the axe.

See! It shines even now as his hands relax
  Their grip with a dread desire imbued,
And how it stings and bites and hacks,

And how it rips and cuts and cracks—
  Perhaps—in his brain as the foe is pursued!
For know, my girl, there is always the axe.

The giant boles in the forest tracks
  Stagger, soul-smitten, when afar it is viewed,
And how it stings and bites and hacks!

Then how, Madelon, should its fearful thwacks
  A slender lad like your own elude?
For know, my girl, there is always the axe,
And how it stings! and bites! and hacks!

Petite Ste. Rosalie

FATHER Couture loves a fricassee,
  Served with a sip of home-made wine,
He is the Curé, so jolly and free,

And lives in Petite Ste. Rosalie.
  On Easter Sunday when one must dine,
Father Couture loves a fricassee.

No stern ascetic, no stoic is he,
  Preaching a rigid right divine.
He is the Curé, so jolly and free,

That while he maintains his dignity,
  When Lent is past and the weather is fine,
Father Couture loves a fricassee.

He kills his chicken himself—*on dit*,
  And who is there dare the deed malign?
He is the Curé, so jolly and free.

Open and courteous, fond of a fee,
  The village diety, bland and benign,
Father Couture loves a fricassee,
He's a sensible Curé, so jolly and free!

St. Jean B'ptiste

'TIS the day of the blessed St. Jean B'ptiste,
And the streets are full of the folk awaiting
The favourite French-Canadian feast.

One knows by the bells which have never ceased,
Since early morn reverberating,
'Tis the day of the blessed St. Jean B'ptiste.

Welcome it! Joyeux, the portly priest!
Welcome it! Nun at your iron grating!
The favourite French-Canadian feast.

Welcome it! Antoine, one of the least
Of the earth's meek little ones, meditating
On the day of the blessed St. Jean B'ptiste,

And the jostling crowd that has swift increased
Behind him, before him, celebrating
The favourite French-Canadian feast.

He is clothed in the skin of some savage beast.
Who cares if he be near suffocating?
'Tis the day of the blessed St. Jean B'ptiste,
The favourite French-Canadian feast.

II

Poor little Antoine! He does not mind.
It is all for the Church, for a grand good cause,
The nuns are so sweet and the priests so kind.

The martyr spirit is fast enshrined
In the tiny form that the ox-cart draws,
Poor little Antoine, he does not mind.

Poor little soul, for the cords that bind
Are stronger than ardour for fame or applause—
The nuns are so sweet and the priests so kind.

And after the fête a feast is designed—
Locusts and honey are both in the clause—
Brave little Antoine! He does not mind

The heat, nor the hungry demon twined
  Around his vitals that tears and gnaws,
The nuns are so sweet and the priests so kind.

The dust is flying. The streets are lined
  With the panting crowd that prays for a pause.
Poor little Antoine! He does not mind!
The nuns are *so sweet* and the priests *so kind*.

Catharine Plouffe

THIS grey-haired spinster, Catharine Plouffe—
  Observe her, a contrast to convent chits,
At her spinning wheel, in the room in the roof.

Yet there are those who believe that the hoof
  Of a horse is nightly heard as she knits—
This grey-haired spinster, Catharine Plouffe—

Stockings of fabulous warp and woof,
  And that old Benedict's black pipe she permits
At her spinning wheel, in the room in the roof,

For thirty years. So the gossip. A proof
  Of her constant heart? Nay. No one twits
This grey-haired spinster, Catharine Plouffe;

The neighbours respect her, but hold aloof,
  Admiring her back as she steadily sits
At her spinning wheel, in her room in the roof.

Will they ever marry? Just ask her. Pouf!
  She would like you to know she's not lost her wits—
This grey-haired spinster, Catharine Plouffe,
At her spinning wheel, in her room in the roof.

Benedict Brosse

HALE, and though sixty, without a stoop,
  What does old Benedict want with a wife?
Can he not make his own pea soup?

Better than most men—never droop
  In the August noons when storms are rife?
Hale, and though sixty, without a stoop,

Supreme in the barn, the kitchen, the coop,
Can he not use both broom and knife?
Can he not make his own pea soup?

Yet Widow Gouin in command of the troop
Of gossips, can tell of the spinsters' strife.
Hale, and though sixty, without a stoop,

There's a dozen would jump through the golden hoop,
For he's rich, and hardy for his time of life,—
Can he not make his own pea soup?

But Benedict's wise and the village group
He ignores, while he smokes and plays on his fife.
Hale, and though sixty, without a stoop,
Can he not make his own pea soup?

II

As for Catharine—now, she's a woman of sense,
Though hard to win, so Benedict thinks,
Though hard to please and near with the pence.

Down to the Widow Rose Archambault's fence
Her property runs and Benedict winks—
As for Catharine—now, she's a woman of sense.

At times he has wished to drop all pretense
And ask her—she's fond of a bunch of pinks,
Though hard to please and near with the pence,

But he never progresses—the best evidence
That from *medias res* our Benedict shrinks.
As for Catharine—now, she's a woman of sense,

A woman of rarest intelligence;
She manages well, is as close as the Sphinx,
Though hard to please and near with the pence.

Still, that is a virtue at St. Clements.
Look at Rose Archambault, the improvident minx!
As for Catharine—now, *she's* a woman of sense,
Though hard to please and near with the pence.

E. Pauline Johnson

(*Tekahionwake*)

SINCE 1889, *I have been following her career with a glow of admiration and sympathy. I have been delighted to find that this success of hers had no damaging effect upon the grand simplicity of her nature. Up to the day of her death her passionate sympathy with the aborigines of Canada never flagged. . . Her death is not only a great loss to those who knew and loved her: it is a great loss to Canadian literature and to the Canadian nation. I must think that she will hold a memorable place among poets in virtue of her descent and also in virtue of the work she has left behind, small as the quantity of that work is. I believe that Canada will, in future times, cherish her memory more and more, for of all Canadian poets she was the most distinctly a daughter of the soil, inasmuch as she inherited the blood of the great primeval race now so rapidly vanishing, and of the greater race that has supplanted it.*—THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON.

EMILY PAULINE JOHNSON (Tekahionwake) was born at 'Chiefswood' on her father's estate, in the Reserve near Brantford, Ontario, March 10, 1862. She was the youngest of four children, and early showed a marked tendency towards the reading and the writing of rhymes.

Her father was the late G. H. M. Johnson (Onwanonsyshon), Head Chief of the Six Nations Indians, and a descendent of one of the fifty noble families of Hiawatha's Confederation, founded four centuries ago. Her mother was Emily S. Howells, of Bristol, England.

Pauline's education in school lore was meagre,—a nursery governess for two years, attendance at an Indian day school, near her home, for three years, and two finishing years at the Brantford Central School—but her education in the School of Nature was extensive, and that with her voracious reading—of poetry particularly—and retentive memory, richly stored her naturally keen mind.

As a poet and recitalist, Miss Johnson won her first distinction of note in 1892, when she took part, in Toronto, in an unique entertainment of Canadian literature, read or recited by the authors themselves. Miss Johnson's contribution was 'A Cry From an Indian Wife,' which presented the Redman's view of the North-West Rebellion, and won for the author the only encore of the evening. The next day the Toronto press so eulogized her performance and spread her fame, that another entertainment was quickly arranged for, to be given, two weeks later, entirely by herself. Her best known poem, 'The Song My Paddle Sings,' was written for this occasion. There followed a series of recitals throughout Canada, in the hope that their financial success would be such as to enable the poet to go to England and submit her poems to a London publisher. In two years this object was attained, and *The White Wampum* appeared. It was received with enthusiasm by the critics and the public generally. Pauline Johnson had 'arrived,' and as a poet and entertainer she was henceforth in demand in the British Isles, as well as in Canada and the United States.

In 1903, her second book of verse, *Canadian Born,* was published and the entire edition was sold out within a year.

Miss Johnson continued her recitals for sixteen years, when failing health compelled her to retire. She located in Vancouver, B.C., where she lived until her death in 1913.

An edition of collected verse, entitled *Flint and Feather,* with an introduction by the English critic, the late Theodore Watts-Dunton, was published in 1913. Besides this notable volume which has run into several editions, she has left behind *Legends of Vancouver,* issued in 1911, and a series of entertaining tales for boys.

Canadians have long been proud of Pauline Johnson, and as the years pass, their love of her and their pride in her achievement will continue to increase. The editor of this volume met her on the train while she was en route for England, in 1906; and her beauty and charm of person, her delightful conversation, her warmth of heart and sympathetic interest in others, have persisted in his memory with a steadfast radiance.

In the Shadows

I AM sailing to the leeward,
Where the current runs to seaward
Soft and slow,
Where the sleeping river grasses
Brush my paddle as it passes
To and fro.

On the shore the heat is shaking
All the golden sands awaking
In the cove;
And the quaint sandpiper, winging
O'er the shallows, ceases singing
When I move.

On the water's idle pillow
Sleeps the overhanging willow,
Green and cool;
Where the rushes lift their burnished
Oval heads from out the tarnished
Emerald pool.

Where the very silence slumbers,
Water lilies grow in numbers,
Pure and pale;
All the morning they have rested,
Amber crowned, and pearly crested,
Fair and frail.

Here, impossible romances,
Indefinable sweet fancies,
Cluster round;
But they do not mar the sweetness
Of this still September fleetness
With a sound.

I can scarce discern the meeting
Of the shore and stream retreating,
So remote;
For the laggard river, dozing,
Only wakes from its reposing
Where I float.

Where the river mists are rising,
All the foliage baptizing
With their spray;
There the sun gleams far and faintly,
With a shadow soft and saintly,
In its ray.

And the perfume of some burning
Far-off brushwood, ever turning
To exhale
All its smoky fragrance dying,
In the arms of evening lying,
Where I sail.

My canoe is growing lazy,
In the atmosphere so hazy,
While I dream;
Half in slumber I am guiding,
Eastward indistinctly gliding
Down the stream.

As Red Men Die

CAPTIVE! Is there a hell to him like this?
A taunt more galling than the Huron's hiss?
He—proud and scornful, he—who laughed at law,
He—scion of the deadly Iroquois,
He—the bloodthirsty, he—the Mohawk chief,
He—who despises pain and sneers at grief,
Here in the hated Huron's vicious clutch,
That even captive he disdains to touch!

Captive! But *never* conquered; Mohawk brave
Stoops not to be to *any* man a slave;
Least, to the puny tribe his soul abhors,
The tribe whose wigwams sprinkle Simcoe's shores.
With scowling brow he stands and courage high,
Watching with haughty and defiant eye
His captors, as they counsel o'er his fate,
Or strive his boldness to intimidate.
Then flung they unto him the choice:

'Wilt thou
Walk o'er the bed of fire that waits thee now—
Walk with uncovered feet upon the coals,
Until thou reach the ghostly Land of Souls,
And, with thy Mohawk death-song please our ear?
Or wilt thou with the women rest thee here?
His eyes flash like an eagle's, and his hands
Clench at the insult. Like a god he stands.
'Prepare the fire!' he scornfully demands.

He knoweth not that this same jeering band
Will bite the dust—will lick the Mohawk's hand;
Will kneel and cower at the Mohawk's feet;
Will shrink when Mohawk war drums wildly beat.
His death will be avenged with hideous hate
By Iroquois, swift to annihilate
His vile detested captors, that now flaunt
Their war clubs in his face with sneer and taunt,
Not thinking, soon that reeking, red and raw,
Their scalps will deck the belts of Iroquois.

The path of coals outstretches, white with heat,
A forest fir's length—ready for his feet.
Unflinching as a rock he steps along
The burning mass, and sings his wild war song;
Sings, as he sang when once he used to roam
Throughout the forests of his southern home,
Where, down the Genesee, the water roars,
Where gentle Mohawk purls between its shores,
Songs, that of exploit and of prowess tell;
Songs of the Iroquois invincible.

Up the long trail of fire he boasting goes,
Dancing a war dance to defy his foes.
His flesh is scorched, his muscles burn and shrink,
But still he dances to death's awful brink.
The eagle plume that crests his haughty head
Will *never* droop until his heart be dead.
Slower and slower yet his footstep swings,
Wilder and wilder still his death-song rings,
Fiercer and fiercer through the forest bounds
His voice that leaps to Happier Hunting Grounds.
One savage yell—

Then loyal to his race,
He bends to death—but *never* to disgrace.

The Song My Paddle Sings

WEST wind, blow from your prairie nest,
Blow from the mountains, blow from the west.
The sail is idle, the sailor too;
O wind of the west, we wait for you!
Blow, blow,
I have wooed you so,
But never a favour you bestow.
You rock your cradle the hills between,
But scorn to notice my white lateen.

I stow the sail, unship the mast;
I wooed you long but my wooing's past;
My paddle will lull you into rest.

O drowsy wind of the drowsy west,
Sleep, Sleep,
By your mountain steep,
Or down where the prairie grasses sweep!
Now fold in slumber your laggard wings,
For soft is the song my paddle sings.

August is laughing across the sky,
Laughing while paddle, canoe and I,
Drift, drift,
Where the hills uplift
On either side of the current swift.

The river rolls in its rocky bed;
My paddle is plying its way ahead;
Dip, dip,
While the waters flip
In foam as over their breast we slip.

And oh, the river runs swifter now,
The eddies circle about my bow!
Swirl, swirl!
How the ripples curl
In many a dangerous pool awhirl!

And forward far the rapids roar,
Fretting their margin for evermore.
Dash, dash,
With a mighty crash,
They seethe, and boil, and bound, and splash.

Be strong, O paddle! be brave, canoe!
The reckless waves you must plunge into.
Reel, reel,
On your trembling keel,—
But never a fear my craft will feel.

We've raced the rapid, we're far ahead;
The river slips through its silent bed.
Sway, sway,
As the bubbles spray
And fall in tinkling tunes away.

And up on the hills against the sky,
A fir tree rocking its lullaby,
Swings, swings,
Its emerald wings,
Swelling the song that my paddle sings.

The Lost Lagoon

IT is dusk on the Lost Lagoon,
And we two dreaming the dusk away,
Beneath the drift of a twilight grey,
Beneath the drowse of an ending day,
And the curve of a golden moon.

It is dark in the Lost Lagoon,
And gone are the depths of haunting blue,
The grouping gulls, and the old canoe,
The singing firs, and the dusk and—you,
And gone is the golden moon.

O lure of the Lost Lagoon!—
I dream to-night that my paddle blurs
The purple shade where the seaweed stirs,
I hear the call of the singing firs
In the hush of the golden moon.

The Pilot of the Plains

'FALSE,' they said, 'thy Pale-face lover, from the land of waking morn;
Rise and wed thy Redskin wooer, nobler warrior ne'er was born;
Cease thy watching, cease thy dreaming,
Show the white thine Indian scorn.'

Thus they taunted her, declaring, 'He remembers naught of thee:
Likely some white maid he wooeth, far beyond the inland sea.'
But she answered ever kindly,
'He will come again to me,'

Till the dusk of Indian summer crept athwart the western skies;

But a deeper dusk was burning in her dark and dreaming eyes,
As she scanned the rolling prairie,
Where the foothills fall and rise.

Till the autumn came and vanished, till the season of the rains,
Till the western world lay fettered in midwinter's crystal chains,
Still she listened for his coming,
Still she watched the distant plains.

Then a night with nor'land tempest, nor'land snows a-swirling fast,
Out upon the pathless prairie came the Pale-face through the blast,
Calling, calling, 'Yakonwita,
I am coming, love, at last.'

Hovered night above, about him, dark its wings and cold and dread;
Never unto trail or tepee were his straying footsteps led;
Till benumbed, he sank, and pillowed
On the drifting snows his head,

Saying, 'O my Yakonwita, call me, call me, be my guide
To the lodge beyond the prairie—for I vowed ere winter died
I would come again, belovèd;
I would claim my Indian bride!'

'Yakonwita, Yakonwita,' O the dreariness that strains
Through the voice that calling, quivers, till a whisper but remains!
'Yakonwita, Yakonwita,
I am lost upon the plains!'

But the Silent Spirit hushed him, lulled him as he cried anew,
'Save me, save me, O belovèd, I am Pale, but I am true!
Yakonwita, Yakonwita,
I am dying, love, for you!'

Leagues afar, across the prairie, she had risen from her bed,
Roused her kinsmen from their slumber: 'He has come to-night,' she said.

'I can hear him calling, calling,
But his voice is as the dead.

Listen!' and they sate all silent, while the tempest louder grew,
And a spirit-voice called faintly, 'I am dying, love, for you.'
Then they wailed, 'O Yakonwita,
He was Pale, but he was true!'

Wrapped she then her ermine round her, stepped without the tepee door,
Saying, 'I must follow, follow, though he call for evermore,
Yakonwita, Yakonwita,'
And they never saw her more.

Late at night, say Indian hunters, when the starlight clouds or wanes,
Far away they see a maiden, misty as the autumn rains,
Guiding with her lamp of moonlight
Hunters lost upon the plains.

The Songster

MUSIC, music with throb and swing,
Of a plaintive note, and long;
'Tis a note no human throat could sing,
No harp with its dulcet golden string,—
Nor lute, nor lyre with liquid ring,
Is sweet as the robin's song.

He sings for love of the season
When the days grow warm and long,
For the beautiful God-sent reason
That his breast was born for song.

Calling, calling so fresh and clear,
Through the song-sweet days of May;
Warbling there, and whistling here,
He swells his voice on the drinking ear,
On the great, wide, pulsing atmosphere
Till his music drowns the day.

He sings for love of the season
When the days grow warm and long,
For the beautiful God-sent reason
That his breast was born for song.

E. W. Thomson

THE name of E. W. Thomson is a household word among Canadian literary men, and stands for a skilled craftsman in both prose and verse. . . The dramatic and thoughtful power of his stanzas, his finished workmanship, the gentleness and breadth of his love for humanity, all stamp his work as that of an artist of whom Canadians have good reason to be proud, and of the first rank of our litterateurs.—W. D. Lighthall, F.R.S.L., in 'The Witness.'

Here is a poet, manly, fresh, independent, a democratic lover of man. . . He has technique, but can hide it and get an effect of life and originality thereby. He has heart and brains and imagination. He is daringly vernacular in his speech, which is all the better, for it reminds us that the proper idiom of poetry is drawn from the people, not the drawing-room. He is a realist, not in diction alone, but in his liking for plain realities and persons. But he is equally an idealist because he sees the beauty which hides in common things, and believes in the spirit which aspires from clod to star.—Prof. Richard E. Burton, Ph.D., in 'The Bellman.'

EDWARD WILLIAM THOMSON was born in Toronto township, county of Peel, Ontario, February 12th, 1849. His father was William Thomson, grandson of Archibald Thomson, the first settler in Scarboro. His grandfather Edward William Thomson, was present at the taking of Detroit, and served with distinction under Brock at Queenston Heights; and was afterwards well known in Upper Canada as Col. E. W. Thomson of the Legislative Council, and as the one successful opponent of William Lyon Mackenzie in an election for the Legislature. The mother of our author was Margaret Hamilton Foley, sister of the Hon. M. H. Foley, twice Postmaster-General of the united Canadas.

The future poet was educated at the Brantford Grammar School, and at the Trinity College Grammar School at Weston; but when about fourteen years of age, he was sent to an uncle and aunt in Philadelphia and given a position in a wholesale mercantile house as 'office junior.' Finding this employment very uncongenial, he enlisted in the Union Army, in October, 1864, as a trooper in the 3rd Pennsylvania Cavalry. This corps was engaged twice at Hatcher's Run, and was with Grant when he took Petersburg. Discharged in August, 1865, he returned to the parental home at Chippewa, Ontario. In June, 1866, when the Fenians raided Upper Canada, young Thomson promptly enlisted in the Queen's Own, and was in action at the Ridgeway fight. The following year he entered the profession of Civil Engineering, and in 1872 was registered a Provincial Land Surveyor. He practised his profession until December, 1878, when at the invitation of the Hon. George Brown, he joined the staff of *The Globe,* Toronto, as an editorial writer. Four years later the Manitoba boom attracted him, and he practised surveying for two or three years in Winnipeg. In 1885, he rejoined *The Globe* staff, but retired again in 1891, because of his opposition to the Liberal policy of Unrestricted Reciprocity. Shortly afterwards he was invited to join the staff of the *Youth's Companion.* He accepted and remained for eleven years.

For years, he lived in Ottawa, employed as a newspaper correspondent. *The Many-Mansioned House and Other Poems* was issued in 1909. *Old Man Savarin's Tales* has had several editions. Thomson died in 1924.

Thunderchild's Lament

WHEN the years grew worse, and the tribe longed sore
For a kinsman bred to the white man's lore,
To the Mission School they sent forth me
From the hunting life and the skin tepee.

In the Mission School eight years I wrought
Till my heart grew strange to its boyhood's thought,
Then the white men sent me forth from their ways
To the blackfoot lodge and the roving days.

'He tells of their God,' said the Chiefs when I spake,
'But naught of the magic our foemen make,
'Tis a Blackfoot heart with a white man's fear,
And all skill forgot that could help him here.'

For the Mission Priest had bent my will
From the art to steal and the mind to kill,
Then out from the life I had learned sent me
To the hungry plain and the dim tepee.

When the moon of March was great and round,
No meat for my father's teeth I found;
When the moon of March was curved and thin,
No meat for his life could my hunting win.

Wide went the tracks of my snowshoe mesh,
Deep was the white, and it still fell fresh
Far in the foothills, far on the plain,
Where I searched for the elk and the grouse in vain.

In the Lodge lay my father, grim in the smoke,
His eyes pierced mine as the gray dawn broke,
He gnawed on the edge of the buffalo hide,
And I must be accurst if my father died.

He spoke with wail: 'In the famine year
When my father starved as I starve here,
Was my heart like the squaw's who has fear to slay
'Mongst the herds of the white man far away?'

From the Mission School they sent forth me
To the gaunt, wild life of the dark tepee;

With the fear to steal, and the dread to kill,
And the love of Christ they had bent my will.

But my father gnawed on the buffalo hide;—
Toward the sunrise trod my snowshoe stride,
Straight to the white man's herd it led,
Till the sun sank down at my back in red.

Next dawn was bleak when I slew the steer,
I ate of the raw, and it gave me cheer;
So I set my feet in the track once more,
With my father's life in the meat I bore.

Far strode the herder, fast on my trail;
Noon was high when I heard his hail;
I fled in fear, but my feet moved slow,
For the load I shouldered sank them low.

Then I heard no sound but the creak and clack
Of his snowshoes treading my snowshoe track,
And I saw never help in plain or sky
Save that he should die or my father die.

The Mission Priest had broke my will
With the curse on him who blood would spill,
But my father starved in the black tepee,
And the cry of his starving shrieked to me.

The white world reeled to its cloudy rim,
The plain reeled red as I knelt by him,—
Oh, the spot in the snow, how it pulsed and grew,
How it cried from the mid-white up to the blue!

For the Mission Priest had sent forth me
To the wants and deeds of the wild tepee,
Yet the fear of God's strong curse fulfilled,
Cried with the blood that would not be stilled.

They found me not while the year was green
And the rose blew sweet where the stain had been,
They found me not when the fall-flowers flare,
But the red in the snow was ever there.

To the Jail I fled from the safe tepee,
And the Mission Priest will send forth me,
A Blackfoot soul cleansed white from stain—
Yet never the red spot fades from the plain.

It glares in my eyes when sunbeams fall
Through the iron grate of my stone-gray wall,
And I see, through starlight, foxes go
To track and to taste of the ruddy snow.

The Mandan Priest

THEY call me now the *Indian* Priest,
Their fathers' fathers did not so,
The very Mandan name hath ceased
From speech since fifty years ago;
I am so old my fingers fail
My trembling rosary beads to tell,
Yet all my years do not avail
My Mandan memories to quell.

The whole flat world I've seen how changed
Within my lifetime's hundred years;
O'er plains where herding buffalo ranged
Came strange new grass with white men's steers,
The lowing cattle passed as dreams,
Their pastures reared a farmer race,
Now city windows flash their gleams
Nigh our old Monastery's place.

The Prior gives to me no more
Even a task of inward praise,
The Brethren bear me through our door
To bask me here on summer days;
I am so old I cannot kneel,
I cannot hear, I cannot see,
Often I wonder if I feel
The very sunbeams warming me.

Yet do I watch the Mandan dogs
And Mandan ponies slain for meat

That year the squaws chewed snakes and frogs
That babes might tug a living teat,
And Mandan braves, in daylight dance,
Gashed side and arm and painted breast,
Praying The Manitou might trance
No more the buffalo from their quest.

A circled plain all horse-high grassed
Our mounting scouts beheld at dawn,
They saw naught else though far they passed
Apart before the sun was gone;
Each night's ride back through starlit lanes
They saw the tepee sparks ascend,
And hoped, and sniffed, and knew their pains
Of famine had not yet an end.

Alone within his magic tent
The new-made Midi wrought the spell
That soothed Life's Master to relent
In years the Old remembered well.
He cried,—'The Mission Priests have wreaked
Some curse that balks the Ancient Art!'
'Thou useless Fool,' the war-chief shrieked,
And sped the knife-thrust to his heart.

With that, '*What comes?*' my mother screamed—
How quick the squatted braves arose!
Far in the south the tallest deemed
He saw the flight of up-scared crows;
Above the horse-high grass came slow
A lifted Cross, a tonsured head,—
And what the meaning none could know
Until the black-robed rider said:—

'Mandans, I bear our Mission's word,—
Your children, brought to us, shall eat.'
Scarce had the fierce young War-chief heard
Ere fell the Blackrobe from his seat;
The Chief held high the reeking knife,
He frowned about the Woman's Ring,

And yet my mother's face took life
Anew in pondering the thing.

She stole at night the dead Priest's scrip,
His meagre wallet's hard-baked food,
His crucifix, his waist-rope strip
All blackened with his martyr blood;
Through dark, day-hidden, hand in hand,
We traced his trail for ninety mile,
She starved herself that I might stand,
She spoke me comfort all the while:—

'So shalt thou live, my little son,
The white men's magic shalt thou learn,
And when the hungry moons are run,
Be sure thy mother shall return;
Oh, sweet my joy when, come again,
I find thy Mandan heart untamed,
As fits a warrior of the plain,
That I, thy mother, be not shamed.'

She left me while the black-robed men
Blest and beseeched her sore to stay;
No voice hath told my heart since then
How fared my mother's backward way.
Years, *years* within the Mission School,
By love, by prayer they gained my heart;
It held me to Our Order's rule,
From all the Mandan life apart.

From tribe to tribe, through sixty years,
The Mandan Priest for Christ he wrought,
And many an Indian heart to tears,
And many a soul to God he brought;
Yet do I hear my mother's voice
Soft lingering round her little son,
And, O dear Lord, dost *Thou* rejoice
In all my mother's child hath done?

The Canadian Rossignol

(*In May*)

WHEN furrowed fields of shaded brown,
And emerald meadows spread between,
And belfries towering from the town,
All blent in wavering mists are seen;
When quickening woods with freshening hue
Along Mount Royal rolling swell,
When winds caress and May is new,
Oh, then my shy bird sings so well!

Because the bloodroots flock so white,
And blossoms scent the wooing air,
And mounds with trillium flags are dight,
And dells with violets frail and rare;
Because such velvet leaves unclose,
And new-born rills all chiming ring,
And blue the sun-kissed river flows,
My timid bird is forced to sing.

A joyful flourish lifted clear,
Four notes, then fails the frolic song,
And memories of a sweeter year
The wistful cadences prolong;—
'A sweeter year—Oh, heart too sore!—
I cannot sing!'—So ends the lay.
Long silence. Then awakes once more
His song, ecstatic with the May.

From 'Peter Ottawa'

COUNT up the dead by fever, shot and shell,
Count up the cripples, count all tears that fell,
Count up the orphan children of the strife,
Count the long-yearning heart of parent, wife,
Count the vast treasure, count the labour's waste
Count all the cost of passion's headlong haste,
And then you'll know what *solid* nations pay
When common impulse sweeps good sense away,
Flushing the millions madly all at once
With *Wisdom down, and up the truculent dunce.*

Ethelwyn Wetherald

THE Last Robin' is an attractive volume, showing in the cover design the songster most closely associated with the spring, whose ecstatic chant so nearly assimilates the poet's own gift of overflowing, uplifting melody. . . The salient quality of Miss Wetherald's work is its freshness of feeling, a perennial freshness, renewable as spring. This has a setting of harmonious form, for the poet's ear is delicately attuned to the value of words, both as to the sound and the meaning. . . Dealing for the most part with the familiar objects of nature and of life, she remains the poet, as well in the level regions of her subjects as in the elevated. . . Now and again she has attained the supreme elevation, as in her lovely poems, 'Earth's Silences,' 'The Patient Earth,' 'The Wind of Death' and 'The Little Noon.' . . The sonnets are an important part of the volume, and, to some minds, will represent the most important part. Miss Wetherald's sonnets are flowing in expression and harmonious in thought; some are beautiful.—PHAROS, in 'The Globe.'

AGNES ETHELWYN WETHERALD was born of English-Quaker parents at Rockwood, Ontario, April 26th, 1857. Her father was the late Rev. William Wetherald, who founded the Rockwood Academy about the middle of the last century, and was its principal for some years. He was a lover of good English, spoken and written, and his talented daughter has owed much to his careful teaching.

Additional education was received by Miss Wetherald at the Friends' Boarding School, Union Springs, N.Y., and at Pickering College.

Miss Wetherald began the writing of poetry later in life than most poets and her first book of verse, *The House of the Trees and Other Poems,* did not appear until 1895. This book at once gave her high rank among women poets.

Prior to this, she had collaborated with G. Mercer Adam in writing and publishing a novel, *An Algonquin Maiden,* and had conducted the Woman's Department in *The Globe,* Toronto, under the *nom de plume,* 'Bel Thistlewaite.'

In 1902, appeared her second volume of verse, *Tangled in Stars,* and, in 1904, her third volume, *The Radiant Road.*

In the autumn of 1907, a collection of Miss Wetherald's best poems was issued, entitled, *The Last Robin: Lyrics and Sonnets.* It was warmly welcomed generally, by reviewers and lovers of poetry. The many exquisite gems therein so appealed to Earl Grey, the then Governor-General of Canada, that he wrote a personal letter of appreciation to the author, and purchased twenty-five copies of the first edition for distribution among his friends.

In 1921, Miss Wetherald published a book of verse for children, entitled *Tree Top Morning.*

For years Miss Wetherald has resided on the homestead farm, near the village of Fenwick, in Pelham Township, Welland county, Ontario, and there in the midst of a large orchard and other rural charms, has dreamed, and visioned, and sung, pouring out her soul in rare, sweet songs, with the naturalness of a bird. And like a bird she has a nest in a large willow tree, cunningly contrived by a nature-loving brother, where her muse broods contentedly, intertwining her spirit with every aspect of the beautiful environment.

The House of the Trees

OPE your doors and take me in,
Spirit of the wood;
Wash me clean of dust and din,
Clothe me in your mood.

Take me from the noisy light
To the sunless peace,
Where at midday standeth Night,
Signing Toil's release.

All your dusky twilight stores
To my senses give;
Take me in and lock the doors,
Show me how to live.

Lift your leafy roof for me,
Part your yielding walls,
Let me wander lingeringly
Through your scented halls.

Ope your doors and take me in,
Spirit of the wood;
Take me—make me next of kin
To your leafy brood.

The Screech-Owl

HEARING the strange night-piercing sound
Of woe that strove to sing,
I followed where it hid, and found
A small soft-throated thing,
A feathered handful of gray grief,
Perched by the year's last leaf.

And heeding not that in the sky
The lamps of peace were lit,
It sent aboard that sobbing cry,
And sad hearts echoed it.
O hush, poor grief, so gray, so wild,
God still is with His child!

If One Might Live

IF one might live ten years among the leaves,
Ten—only ten—of all a life's long day,
Who would not choose a childhood 'neath the eaves
Low-sloping to some slender footpath way?

With the young grass about his childish feet,
And the young lambs within his ungrown arms,
And every streamlet side a pleasure seat
Within the wide day's treasure-house of charms.

To learn to speak while young birds learned to sing,
To learn to run e'en as they learned to fly;
With unworn heart against the breast of spring,
To watch the moments smile as they went by.

Enroofed with apple buds afar to roam,
Or clover-cradled on the murmurous sod,
To drowse within the blessed fields of home,
So near to earth—so very near to God.

How could it matter—all the after strife,
The heat, the haste, the inward hurt, the strain,
When the young loveliness and sweet of life
Came flood-like back again and yet again?

When best begins it liveth through the worst;
O happy soul, beloved of Memory,
Whose youth was joined to beauty as at first
The morning stars were wed to harmony!

Legacies

UNTO my friends I give my thoughts,
Unto my God my soul,
Unto my foe I leave my love—
These are of life the whole.

Nay, there is something—a trifle—left;
Who shall receive this dower?
See, Earth Mother, a handful of dust—
Turn it into a flower.

The Hay Field

WITH slender arms outstretching in the sun
The grass lies dead;
The wind walks tenderly and stirs not one
Frail fallen head.

Of baby creepings through the April day
Where streamlets wend,
Of child-like dancing on the breeze of May,
This is the end.

No more these tiny forms are bathed in dew,
No more they reach
To hold with leaves that shade them from the blue
A whispered speech.

No more they part their arms and wreathe them close
Again, to shield
Some love-full little nest—a dainty house
Hid in a field.

For them no more the splendour of the storm,
The fair delights
Of moon and star-shine, glimmering faint and warm
On summer nights.

Their little lives they yield in summer death,
And frequently
Across the field bereaved their dying breath
Is brought to me.

The Wind of Death

THE wind of death, that softly blows
The last warm petal from the rose,
The last dry leaf from off the tree,
To-night has come to breathe on me.

There was a time I learned to hate
As weaker mortals learn to love;
The passion held me fixed as fate,
Burned in my veins early and late;
But now a wind falls from above—

The wind of death, that silently
Enshroudeth friend and enemy.

There was a time my soul was thrilled
  By keen ambition's whip and spur;
My master forced me where he willed,
And with his power my life was filled;
  But now the old-time pulses stir

How faintly in the wind of death,
That bloweth lightly as a breath.

And once, but once, at Love's dear feet
  I yielded strength and life and heart;
His look turned bitter into sweet,
His smile made all the world complete;
  The wind blows loves like leaves apart—

The wind of death, that tenderly
Is blowing 'twixt my love and me.

O wind of death, that darkly blows
Each separate ship of human woes
Far out on a mysterious sea,
I turn, I turn my face to thee!

The Indigo Bird

WHEN I see,
  High on the tip-top twig of a tree,
Something blue by the breezes stirred,
But so far up that the blue is blurred,
So far up no green leaf flies
'Twixt its blue and the blue of the skies,
Then I know, ere a note be heard,
That is naught but the Indigo bird.

Blue on the branch and blue in the sky,
And naught between but the breezes high,
And naught so blue by the breezes stirred
As the deep, deep blue of the Indigo bird.

When I hear
A song like a bird laugh, blithe and clear,
As though of some airy jest he had heard
The last and the most delightful word;

A laugh as fresh in the August haze
As it was in the full-voiced April days;
Then I know that my heart is stirred
By the laugh-like song of the Indigo bird.

Joy on the branch and joy in the sky,
And naught between but the breezes high;
And naught so glad on the breezes heard
As the gay, gay note of the Indigo bird.

At Waking

WHEN I shall go to sleep and wake again
At dawning in another world than this,
What will atone to me for all I miss?
The light melodious footsteps of the rain,
The press of leaves against my window-pane,
The sunset wistfulness and morning bliss,
The moon's enchantment, and the twilight kiss
Of winds that wander with me through the lane.

Will not my soul remember evermore
The earthly winter's hunger for the spring,
The wet sweet cheek of April, and the rush
Of roses through the summer's open door;
The feelings that the scented woodlands bring
At evening with the singing of the thrush?

The Song Sparrow's Nest

HERE where tumultuous vines
Shadow the porch at the west,
Leaf with tendril entwines
Under a song sparrow's nest.

She in her pendulous nook
Sways with the warm wind tide,
I with a pen or a book
Rock as soft at her side.

Comrades with nothing to say,
Neither of us intrudes,
But through the lingering day
Each of us sits and broods.

Not upon hate and fear,
  Not upon grief or doubt,
Not upon spite or sneer,
  These we could never hatch out.

She broods on wonderful things:
  Quickening life that belongs
To a heart and a voice and wings,
  But—I'm not so sure of my songs!

Then in the summer night,
  When I awake with a start,
I think of the nest at the height—
  The leafy height of my heart;

I think of the mother love,
  Of the patient wings close furled,
Of the sky that broods above,
  Of the Love that broods on the world.

Earth's Silences

HOW dear to hearts by hurtful noises scarred
  The stillness of the many-leavèd trees,
The quiet of green hills, the million-starred
  Tranquility of night, the endless seas
Of silence in deep wilds, where nature broods
In large, serene, uninterrupted moods.

Oh, but to work as orchards work—bring forth
  Pink bloom, green bud, red fruit and yellow leaf,
As noiselessly as gold proclaims its worth,
  Or as the pale blade turns to russet sheaf,
Or splendid sun goes down the glowing west,
Still as forgotten memories in the breast.

How without panting effort, painful word,
  Comes the enchanting miracle of snow,
Making a sleeping ocean. None have heard
  Its waves, its surf, its foam, its overflow;
For unto every heart, all hot and wild,
It seems to say, 'Oh, hush thee! hush, my child!'

William Henry Drummond

IN the great family of modern poets, of which he is undoubtedly a member, Dr Drummond takes the same place that would be accorded in the family of artists to the master of 'genre': that is to say, he depicts with rare fidelity and affection a certain type, makes it completely his own and then presents us with the finished picture. The habitant on his little farm, the voyageur on wild river ways and the coureurs de bois are all immortalized in songs that for humour, pathos and picturesqueness it would be hard to excel. They are inherently native to the only section of Canada that can conscientiously be called 'quaint,' and will always remain among our valuable historic and human documents.—KATHERINE HALE.

I incline to think Drummond was never a bookish man. . . He was plainly the kind of man to be fascinated by any novel phase of the wild and vagabondish . . his eye was ever elert for racial idiosyncrasy. . . Among the poets of the British Empire, he holds a place unique.—NEIL MUNRO, in his Appreciation of Drummond.

DR WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND, *the poet of the habitant,* was born in the village of Mohill, County Leitrim, Ireland, on the 13th of April, 1854. Shortly afterwards, his father, an officer in the Royal Irish Constabulary, moved to the village of Tawley, on the Bay of Donegal. It was in this village that the future poet's education began.

While he was still a boy, the family emigrated to Canada, where the father in a few months died, leaving but limited means for the support of his wife and children.

William Henry soon found it necessary to leave school, to earn what he could to help provide for the family. Having learned telegraphy, he was employed at Borde à Plouffe, a small village on the Rivière des Prairies, near Montreal. It was here that he first observed the speech and the customs of the *habitant,* whom, with the kindliest intent, he has so faithfully portrayed.

In time, the family exchequer permitted him to attend the High School in Montreal, later, McGill University, and finally, Bishop's College, where he graduated in medicine in 1884. Dr Drummond practised his profession for four years in the district about Brome, and then returned to the City of Montreal, where he continued to reside until his lamented death in 1907.

In 1894, he married Miss May Harvey, of Savannah la Mar, Jamaica. In Mrs Drummond's memoir of her husband, she relates that he read with many misgivings, one of his earliest poems, 'Le Vieux Temps,' at a dinner of the Shakespeare Club, of Montreal, and further says:

> This was the beginning of a long series of triumphs of a like nature, triumphs which owed little to elocutionary art, much to the natural gift of a voice rare alike in strength, quality and variety of tone, but, most of all to the fact that the characters he delineated were not mere creations of a vivid imagination. They were portraits tenderly drawn by the master hand of a true artist, and one who knew and loved the originals.

The Habitant and other French-Canadian Poems was published in 1898, and the popularity of the book was such as to bring the poet fame, and a substantial income in royalties. It was followed by *Johnnie Courteau and other Poems* in 1901;

by *Phil-o'-Rum's Canoe and Madeleine Vercheres* in 1903; and by *The Voyageur and other Poems* in 1905. His unpublished poems were edited and issued with the afore-mentioned memoir by his wife, in 1909; and in 1912, a complete and beautiful edition of his works, in one volume, was published.

For several years he was Professor of Medical Jurisprudence in his Alma Mater. In 1902, the University of Toronto conferred on him the degree of LL.D. Subsequently he was elected Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature of England, and, later, of the Royal Society of Canada.

Much of the last two years of his life, Dr Drummond spent in the Cobalt district, where he had mining interests. There he was stricken with cerebral hemorrhage and died in the morning of April 6th, 1907. Probably no other Canadian poet has been so widely mourned.

The Wreck of the 'Julie Plante'

A Legend of Lac St. Pierre

ON wan dark night on Lac St. Pierre,
De win' she blow, blow, blow,
An' de crew of de wood scow *Julie Plante*
Got scar't an' run below—
For de win' she blow lak hurricane,
Bimeby she blow some more,
An' de scow bus' up on Lac St. Pierre
Wan arpent from de shore.

De captinne walk on de fronte deck,
An' walk de hin' deck too—
He call de crew from up de hole,
He call de cook also.
De cook she's name was Rosie,
She come from Montreal,
Was chambre maid on lumber barge,
On de Grande Lachine Canal.

De win' she blow from nor'-eas'-wes',
De sout' win' she blow too,
W'en Rosie cry, 'Mon cher captinne,
Mon cher, w'at I shall do?'

Den de captinne t'row de beeg ankerre,
  But still de scow she dreef,
De crew he can't pass on de shore,
  Becos he los' hees skeef.

De night was dark lak wan black cat,
  De wave run high an' fas',
W'en de captinne tak' de Rosie girl
  An' tie her to de mas'.
Den he also tak' de life preserve,
  An' jomp off on de lak',
An' say, 'Good-bye, ma Rosie dear,
  I do drown for your sak'.'

Nex' morning very early
  'Bout ha'f pas' two-t'ree-four—
De captinne—scow—an' de poor Rosie
  Was corpses on de shore,
For de win' she blow lak hurricane,
  Bimeby she blow some more,
An' de scow bus' up on Lac St. Pierre,
  Wan arpent from de shore.

Moral

Now all good wood scow sailor man,
  Tak' warning by dat storm,
An' go an' marry some nice French girl
  An' leev on wan beeg farm.
De win' can blow lak hurricane,
  An' s'pose she blow some more,
You can't get drown on Lac St. Pierre
  So long you stay on shore.

Little Bateese

YOU bad leetle boy, not moche you care
  How busy you're kipin' your poor gran'pere
Tryin' to stop you ev'ry day
Chasin' de hen aroun' de hay——
W'y don't you geev' dem a chance to lay?
    Leetle Bateese!

Off on de fiel' you foller de plough
Den w'en you're tire you scare de cow
Sickin' de dog till dey jomp de wall
So de milk ain't good for not'ing at all—
An' you're only five an' a half dis fall,
Leetle Bateese!

Too sleepy for sayin' de prayer to-night?
Never min', I s'pose it'll be all right
Say dem to-morrow—ah! dere he go!
Fas' asleep in a minute or so—
And he'll stay lak dat till de rooster crow,
Leetle Bateese!

Den wake us up right away toute suite
Lookin' for somet'ing more to eat,
Makin' me t'ink of dem long leg crane
Soon as dey swaller, dey start again,
I wonder your stomach don't get no pain,
Leetle Bateese!

But see heem now lyin' dere in bed,
Look at de arm onderneat' hees head;
If he grow lak dat till he's twenty year
I bet he'll be stronger dan Louis Cyr
An' beat all de voyageurs leevin' here,
Leetle Bateese!

Jus' feel de muscle along hees back,
Won't geev' heem moche bodder for carry pack
On de long portage, any size canoe,
Dere's not many t'ing dat boy won't do,
For he's got double-joint on hees body too,
Leetle Bateese!

But leetle Bateese! please don't forget
We rader you're stayin' de small boy yet,
So chase de chicken an' mak' dem scare,
An' do w'at you lak wit' your old gran'pere
For w'en you're beeg feller he won't be dere—
Leetle Bateese!

Johnnie Courteau

JOHNNIE COURTEAU of de mountain,
Johnnie Courteau of de hill,
Dat was de boy can shoot de gun,
Dat was de boy can jomp an' run,
An' it's not very offen you ketch heem still,
Johnnie Courteau!

Ax dem along de reever,
Ax dem along de shore,
Who was de mos' bes' fightin' man
From Managance to Shaw-in-i-gan,
De place w'ere de great beeg rapide roar?
Johnnie Courteau!

Sam' t'ing on ev'ry shaintee
Up on de Mekinac,
Who was de man can walk de log,
W'en w'ole of de reever she's black wit' fog,
An' carry de beeges' load on hees back?
Johnnie Courteau!

On de rapide you want to see heem
If de raf' she's swingin' roun',
An' he's yellin', 'Hooraw, Bateese! good man!'
W'y de oar come double on hees han'
W'en he's makin' dat raf' go flyin' down,
Johnnie Courteau!

An' Tête de Boule chief can tole you
De feller w'at save hees life,
W'en big moose ketch heem up a tree,
Who's shootin' dat moose on de head, sapree!
An' den run off wit' hees Injun wife?
Johnnie Courteau!

An' he only have pike pole wit' heem
On Lac a la Tortue
W'en he meet de bear comin' down de hill,
But de bear very soon is get hees fill!
An' he sole dat skin for ten dollar too,
Johnnie Courteau!

Oh, he never was scare for no'ting
Lak de ole coureurs de bois,
But w'en he's gettin' hees winter pay
De bes 't'ing sure is kip out de way,
For he's goin' right off on de Hip Hooraw!
Johnnie Courteau!

Den pullin' hees sash aroun' heem
He dance on hees botte sauvage
An' shout, 'All aboar' if you want to fight!'
Wall! you never can see de finer sight
W'en he go lak dat on de w'ole village!
Johnnie Courteau!

But Johnnie Courteau get marry
On Philomene Beaurepaire,
She's nice leetle girl was run de school
On w'at you call parish of Sainte Ursule
An' he see her off on de pique-nique dere,
Johnnie Courteau!

Den somet'ing come over Johnnie
W'en he marry on Philomene,
For he stay on de farm de w'ole year roun',
He chop de wood an' he plough de groun'
An' he's quieter feller was never seen,
Johnnie Courteau!

An' ev'ry wan feel astonish,
From La Tuque to Shaw-in-i-gan,
W'en day hear de news was goin' aroun',
Along on de reever up an' down,
How wan leetle woman boss dat beeg man,
Johnnie Courteau!

He never come out on de evening
No matter de hard we try,
'Cos he stay on de kitchen an' sing hees song,

'A la claire fontaine,
M'en allant promener,
J'ai trouvé l'eau si belle
Que je m'y suis baigner!

Lui y'a longtemps que je t'aime
Jamais je ne t'oublierai.'

Rockin' de cradle de w'ole night long
Till baby's asleep on de sweet bimeby,
Johnnie Courteau!

An' de house, wall! I wish you see it,
De place she's so nice an' clean,
Mus' wipe your foot on de outside door,
You're dead man sure if you spit on de floor,
An' he never say not'ing on Philomene,
Johnnie Courteau!

An' Philomene watch de monee
An' put it all safe away
On very good place; I dunno w'ere,
But anyhow nobody see it dere,
So she's buyin' new farm de noder day,
Madame Courteau!

De Nice Leetle Canadienne

YOU can pass on de worl' w'erever you lak,
Tak' de steamboat for go Angleterre,
Tak' car on de State, an' den you come back,
An' go all de place, I don't care—
Ma frien', dat's a fack, I know you will say,
W'en you come on dis contree again,
Dere's no girl can touch, w'at we see ev'ry day,
De nice leetle Canadienne.

Don't matter how poor dat girl she may be,
Her dress is so neat an' so clean,
Mos' ev'rywan t'ink it was mak' on Paree,
An' she wear it, wall! jus' lak de Queen.
Den come for fin' out she is mak' it herse'f,
For she ain't got moche monee for spen',
But all de sam' tam, she was never get lef',
Dat nice leetle Canadienne.

W'en 'un vrai Canayen' is mak' it mariée,
You t'ink he go leev on beeg flat

An' bodder hese'f all de tam, night an' day,
Wit' housemaid, an' cook, an all dat?
Not moche, ma dear frien', he tak' de maison,
Cos' only nine dollar or ten,
W'ere he leev lak blood rooster, an' save de l'argent,
Wit' hees nice leetle Canadienne.

I marry ma famme w'en I'm jus' twenty year,
An' now we got fine familee,
Dat skip roun' de place lak leetle small deer,
No smarter crowd you never see—
An' I t'ink as I watch dem all chasin' about,
Four boy an' six girl, she mak' ten,
Dat's help mebbe kip it, de stock from run out,
Of de nice leetle Canadienne.

O she's quick, an' she's smart, an' got plaintee heart,
If you know correc' way go about,
An' if you don' know, she soon tole you so,
Den tak' de firs' chance an' get out;
But if she love you, I spik it for true,
She will mak' it more beautiful den,
An' sun on de sky can't shine lak de eye
Of dat nice leetle Canadienne.

Madeleine Vercheres

I'VE told you many a tale, my child, of the old heroic days
Of Indian wars and massacres, of villages ablaze
With savage torch, from Ville Marie to the Mission of Trois Rivieres
But never have I told you yet, of Madeleine Vercheres.

Summer had come with its blossoms, and gaily the robin sang
And deep in the forest arches the axe of the woodman rang,
Again in the waving meadows, the sun-browned farmers met
And out on the green St. Lawrence, the fisherman spread his net.

And so through the pleasant season, till the days of October came
When children wrought with their parents, and even the old and lame

With tottering frames and footsteps, their feeble labours lent
At the gathering of the harvest, le bon Dieu himself had sent.

For news there was none of battle, from the forts on the Richelieu
To the gates of the ancient city, where the flag of King Louis flew,
All peaceful the skies hung over the seigneurie of Vercheres,
Like the calm that so often cometh, ere the hurricane rends the air.

And never a thought of danger had the Seigneur sailing away,
To join the soldiers of Carignan, where down at Quebec they lay,
But smiled on his little daughter, the maiden Madeleine,
And a necklet of jewels promised her, when home he should come again.

And ever the days passed swiftly, and careless the workmen grew
For the months they seemed a hundred, since the last war-bugle blew.
Ah! little they dreamt on their pillows, the farmers of Vercheres,
That the wolves of the southern forest had scented the harvest fair.

Like ravens they quickly gather, like tigers they watch their prey.
Poor people! with hearts so happy, they sang as they toiled away,
Till the murderous eyeballs glistened, and the tomahawk leaped out
And the banks of the green St. Lawrence echoed the savage shout.

'O mother of Christ have pity,' shrieked the women in despair
'This is no time for praying,' cried the young Madeleine Vercheres,
'Aux armes! aux armes! les Iroquois! quick to your arms and guns,
Fight for your God and country and the lives of the innocent ones.'

And she sped like a deer of the mountain, when beagles press
close behind
And the feet that would follow after, must be swift as the
prairie wind.
Alas! for the men and women, and little ones that day
For the road it was long and weary, and the fort it was far
away.

But the fawn had outstripped the hunters, and the palisades
drew near,
And soon from the inner gateway the war-bugle rang out clear;
Gallant and clear it sounded, with never a note of despair,
'Twas a soldier of France's challenge, from the young Made-
leine Vercheres.

'And this is my little garrison, my brothers Louis and Paul?
With soldiers two—and a cripple? may the Virgin pray for us
all.
But we've powder and guns in plenty, and we'll fight to the
latest breath
And if need be for God and country, die a brave soldier's
death.

Load all the carabines quickly, and whenever you sight the foe
Fire from the upper turret, and the loopholes down below.
Keep up the fire, brave soldiers, though the fight may be
fierce and long
And they'll think our little garrison is more than a hundred
strong.'

So spake the maiden Madeleine, and she roused the Norman
blood
That seemed for a moment sleeping, and sent it like a flood
Through every heart around her, and they fought the red
Iroquois
As fought in the old time battles, the soldiers of Carignan.

And they say the black clouds gathered, and a tempest swept
the sky
And the roar of the thunder mingled with the forest tiger's cry.
But still the garrison fought on, while the lightning's jagged
spear

Tore a hole in the night's dark curtain, and showed them a foeman near.

And the sun rose up in the morning, and the colour of blood was he,
Gazing down from the heavens on the little company.
'Behold! my friends!' cried the maiden, "tis a warning lest we forget,
Though the night saw us do our duty, our work is not finished yet.'

And six days followed each other, and feeble her limbs became
Yet the maid never sought her pillow, and the flash of the carabines' flame
Illumined the powder-smoked faces, aye, even when hope seemed gone
And she only smiled on her comrades, and told them to fight, fight on.

And she blew a blast on the bugle, and lo! from the forest black,
Merrily, merrily ringing, an answer came pealing back.
Oh! pleasant and sweet it sounded, borne on the morning air,
For it heralded fifty soldiers, with gallant De la Monniere.

And when he beheld the maiden, the soldier of Carignan,
And looked on the little garrison that fought the red Iroquois
And held their own in the battle, for six long weary days,
He stood for a moment speechless, and marvelled at woman's ways.

Then he beckoned the men behind him and steadily they advance,
And, with carabines uplifted, the veterans of France
Saluted the brave young Captain so timidly standing there
And they fired a volley in honour of Madeleine Vercheres.

And this, my dear, is the story of the maiden Madeleine,
God grant that we in Canada may never see again
Such cruel wars and massacres, in waking or in dream,
As our fathers and mothers saw, my child, in the days of the old regime.

Helena Coleman

THE poet's claim to fame depends very largely on his or her mastery of outward form or technique, on skill in phrasing, in emphasis and in sonority of verse. Measured by such canons of taste, we have no hesitation in saying that Miss Coleman's style singles her out at once from the latter-day lamp-poetry magazine versifiers. Her command of rhythm is very pleasing, and because of her love of Latinized English, reaches a certain degree of opulence which cannot fail to give any lover of cadence great delight. Yet in spite of her love for colour and sonority our new poet is at all times eminently clear. . . Miss Coleman has much in common with Matthew Arnold. Just as he did, she knows how to combine concreteness of colour, with a certain noble simplicity and restraint of style, and like Arnold, she likes best of all to devote her thought to the deep things of the soul. . . She knows life in its sadness, gladness and beauty, and sings of it in relation to Nature and to God.—Prof. W. T. Allison, M.A., Ph.D., in the 'Canadian Magazine,' February, 1907.

AS Miss Coleman's poems appeared for years in the *Atlantic Monthly* and other periodicals, under a *nom de plume,* a few intimate friends only knew the real name and personality of the author, prior to 1906. In that year appeared her *Songs and Sonnets,* published under the auspices of the Tennyson Club, Toronto.

It was recognized at once that Canada had another poet of distinctive merit; and the first edition was soon followed by a second. The critics invariably ranked the forty-four sonnets in the book as work of high quality,—spontaneous, rhythmic, noble; and indeed this form of verse seems to suit most adequately the finer instincts of her genius. The lyrics quoted are also beautiful. . . *Marching Men,* a book of war verse, appeared in 1917.

Miss Coleman was born at Newcastle, Ontario, April 27, 1860, daughter of the Rev. Francis Coleman, a Methodist clergyman, and his wife, Emmeline Maria Adams. Through her mother she is a descendant of John Quincy Adams, sixth President of the United States, and the reputed author of the 'Monroe Doctrine.' . . The well-known geologist, Prof. A. P. Coleman, Ph.D., F.R.S., is a brother.

Miss Coleman is a resident of Toronto. But in the summer months she is found most frequently at Pinehurst, her lovely island and cottage in the Thousand Islands. . . For some years she was a teacher on the staff of the Ontario Ladies College, Whitby.

More Lovely Grows the Earth

MORE lovely grows the earth as we grow old,
More tenderness is in the dawning spring,
More bronze upon the blackbird's burnished wing;
And richer is the autumn cloth-of-gold;
A deeper meaning, too, the years unfold,
Until to waiting hearts each living thing
For very love its bounty seems to bring,
Intreating us with beauty to behold.

Or is it that with years we grow more wise
And reverent to the mystery profound—
Withheld from careless or indifferent eyes—

That broods in simple things the world around,
More conscious of the Love that glorifies
The common ways and makes them holy ground?

To a Bluebell

I WATCH thy little bells of blue,
So delicate of form and hue,
And when I see them swing and sway
I listen for the chimes to play;
But dull has grown the mortal ear,
And I can never, never hear
The dainty tunes, but only guess
Their music from thy loveliness.

Dost thou announce the day new-born,
And ring the changes of the morn,
And summon for an early mass
The little peoples of the grass,
That they may give fresh meed of praise
For sun and rain and summer days?
Dost thou the moon's late rising tell,
And sound at eve a curfew bell?

When drowsy bees go loitering,
And butterflies are on the wing,
Dost beat the merry music out,
And swell the rhythm of the rout?
Dost ever some faint message sound
For all the wee folk of the ground,
Of those far mysteries that lie
Beyond their ken in earth and sky?

Keep thou thy silence, fairy bell,
Thou art no less a miracle;
No less a rapture thou dost bring
Because we cannot hear thee ring;
For they who give attentive ear
Must catch thy silvery cadence clear,
And know a joy no language tells,
When in the heart there sings and swells
The music of thy magic bells.

Indian Summer

OF all Earth's varied, lovely moods,
The loveliest is when she broods
Among her dreaming solitudes
On Indian Summer days;
When on the hill the aster pales,
And Summer's stress of passion fails,
And Autumn looks through misty veils
Along her leafy ways.

How deep the tenderness that yearns
Within the silent wood that turns
From green to gold, and slowly burns
As by some inward fire!
How dear the sense that all things wild
Have been at last by love beguiled
To join one chorus, reconciled
In satisfied desire!

The changing hillside, wrapped in dreams
With softest opalescent gleams,
Like some ethereal vision seems,
Outlined against the sky;
The fields that gave the harvest gold—
Afar before our eyes unrolled
In purple distance, fold on fold—
Lovely and tranquil lie.

We linger by the crimson vine,
Steeped to the heart with fragrant wine,
And where the rowan-berries shine,
And gentians lift their blue;
We stay to hear the wind that grieves
Among the oak's crisp russet leaves,
And watch the moving light, that weaves
Quaint patterns, peering through.

The fires that in the maples glow,
The rapture that the beeches know,
The smoke-wraiths drifting to and fro,
Each season more endears;

Vague longings in the heart arise,
A dimming mist comes to the eyes
That is not sadness, though it lies
Close to the place of tears.

We share the ecstasy profound
That broods in everything around,
And by the wilderness are crowned—
Its silent worship know.
O when our Indian Summer days
Divide the parting of the ways,
May we, too, linger here in praise
Awhile before we go!

Prairie Winds

I LOVE all things that God has made
That show His ordered care and might,
But most, I think, I love the wind
That blows at night.

It holds so much of mystery,
Like that in mine own restless heart—
Brother to me and well-beloved,
O Wind, thou art!

Across these unresisting plains
It sweeps at times with force sublime,
And always like the wraith it seems
Of happier clime.

For in the South its home has been,
A sun-kissed, warm and fertile land,
Where Nature pours her treasure from
Unstinting hand.

Through fields of rustling corn it came
And acres broad of bearded wheat,
Past hillsides clad with evergreen
And orchards sweet.

It rifled scent from clover fields
Where harvesters have been at work,

And ruffled little running brooks
Where mosses lurk.

It bears the note of piping frogs,
The stir of tender, untried wings—
Of lowing kine, and homely sounds
Of barnyard things.

O barren land! what dost thou dream
Beneath these surging winds that bear
The echoes of a life which thou
Canst never share?

Dost thou not long to break thy calm—
To know that living, sweet unrest?
And feel the tread of busy feet
Upon thy breast?

To hear thy children's laughter voiced
In myriad tongues, and know that when
Their day is done within thy breast
They'll sleep again?

O silent land! the winds that blow
Within men's hearts and fan the fire
Of hidden hopes and show the soul
Its own desire,

Have come to me from distant shores
And borne in broken whisperings
A tale that thrilled me like a tide
From rising springs.

The full-pressed wine of life my lips
Have never tasted, yet is known,
My heart, though held in bondage, leaps
To claim its own.

I know my lawful heritage,
Although I stand on alien ground;
I know what kingship is, although
I go uncrowned.

At night when inner tempests blow,
And sleep forsakes my weary eye,
I love to hear the wind without
Go storming by.

It speaks my own wild native tongue
And gives me courage to withstand,
As if a comrade came to me
And took my hand.

I love all things that God has made
In earth or sea or heavens bright,
But most I love the prairie winds
That blow at night.

Enlargement

AROUND us unaware the solemn night
Had hung its shadowy mantle, while we sought
To find each other by the roads of thought;
I felt thy orbit nearing, and a light
Streamed suddenly across my inner sight,
Effulgent, incommunicable, fraught
With some constraining tenderness that caught
My quickened spirit to its utmost height.

And lo! I saw as with the eyes of two,
In that swift moment when thy soul touched mine,
The walls of being widened, and I drew
Near to the portal of a nameless shrine,
A sudden blinding rapture pierced me through,
And in that instant earth became divine.

Day and Night

WHEN in the affluent splendour of the day,
To heaven's cloudless blue I lift my eyes,
Thrilled with the beauty that around me lies,
My heart goes up on wings of ecstasy;
But when Orion and the Milky Way
Reveal the story of the midnight skies,
And all the starry hosts of space arise—
Mutely I bow in reverence to pray.

And so with life; the daylight of success
Rounds earth and pleasure to a perfect sphere;
But in the night of trial and distress
The quickened soul to vaster realms draws near,
And o'er the borders of our consciousness
Foretokens of the Infinite appear.

Beyond the Violet Rays

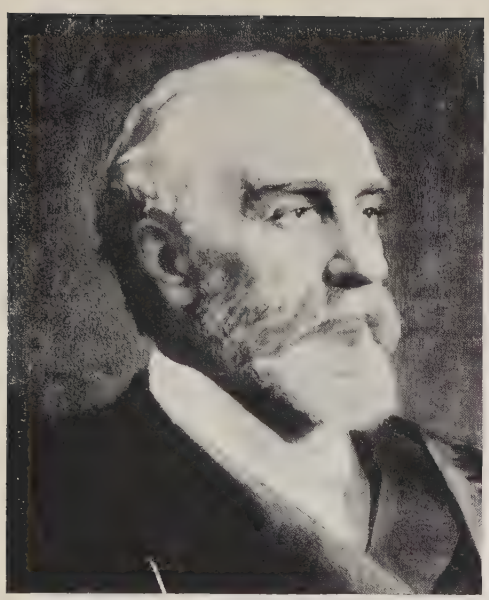
BEYOND the violet rays we do not know
What colours lie, what fields of light abound,
Or what undreamed effulgence may surround
Our dreaming consciousness above, below;
Nor is it far that finite sense can go
Along the subtle passages of sound,
The finer tonal waves are too profound
For mortal ears to catch their ebb and flow.

But there are moments when upon us steal
Monitions of far wider realms that lie
Beyond our spirit borders, and we feel
That fine, ethereal joys we cannot name,
In some vast orbit circling, sweeping by,
Touch us in passing as with wings of flame.

As Day Begins to Wane

ENCOMPASSED by a thousand nameless fears,
I see life's little day begin to wane,
And hear the well-loved voices call in vain
Across the narrowing margin of my years;
And as the Valley of the Shadow nears,
Such yearning tides of tenderness and pain
Sweep over me that I can scarce restrain
The gathering flood of ineffectual tears.

Yet there are moments when the shadows bring
No sense of parting or approaching night,
But, rather, all my soul seems broadening
Before the dawn of unimagined light—
As if within the heart a folded wing
Were making ready for a wider flight.



From a painting by J. W. L. Forster

Theodore Harding Rand

THEODORE HARDING RAND, at one time Professor of Education and Ethics in McMaster University, Toronto, and later, Chancellor, was an educator, poet and anthologist of distinction, at the close of the 19th century. He was born in Cornwallis, N.S., in 1835, the son of Thomas W. Rand. For some time he was Superintendent of Education in Nova Scotia where he put into effect numerous reforms, and later, held a like position in New Brunswick with similar results. He was granted an M.A. by the University of Acadia College in 1863, and the honorary degree of D.C.L. in 1874. . . For two years he was Principal of the Baptist College, Woodstock, Ontario. . . Dr Rand was appointed Chancellor of McMaster University in 1892, but three years later, ill-health compelled his resignation. . . In 1897, he published 'At Minas Basin and Other Poems'; in 1900, 'Song Waves'; and also in 1900, 'A Treasury of Canadian Verse.' As a critic he was kindly; as a poet, rather too academic. His most original, most interesting poem is 'The Dragonfly'. . . Died in June, 1900.—Editor

The Dragonfly

WINGED wonder of motion
In splendour of sheen,
Cruising the shining blue
Waters all day,
Smit with hunger of heart
And seized of a quest
Which nor beauty of flower
Nor promise of rest
Has charm to appease
Or slacken or stay,—
What is it you seek,
Unopen, unseen?

Are you blind to the sight
Of the heavens of blue,
Or the wind-fretted clouds
On their white, airy wings,
Or the emerald grass
That velvets the lawn,
Or glory of meadows
Aflame like the dawn?
Are you deaf to the note
In the woodland that rings
With the song of the whitethroat,
As crystal as dew?

Winged wonder of motion
In splendour of sheen,
Stay, stay a brief moment
Thy hither and thither
Quick-beating wings,
Thy flashes of flight;
And tell me thy heart,
Is it sad, is it light,
Is it pulsing with fears

Which scorch it and wither,
  Or joys that up-well
  In a girdle of green?

'O breather of words
And poet of life,
I tremble with joy,
I flutter with fear!
Ages it seemeth,
Yet only to-day
Into this world of
Gold sunbeams at play,
I came from the deeps.
  O crystalline sphere!
  O beauteous light!
  O glory of life!

'On the watery floor
Of this sibilant lake,
I lived in the twilight dim.
'There's a world of Day,'
Some pled, 'a world
Of ether and wings athrob
Close over our head.'
'It's a dream, it's a whim,
A whisper of reeds,' they said,—
  And anon the waters would sob,
And ever the going
Went on to the dead
Without the glint of a ray,
  And the watchers watched
  In their vanishing wake.

'The passing
Passed for aye,
And the waiting
Waited in vain!
Some power seemed to enfold
The tremulous waters around,

Yet never in heat
Nor in shrivelling cold,
Nor darkness deep or grey,—
Came token of sound or touch,—
A clear unquestioned Yea!'
And the scoffers scoffed,
In swelling refrain,
'Let us eat and drink,
For to-morrow we die.'

'But, O, in a trance of bliss,
With gauzy wings I awoke!
An ecstasy bore me away
O'er field and meadow and plain.
I thought not of recent pain,
But revelled, as splendours broke
From sun and cloud and air,
In the eye of golden Day.

'I'm yearning to break
To my fellows below
The secret of ages hoar;
In the quick-flashing light
I dart up and down,
Forth and back, everywhere,
But the waters are sealed
Like a pavement of glass,—
Sealed that I may not pass.
O for waters of air!
Or the wing of an eagle's might
To cleave a pathway below!'

And the Dragonfly in splendour
Cruises ever o'er the lake,
Holding in his heart a secret
Which in vain he seeks to break.

Sea Music

I

FLEECY white waters,
Shorn by the tempest,
Wrathful and doomful
Rolling to land!

Naked and lustrous,
Fiercest of smiters,
Straight for the stern cliffs,
Iron to steel!

Shock unto shock calls,
Boom answers boom,
Roars the huge tide-loom,
Thunder and storm!

Torn are the vast webs
Woven of tumult,
Flung to the cloud-rack,
Tatters of sound!

II

The glistening waters again
Are marching loyal and true
Under the hollow sky,—
A hundred million of men
Throbbing as fiery dew
Under the morning's eye!

List to the repetend note,
Multiplex tone of the sea,
Refrain of grief, of mirth,
On violet air afloat
Far borne to mountain and lea,
To the home of its birth.

List as its music unbraids:—
Rivulets pour from the hill,
Winds wash the lips o' the trees,

The brook by the rocky glades
Brattles its way to the mill
Through fields adream with bees.

Forests of pine and of fir
Plain as their dark plumes are fret
By the free-coursing winds;
Alder and golden birch stir
To notes too sweet to forget,
Sung by brook as it winds.

Hark! *The lone laugh of the auk*
As 'twere a disprisoned soul come
From out the shining foams!
And the loon's 'ha! ha!' and mock
'Mid the torn surf's booming drum,
Or hushed tide's star-sprent domes!

The ringdove coos in the grove,
The cataract's thunders jar,
Rapids swirl white and hiss;
Peoples in temples of love
Echo their anthems afar,
Diapasons of bliss.

Great flux of the world, O sea,
Blood of earth's wild pulsing veins
Beating to orbs afar,
Your life and mine cannot be
Unlinked with God's joys and pains
Here or in throbbing star!

List as its music unbraids,
List to the much-sounding sea,
List to the repetend note,
Multiplex tone of the sea,—
Refrain of grief, of mirth,
On violet air afloat
Far borne to mountain and lea,
To the home of its birth.

Arthur W. H. Eaton

THESE verses are direct, unstrained, natural, and always simple in form and motive. There is much easy melody, much tenderness of mood, much faithful and effective description. In the 'Acadian Legends' Mr Eaton may be said to revive that pleasant art that has long been in disuse, the art of telling a not very striking story in verse, and adding an evasive grace which persuades one that the tale was worth telling. The 'Lyrics' are human and wholesome, almost without exception, and improve on close acquaintance.—CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS, in 'St. John Progress.'

Mr Eaton's 'Acadian Legends' are characterized by melody, pathos, a strong feeling for nature, and refined taste. The spirit of Evangeline's country has been absorbed by the poet, who celebrates the Gaspereau and all the region round about with a tender melancholy fitted to the scene and its associations. He has caught the old world atmosphere which surrounds and mellows that beautiful land, and has given to his verse a softness and repose which are in perfect keeping with the subject.—'New York Tribune.'

ARTHUR WENTWORTH HAMILTON EATON, M.A. D.C.L., poet, priest, educator and historian, was born at Kentville, Nova Scotia, the eldest son of William Eaton, a descendant of a puritan family and at one time Inspector of Schools for his county, and Anna Augusta Willoughby Hamilton, of New England Puritan stock.

His higher education was received at Dalhousie College, Halifax, and at Harvard University where he graduated in arts with the class of 1880. [Of this class, Theodore Roosevelt was a member.] The honorary degree, D.C.L., was conferred on him in 1905, by King's College University, in recognition of his literary achievements and high scholastic attainments.

Ordained deacon of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in 1884, and priest the next year, he was, for a time, incumbent of the parish of Chestnut Hill, Boston.

In 1888, Dr Eaton's first notable work, *The Heart of the Creeds: Historical Religion in the Light of Modern Thought,* was published. This was followed, in 1889, by his first book of verse, *Acadian Legends and Lyrics,* so favourably reviewed by the critics. His third publication, *The Church of England in Nova Scotia, and the Tory Clergy of the Revolution,* a permanently valuable historical work, was issued in 1891. His historical researches have resulted also in a number of authoritative genealogical and family monographs, in the *History of King's County, N.S.: Heart of the Acadian Land,* and in an important *History of Halifax, Nova Scotia,* first published in instalments, in 'Americana.' Two other volumes of verse appeared in 1905,—*Acadian Ballads, and De Soto's Last Dream,* and *Poems of the Christian Year*—and, in 1907, was published *The Lotus of the Nile and Other Poems.*

As Professor of English Literature, for years, in a New York college, Dr Eaton gained a wide reputation as an educator.

Dr Eaton has made an enviable record as a Canadian litterateur. His Legends and Ballads must continue to hold their distinctive place in Canadian verse, whilst his historical writings must ever increase in value and importance.

The Phantom Light of the Baie des Chaleurs

'TIS the laughter of pines that swing and sway
Where the breeze from the land meets the breeze from the bay;
'Tis the silvery foam of the silver tide
In ripples that reach to the forest side;
'Tis the fisherman's boat, in a track of sheen
Plying through tangled seaweed green,
O'er the Baie des Chaleurs.

Who has not heard of the phantom light
That over the moaning waves, at night,
Dances and drifts in endless play,
Close to the shore, then far away,
Fierce as the flame in sunset skies,
Cold as the winter light that lies
On the Baie des Chaleurs.

They tell us that many a year ago,
From lands where the palm and the olive grow,
Where vines with their purple clusters creep
Over the hillsides gray and steep,
A knight in his doublet, slashed with gold,
Famed, in that chivalrous time of old,
For valorous deeds and courage rare,
Sailed with a princess wondrous fair
To the Baie des Chaleurs.

That a pirate crew from some isle of the sea,
A murderous band as e'er could be,
With a shadowy sail, and a flag of night,
That flaunted and flew in heaven's sight
Swept in the wake of the lovers there,
And sank the ship and its freight so fair
In the Baie des Chaleurs.

Strange is the tale that the fishermen tell,—
They say that a ball of fire fell
Straight from the sky, with crash and roar,
Lighting the bay from shore to shore;
That the ship, with a shudder and a groan,
Sank through the waves to the caverns lone
Of the Baie des Chaleurs.

That was the last of the pirate crew;
But many a night a black flag flew
From the mast of a spectre vessel, sailed
By a spectre band that wept and wailed
For the wreck they had wrought on the sea, on the land,
For the innocent blood they had spilt on the sand
Of the Baie des Chaleurs.

This is the tale of the phantom light
That fills the mariner's heart, at night,
With dread as it gleams o'er his path on the bay,
Now by the shore, then far away,
Fierce as the flame in sunset skies,
Cold as the winter moon that lies
On the Baie des Chaleurs.

The Lotus of the Nile

PROUD, languid lily of the sacred Nile,
'Tis strange to see thee on our western wave,
Far from those sandy shores that mile on mile,
Papyrus-plumed, stretch silent as the grave.

O'er limpid pool, and wide, palm-sheltered bay,
And round deep-dreaming isles, thy leaves expand,
Where Alexandrian barges plough their way,
Full-freighted, to the ancient Theban land.

On Karnak's lofty columns thou wert seen,
And spacious Luxor's temple-palace walls,
Each royal Pharaoh's emeralded queen
Chose thee to deck her glittering banquet halls;

Yet thou art blossoming on this fairy lake
As regally, amidst these common things,
As on the shores where Nile's brown ripples break,
As in the ivory halls of Egypt's kings.

Thy grace meets every passer's curious eyes,
But he whose thought has ranged through faiths of old
Gazing at thee feels lofty temples rise
About him, sees long lines of priests, white-stoled,

That chant strange music as they slowly pace
Dim-columned aisles; hears trembling overhead
Echoes that lose themselves in that vast space,
Of Egypt's solemn ritual for the dead.

Ay, deeper thoughts than these, though undefined,
Start in the reflective soul at sight of thee,
For this majestic orient faith enshrined
Man's yearning hope of immortality.
And thou didst symbolize the deathless power
That under all decaying forms lies hid.
The old world worshipped thee, O Lotus flower,
Then carved its sphinx and reared its pyramid!

I Watch the Ships

I WATCH the ships by town and lea
With sails full set glide out to sea,
Till by the distant lighthouse rock
The breakers beat with roar and shock,
And crisp foam whitening all the decks;
While deep below lie ocean's wrecks,
What careth she!

I stand beside the beaten quay
And look while laden ships from sea
Come proudly home upon the tide
Like conquering kings, at eventide;
Or from fierce fights with wintry gales
Steal harbourward with tattered sails,
O cruel sea!

I pass the ancient moss-grown pier
Where men have waited year by year
For ships that ne'er again shall glide
By town and lea on favouring tide,
Strong ships that struggled till the gales
Of winter hid their shrouds and sails
In ocean drear.

With sails full set young spirits glide
From harbour, on a sea untried,
To breast the waves and bear the shocks
Beyond the guarded lighthouse rocks,
To strive with tempests many a year;
Strong souls, indeed, if they can bear
Life's wind and tide!

I watch beside the beaten quay
The surf bring back all joyously

To anchor by the sheltered shore
Some laden deep with precious ore,
Or spices won from perfumed sands
Of rich, luxuriant tropic lands,—
O kindly sea!

But some come back on wintry gales
With broken spars and shattered sails
And fling to shore a feeble rope;
While many a loving heart in hope
Waits on for ships that nevermore
Shall anchor by a friendly shore,
O sad, sad sea!

L'ile Sainte Croix

The first French Settlement in America was made here in 1604

WITH tangled brushwood overgrown,
And here and there a lofty pine,
Around whose form strange creepers twine,
And crags that mock the wild sea's moan,

And little bays where no ships come,
Though many a white sail passes by,
And many a drifting cloud on high
Looks down and shames the sleeping foam,

Unconscious on the waves it lies,
While midst the golden reeds and sedge
That, southward, line the water's edge,
The thrush sings her shrill melodies.

No human dwelling now is seen
Upon its rude, unfertile slopes,
Though many a summer traveller gropes
For ruins midst the tangled green,

And seeks upon the northern shore
The graves of that adventurous band
That followed to the Acadian land
Champlain, De Monts, and Poutrincourt.

There stood the ancient fort that sent
Fierce cannon echoes through the wold,
There waved the Bourbon flag that told
The mastery of a continent;

There through the pines the echoing wail
Of ghostly winds was heard at eve,
And hoarse, deep sounds like those that heave
The breasts of stricken warriors pale.

There Huguenots and cassocked priests,
And noble-born and sons of toil,
Together worked the barren soil,
And shared each other's frugal feasts,

And dreamed beneath the yellow moon
Of golden reapings that should be,
Conjuring from the sailless sea
A glad, prophetic harvest-tune,

Till stealthy winter through the reeds
Crept, crystal-footed, to the shore,
And to the little hamlet bore
His hidden freight of deathly seeds.

Spring came at last, and o'er the waves
The welcome sail of Pontgravé,
But half the number silent lay,
Death's pale first-fruits, in western graves.

Sing on, wild sea, your sad refrain
For all the gallant sons of France,
Whose songs and sufferings enhance
The witchery of the western main,

Keep kindly watch before the strand
Where lie in hidden mounds, secure,
The men De Monts and Poutrincourt
First led to the Acadian land.

By the Bridge

WITH subtlest mimicry of wave and tide,
Of ocean storm, and current setting free,
Here by the bridge the river deep and wide,
Swaying the reeds along its muddy marge,
Speeds to the wharf the dusky coaling-barge
And dreams itself a commerce-quickening sea.

Wide sedge-rimmed meadows westward meet the eye,
Brown, silty, sere, where driftwood from the mills
Is thrown, as Spring's full flood sweeps by,

And weeds grow rank as on the wild salt-marsh,
And lonely cries of sea-gulls, loud and harsh,
Pierce evening's silence to the echoing hills.

The scene, with all its varied, voiceless moods,
My eyes have looked upon so many years
That like my mother's songs, or the deep woods
In whose mysterious shade I used to play,
Weaving sweet fancies all the summer day,
It has strange power to waken joy or tears.

I love the lights that fringe the farther shore,
Great golden fireflies by a silver mere;
Mysterious torches they, that o'er and o'er
Recall to mind the dear souls gone, not set
Cold-gleaming crystals in God's coronet,
But gems that light our way with ruddy cheer.

Sometimes inverted in the wave they seem
Like orient palace-roofs and towers aflame
With rubies, or those sapphire walls that gleam
Amidst the visions of the holy Seer,
Who by the blue Ægean, with vision clear,
Saw splendours in the heavens he might not name.

When all the river lies encloaked in mist
So far away those trembling orbs of light
They symbol memories fair that still persist,
With glow and glimmer, of the shrouded years
Before we left, for laughter, cries and tears,
That world serene where souls are born in light.

I cannot watch unmoved the sunset here,
When swift volcanic fires of liquid gold
Alight on hills of purple haze appear,
And clouds, deep-crimsoned in the day's decline,
Like snowy festal-garments splashed with wine,
Lie careless, resting fleecy fold on fold.

So deep the meanings in these changing moods
Of earth and heaven, that I who reverent stand
Before a flower, and in the sombre woods
Hear speech that silences the common creeds,
Stand lost in wonder, like a man who reads
Immortal prophecies none can understand.

Jean Blewett

MRS Blewett is a woman's poet. She deals with homely subjects in a homely way. She does not attempt wild flights of rhapsody or deep philosophical problems. It is an everyday sort of poetry, simple in theme and treatment, unpretentious, domestic, kindly, humorous and natural. . . Perhaps it is because of this very simplicity of theme and treatment that Mrs Blewett's writings, both in prose and poetry, are so popular among a very large class of the Canadian public. . . In sentiment and in morals her poems are wholesome and, to use a feminine adjective, 'sweet'. . . Mrs Blewett is perhaps the most conspicuous example in Canada of the class of writers who try to bring the plain people into touch with the highest ideals that are frequently most effectively taught in verse. Her lessons are of self-denial, and of the power of love to mould men and women.—'Globe Magazine.'

JEAN BLEWETT was born at Scotia, Lake Erie, Ontario, November 4th, 1869. Her parents John and Janet (MacIntyre) McKishnie, were both natives of Argyllshire. She was educated at the local public school and at the St. Thomas Collegiate Institute. In 1887 she married Mr Bassett Blewett, a native of Cornwall, England.

Through her mother she is related to Duncan Ban MacIntyre, the famous Gaelic poet.

While still in her teens, Mrs Blewett's poems, short stories and articles in the public press and in magazines began to attract attention; and in 1890 she published a novel, *Out of the Depths. Heart Songs,* a collection of her verse, appeared in 1897, and at once became popular; and *The Cornflower and Other Poems,* issued in 1906, increased the author's fame and popularity. One of her poems, 'Spring,' captured the prize of $600, offered for the best poem on this trite subject, by the Chicago Times-Herald.

Mrs Blewett's first attempt at poetry, a lullaby to her first born, was accepted and paid for by *Frank Leslie's Monthly.*

Her third and best book of verse, *Jean Blewett's Poems,* a volume of 259 pages, was published in 1922. . . . Since then impaired health compelled her to resign her position on the staff of *The Globe,* Toronto, and to move to the home of her daughter in Lethbridge, Alberta. Her son is also living in the West, in the city of Edmonton. Mr Archie P. McKishnie, the well-known author, is a brother of Mrs Blewett.

She Just Keeps House for Me

SHE is so winsome and so wise
She sways us at her will,
And oft the question will arise:
What mission does she fill?
And so I say with pride untold
And love beyond degree,
This woman with the heart of gold,
She just keeps house for me.

A full content dwells in her face,
She's quite in love with life,

And for a title, wears with grace
The sweet, old-fashioned "wife";
And so I say with pride untold,
And love beyond degree,
This woman with the heart of gold
She just keeps house for me.

What though I toil from morn till night,
What though I weary grow,
A spring of love and dear delight
Doth ever softly flow;
And so I say with pride untold,
And love beyond degree,
This woman with the heart of gold
She just keeps house for me.

Our children climb upon her knee
And lie upon her breast,
And ah! her mission seems to me
The highest and the best;
And so I say with pride untold,
And love beyond degree,
This woman with the heart of gold
She just keeps house for me.

The Firstborn

THE harvest sun lay hot and strong
On waving grain and grain in sheaf,
On dusty highway stretched along,
On hill and vale, on stalk and leaf.

The wind which stirred the tasselled corn
Came creeping through the casement wide,
And softly kissed the babe new born
That nestled at his mother's side.

That mother spoke in tones that thrilled:
'My firstborn's cradled in my arm,
Upon my breast his cry is stilled,
And here he lies so dear, so warm.'

To her had come a generous share
Of worldly honours and of fame,
Of hours replete with gladness rare,
But no one hour seemed just the same

As that which came when, white and spent
With pain of travail great, she lay,
Thrilled through with rapture and content,
And love and pride, that August day.

The fairest picture of the past—
Life's tenderest page till all is done—
A glad young mother holding fast
God's wondrous gift—her little son.

The Boy of the House

HE was the boy of the house you know,
A jolly and rollicking lad,
He never was tired, he was never sick,
And nothing could make him sad.

If he started to play at sunrise,
Not a rest would he take at noon;
No day was so long from beginning to end
But his bed-time came too soon.

Did someone urge that he make less noise,
He would say with a saucy grin,
'Why, one boy alone doesn't make much stir—
I'm sorry I isn't a twin!

There's two of twins—oh, it must be fun
To go double at everything,
To holler by twos, and to run by twos,
To whistle by twos, and to sing!'

His laugh was something to make you glad,
So brimful was it of joy,
A conscience he had, perhaps, in his breast,
But it never troubled the boy.

You met him out in the garden path,
With the terrier at his heels,
You knew by the shout he hailed you with
How happy a youngster feels.

The maiden auntie was half distraught
With his tricks, as the day went by,
'The most mischievous child in the world!'
She said with a shrug and a sigh.

His father owned that her words were true,
And his mother declared each day
Was putting wrinkles into her face,
And turning her brown hair grey.

His grown-up sister referred to him
As a trouble, a trial, a grief,
'The way he ignores all rules,' she said,
'Is something beyond belief.'

But it never troubled the boy of the house,
He revelled in clatter and din,
Had only one regret in the world—
That he hadn't been born a twin.

. . . . .

There's nobody making a noise to-day,
There's nobody stamping the floor,
There's an awful silence up-stairs and down,
There's crape on the wide hall door.

The terrier's whining out in the sun—
'Where's my comrade?' he seems to say,
Turn your plaintive eyes away little dog,
There's no frolic for you to-day.

The freckled-face girl from the house next door,
Is sobbing her young heart out,
Don't cry little girl, you'll soon forget
To miss the laugh and the shout.

The grown-up sister is kissing his face,
And calling him 'darling' and 'sweet,'
The maiden aunt is holding the shoes
That he wore on his restless feet.

How strangely quiet the little form,
With the hands on the bosom crossed!
Not a fold, not a flower out of place,
Not a short curl rumpled and tossed!

So solemn and still the big house seems—
No laughter, no racket, no din,
No startling shriek, no voice piping out,
'I'm sorry I isn't a twin!'

There's a man and a woman pale with grief,
As the wearisome moments creep;
Oh! the loneliness touches everything—
The boy of the house is asleep.

For He Was Scotch and so Was She

THEY were a couple well-content
With what they earned and what they spent,
Cared not a whit for style's decree,—
For he was Scotch, and so was she.

And O, they loved to talk of Burns,—
Dear, blithesome, tender Bobby Burns!
They never wearied of his song,
He never sang a note too strong,
One little fault could neither see,—
For he was Scotch, and so was she.

They loved to read of men who stood
And gave for country, life and blood,
Who held their faith so dear a thing
They scorned to yield it to a king;
Ah! proud of such they well might be—
For he was Scotch, and so was she.

From neighbours' broil they kept away—
No liking for such things had they,
And O, each had a cannie mind!
Each could be deaf, and dumb, and blind;
Of words—nor pence—were none too free—
For he was Scotch, and so was she.

I would not have you think this pair
Went on in weather always fair,
For well you know in married life
Will come, sometimes, the jar and strife;
They couldn't always just agree—
For he was Scotch, and so was she.

But near the heart they ever kept,
Until at close of life they slept;
Just this to say when all was past—
They loved each other to the last,
They're loving yet in Heaven, maybe—
For he was Scotch, and so was she.

In the Old Church

THE fine new kirk is finished, wife—the old has had its day,
'Tis like ourselves, a trifle worn, and out of date, and gray.
Stained windows and a tower high—I like not such a show,
Besides the cost is something great, and money does not grow.
Now when they come to me for help I'm going to tell them, plain,
That since they've built to please themselves they'll ask my help in vain.'
Then said the woman at his side: ''Tis meet God's house should be
As good a one as we can give,' she answered tenderly;
'And we who've worshipped all the years in that old church so gray,
Should go with songs and thankful hearts into the new to-day;
For think of all the precious hours we have had over there—
The hours of penitence and tears, the hours of peace and prayer.
I went to-day to say good-bye, and as I stood alone,
The memory of blessings shared came to me, one by one.
I heard the message from the Word, the sermon good and wise,
I heard the songs of love and hope ring clearly to the skies;
And looking over to the pew we've worshipped in for years,
I seemed to see so many things—to see them through my tears.
I saw us sitting there when we were young, and glad, and strong,
Ere we had learned that sorrow lends a sweetness to life's song;
When every golden Sabbath day found us in love with life—
The world was fair, and God was good, and we were man and wife.
One pretty, far-off summer morn my dim eyes seemed to see,
A morn when I sat by your side, our first-born on my knee;
His fair head lay upon my arm, and rich was I, and proud,
I whispered in the Master's ear things spoken not aloud;
And then our other bonnie lads grew plain unto my eyes,
And Belle—our lassie fair and good, our lassie sweet and wise;

I felt again her little hand clasped tightly in my own—
A mother holds her daughter dear, and I had but the one;
My soft-eyed one, my loving one, with braids of yellow hair—
Ah me! I could not help but know the little one was fair.
In the old church I thought upon our hour of grief and pain,
Of loneliness—she went away and came not back again—
When broken-hearted 'neath the loss we bowed beneath the rod,
There, close about us in that hour we felt the arm of God.

I saw us older grown and bent, each tall son in his place;
I saw the minister who stood with Heaven in his face,
His worn old face we loved so well, his eyes that seemed to see
The golden light that lights the shore of God's eternity;
And yet how simple was his heart, how kindly was his way,
And how he cared for all his flock, nor wearied night nor day!
If one strayed far, he followed it and won it back to fold,
If one fell down he lifted it with tenderness untold;
He fell asleep, his labour done—how sweet must be the rest
Of one who made his motto this: 'The Lord shall have my best.'

Good-bye, old church! Good-bye, I said, and left its portals wide,
And then I turned and looked upon the new church just beside;
Upon its windows, tall and stained, the yellow sunbeams played,
It stood, the temple of the Lord, in loveliness arrayed.
'I thought,' she said, and stroked his hand, 'of one who takes his rest;
I seemed to hear his deep voice say: 'The Lord shall have my best.'

The sun crept lower in the sky, the world lay sweet and fair,
A bird trilled softly from its throat a song that was a prayer.
The old man looked up at his wife, with tears his cheeks were wet,
'Ay, there are many things,' he said, 'we may not, dear, forget;
We're growing old, wife, like the day; our sun sinks in the west,
I'll say with him we both loved well, The Lord shall have my best.'

Helen Merrill Egerton

IN Picton, Ontario, there lives a very clever Canadian poetess who writes with the mystery of nature around her and the key to its secrets in her heart. Helen M. Merrill was born to the poetic purple. Her gift as a singer is a genuine one. Her work reveals a mind in close sympathy with nature whose subtle influence has moulded and fashioned her highest and holiest dreams. Not always is the thought of poetry born poetry—more frequently is it incarnated in prose, then cradled and clad in the flowers of poetry. The test of true poetry is that it cannot be translated into prose without doing violence to its spirit. Now it will be found that Miss Merrill's poetry measures up to this test. It is thought, born on the mountain top and clad in the most fitting raiment. Miss Merrill has not yet published her poems in book form, but her work has found representation in all recent compilations of Canadian verse.—Dr Thomas O'Hagan, in 'Donahoe's Magazine,' 1901.

HELEN MERRILL EGERTON, a daughter of the late Edwards Merrill, County Court Judge, at Picton, Ontario, and Caroline Wright, and a kinswoman of Jonathan Edwards and of Nathan Hale, was born at Napanee, Ontario, but was educated in the schools of Picton and at Ottawa Ladies College. . . She was married to Mr Frank Egerton, C.E., of Maidstone, Kent County, England, in 1917.

Mrs Egerton is of French Huguenot extraction, her first American ancestor having landed on this continent in 1633. He was one of the founders of Newbury Port. The family coat-of-arms has the fleur-de-lis on the shield.

At the Sir Isaac Brock Centenary Commemoration at Queenston Heights, Ontario, Mrs Egerton officiated as honorary secretary, and also went through the ceremony of adoption into the Oneida Band of the Six Nations Indians. She was presented with the tribal totem, and was given the Indian name, *Ka-ya-tonhs*—'a keeper of records.'

Mrs Egerton has held a number of important official positions—'President of the Canadian Society for the Protection of Birds'; 'Honorary General Secretary of the United Empire Loyalists Association of Canada'; 'Councillor of the Canadian Defence League'; 'Secretary of the Toronto Branch of the Canadian Authors Association, and now Vice-President.' As a great granddaughter of Dr J. B. Chamberlain, who emigrated from the United States to Canada, before 1791, she was elected some years ago a member of The Chamberlain Association of America and of The Society of Colonial Families, Boston, Massachusetts.

Mrs Egerton has not yet published a book of her poems, but she has quite a substantial volume ready for the press and it is verse of real poetic merit. . . . Her home is in Toronto.

In Arcadie

THE sea is green, the sea is grey,
The tide winds blow, and shallows chime;
Where earth is rife with bloom of May
The throstle sings of lovers' time,
Of violet stars in lovers' clime.

Love fares to-day by land and sea,
  On the horizon's utmost hill
  The mystic blue-flower beckons still
Beneath the stars of Arcadie.

Love fares to-day, and deftly builds
  To melodies of wind and leaves;
Castles in Spain yet brightly gilds,
  And song of star and woodbird weaves,
  And flowers, and pearl and purple eves.
With roofs of ever-changing skies
  And fretted walls with time begun,
  Its portals open to the sun,
On dream-held hills a castle lies.

No proud armorial bearings now,
  But God's white seal on every leaf;
No sapphire gleaming on my brow,
  Deep in my heart a dear belief;
  No grey unrest, no pain, no grief.
By day a forest green and fair,
  Where veeries sing in secret bowers
  And lindens blow and little flowers,
And bluebirds cleave the shining air.

By night a quiet wayside grove
  Where Aldebaran lights the gloom,
And silent breezes idly rove
  Above a shadow-painted room
  Builded of many a bough and bloom—
A wafted air of myrrh and musk,
  The music of slow falling streams,
  A whitethroat singing in its dreams,
And thou beside me in the dusk.

A Hill Song

THERE is a little hint of spring,
  A subtle, silent, unseen thing
By shadowed wall and open way,

And I, a gypsy for the day,
Go straying far beneath the sky,
  And far into the windy hills,
Where distant, dim horizons lie,
  And earth with gleams of heaven fills.

My quest is but a singing bird,
Whose voice on uplands lone is heard,
And this my path where none hath been,
And this my tent, an evergreen;
The hills are mine own open way—
  I hate the smother of the town—
I love by breezy hills to stray,
  Where thawing streams come leaping down.

Oh, joy it is and free of care,
With the sun and the wind in my face and my hair,
Alone with the shining clouds which trail
Silently each like a phantom sail,
Over the hills, on the blue of heaven;
  Oh, joy it is to wander here,
Where the wilding heart of the young, sweet year,
  Quickens the earth, and Spring is near!

And joy it is, the shorelark's cry—
Full well I know he walketh by;
A sudden winnow of grey wings,
And in the light he soars and sings,
And pausing in his heavenward flight,
A heart-beat, on from height to height,
He trails his silver strains of song
By paths eye may not follow long;
Grey glimpses in the azure fade,
  I only hear sweet sounds in the skies
As if the soul of song had strayed
  Invisible from paradise.

Bluebirds

O MAGIC music of the Spring,—
Across the morning's breezy meads
I hear the south wind in the reeds,
I hear the golden bluebirds sing.

O mellow music of the morn,—
Across the fading fields of Time
How many joyous songs are borne
From memory's enchanting clime.

I see the grasses shine with dew,
The cornflowers gleaming in the grain,
And, oh! the bluebirds sing—and you?
We fare together once again.

O haunting music of the dusk,
When silent birds are on the wing
And sweet is scent of pine and musk—
Oh, as we wander hand in hand
Across the shadow-painted land,
I hear the golden bluebirds sing!

Sandpipers

MORNING on the misty highlands,
On the outer shining islands;
Gulls their grey way seaward winging
To the blinking zones of blue;
South winds in the shallows singing
Where I wander far with you,
Little pipers, careless, free,
On the sandlands by the sea.

All day, on the amber edges
Of the pools and silver ledges
Of the sedgelands in the sun,
Restlessly the pipers run—
Weet, a-weet, a-weet, a-weet!
Sun and wind and sifting sand,

Joy of June on sea and land—
Weet, a-weet, a-weet, weet weet!

Evening on the fading highlands,
On the outer amber islands;
Grey wings folded in the sedges,
In the glimmer of a star
Where the lamps of Algol are
Shining on a world's white edges.

Moonlight on the sombre forelands,
On the outer, silver shorelands;
Peaceful mists that pale and drift
Seaward like a phantom fleet,
Through a sapphire, shadowed rift.

Weet, a-weet, a-weet, weet weet!
Night, and stars, and empty hushes,
Darkness in the purple rushes—
Weet, a-weet, a-weet, weet weet!

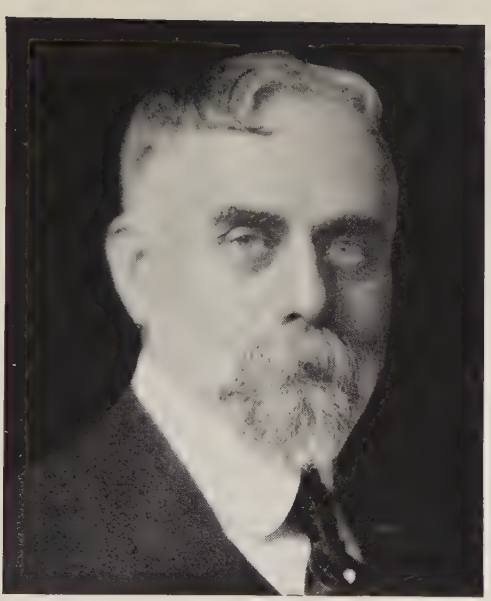
When the Gulls Come In

WHEN the gulls come in, and the shallow sings
Fresh to the wind, and the bell-buoy rings,
And a spirit calls the soul from sleep
To follow over the flashing deep;

When the gulls come in from the fields of space,
Vagrants out of a pathless place,
Waifs of the wind that dip and veer
In the gleaming sun where the land lies near,—

Long they have wandered far and free,
Bedouin birds of the desert sea;
God only marked their devious flight,
God only followed them day and night,—

Sailor o' mine, when the gulls come in,
And the shallow sings to the bell-buoy's din,
Look to thy ship and thy gods hard by,
There's a gale in the heart of the golden sky.



Gilbert Parker

AS a poet of romantic love Parker is concerned with the spiritual meaning of it. 'A Lover's Diary' is not concerned with the mere emotions of romantic love but with its spiritual thrall, and with it as a process of spiritual redemption and exaltation. . . . Parker's lyrical verse, like his sonnet-sequence, is the poetry of a young man who still possesses the enthusiasms of youth for all the lovelier and happier things in existence, and who rejoices in living. From the text of Parker's lyrics it is plain that he had the gifts of a lyrist in the original Greek meaning, of one who wrote poems to be sung to the accompaniment of the lyre. He was gifted to turn a sentiment either seriously or playfully with simplicity and directness of diction and with winning musical lilt. . . It is indeed as a poet, whose lyrics are inevitable texts for songs which have literary charm and simple humanity that Sir Gilbert Parker has been most admired and appreciated.—'Highways of Canadian Literature,' December, 1924.

RT. HON. SIR GILBERT PARKER, Bart., was Knighted in 1902, and created a Baronet in 1915. In 1916 he was made a Privy Councillor. He has the following honorary degrees: D.C.L., Litt. D., and LL.D. For more than thirty years he has lived in London, England. For seventeen years (1900-18) he sat for Gravesend, in the Imperial House of Commons.

Gilbert Parker was born in Camden East, Ontario, Canada, Nov. 23, 1860, son of Captain Joseph and Samantha Jane (Simmons) Parker, of United Empire Loyalist descent. He was educated privately and at Trinity College, Toronto. In 1885 he migrated to Australia, and in the next year or two travelled extensively in Australia, Tasmania and New Zealand.

Sir Gilbert organized the 1st Imperial Universities Conference, London, England, 1903; and during the next eight years, was Chairman of the Imperial South African Association. .

Parker is Canada's most distinguished novelist,—his fame having extended throughout the world. He has published many books, the most famous of which are, *Pierre and His People* (1892), *An Adventurer of the North* (1895), *When Valmond Came to Pontiac* (1895), *The Seats of the Mighty* (1896), *The Right of Way* (1901), and *The Weavers* (1907). A complete definitive edition of his works up to date was issued by Charles Scribner's Sons in 1913.

In 1895, Gilbert Parker married Amy E., daughter of Ashley Van Tine of New York City. . . She died in September, 1925, and was interred at Belleville, Ontario.

The poems of this distinguished author—all he wished to preserve—were published in volume XVII of the definitive edition mentioned, a book of 261 pages. They were taken chiefly from two books of verse, *Embers* and *A Lover's Diary*, printed in early manhood. . . Many of the poems in *Embers* and the two sonnets here quoted have been set to music by celebrated composers, such as Sir Edward Elgar, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Mr Arthur Foote, Mrs Amy Woodforde Finden, Robert Somerville, and others. . . 'The sonnet sequence, *A Lover's Diary*,' Sir Gilbert writes, 'was begun when I was twenty-three. They were continued over seven years in varying quantity.'

Love is Enough

IT is enough that in this burdened time
The soul sees all its purposes aright.
The rest—what does it matter? Soon the night
Will come to whelm us, then the morning chime.
What does it matter, if but in the way
One hand clasps ours, one heart believes us true;
One understands the work we try to do,
And strives through Love to teach us what to say:
Between me and the chilly outer air
Which blows in from the world, there standeth one
Who draws Love's curtains closely everywhere,
As God folds down the banners of the sun.
Warm is my place about me, and above
Where was the raven, I behold the dove.

Rosleen

SHE'S the darlin' of the parish, she's the pride of Inniskillen;
'Twould make your heart lep up to see her trippin' down the glen;
There's not a lad of life and fame that wouldn't take her shillin'
And inlist inside her service—did ye hear her laughin' then?
Did ye see her with her hand in mine the day that Clancy married?
Ah, darlin', how we footed it—the grass it was so green!
And when the neighbours wandered home, I was the guest that tarried,
An hour plucked from Paradise—come back to me, Rosleen!
Across the seas, beyond the hills, by lovely Inniskillen,
The rigiment come marchin'—I hear the call once more:
Shure, a woman's but a woman—so I took the Sergeant's shillin',
For the pride o' me was hurted—shall I never see her more?
She turned her face away from me, and black as night the land became;
Her eyes were jewels of the sky, the finest iver seen;
She left me for another lad, he was a lad of life and fame,
And the heart of me was hurted—but there's none that's like Rosleen!'

You'll Travel Far and Wide

YOU'LL travel far and wide, dear, but you'll come back again,
You'll come back to your father and your mother in the glen,
Although we should be lyin' 'neath the heather grasses then—
You'll be comin' back, my darlin'!

You'll see the icebergs sailin' along the wintry foam,
The white hair of the breakers, and the wild swans as they roam;
But you'll not forget the rowan beside your father's home—
You'll be comin' back, my darlin'!

New friends will clasp your hand, dear, new faces on you smile;
You'll bide with them and love them, but you'll long for us the while;
For the word across the water, and the farewell by the stile—
For the true heart's here, my darlin'!

You'll hear the wild birds singin' beneath a brighter sky,
The roof-tree of your home, dear, it will be grand and high;
But you'll hunger for the hearthstone where, a child, you used to lie—
You'll be comin' back, my darlin'!

And when your foot is weary, and when your heart is sore,
And you come back to the moor that spreads beyant your father's door,
There'll be many an ancient comrade to greet you on the shore—
At your comin' back, my darlin'!

Ah, the hillock cannot cover, and the grass it cannot hide
The love that never changeth, whatever wind or tide;
And though you'll not be seein', we'll be standin' by your side—
You'll be comin' back, my darlin'!

O, there's no home like the old home, there's no pillow like the breast
You slumbered on in childhood, like a young bird in the nest:
We are livin' still and waitin', and we're hopin' for the best—
Ah, you're comin' back, my darlin'—comin' back!

The World in Making

WHEN God was making the world,
(*Swift was the wind and white was the fire*)
The feet of His people danced the stars;
There was laughter and swinging bells,
And clanging iron and breaking breath,
The hammers of heaven making the hills,
The vales, on the anvils of God.
(*Wild is the fire and low is the wind*)

When God had finished the world,
(*Bright was the fire and sweet was the wind*)
Up from the valleys came song,
To answer the morning stars;
And the hand of man on the anvil rang,
His breath was big in his breast, his life
Beat strong 'gainst the walls of the world.
(*Glad is the wind and tall is the fire*)

The Red Patrol

HE stands in the porch of the World—
(*Why should the door be shut?*)
The grey wolf waits at his heel,
(*Why is the window barred?*)
Wild is the trail from the Kimash Hills,
The blight has fallen on bush and tree,
The choking earth has swallowed the streams,
Hungry and cold is the Red Patrol—
(*Why should the door be shut?*)
The Scarlet Hunter has come to bide—
(*Why is the window barred?*)

He waits at the threshold stone—
(*Why should the key-hole rust?*)
The eagle broods at his side,
(*Why should the blind be drawn?*)
Long has he watched and far has he called—
The lonely sentinel of the North—
'Who goes there?' to the wandering soul:
Heavy of heart, is the Red Patrol—

(*Why should the key-hole rust?*)
The Scarlet Hunter is sick for home,
(*Why should the blind be drawn?*)
Heavy of heart is the Red Patrol—
(*Why should the key-hole rust?*)
The Scarlet Hunter is sick for home,
(*Why should the blind be drawn?*)
Hungry and cold is the Red Patrol—
(*Why should the door be shut?*)
The Scarlet Hunter has come to bide,
(*Why is the window barred?*)

The Yellow Swan

IN the flash of the singing dawn,
At the door of the Great One,
The joy of his lodge knelt down,
Knelt down, and her hair in the sun
Shone like showering dust,
And her eyes were as eyes of the fawn.
And she cried to her lord,
'O my lord, O my life,
From the desert I come;
From the hills of the Dawn.'
And he lifted the curtain and said,
'Hast thou seen It, the Yellow Swan?'

And she lifted her head, and her eyes
Were as lights in the dark,
And her hands folded slow on her breast,
And her face was as one who has seen
The gods and the place where they dwell;
And she said, 'Is it meet that I kneel,
That I kneel as I speak to my lord?'
And he answered her, 'Nay, but to stand,
And to sit by my side;
But speak; thou hast followed the trail,
Hast thou found It, the Yellow Swan?'

And she stood as a queen, and her voice
Was as one who hath seen the Hills,

The Hills of the Mighty Men,
And hath heard them cry in the night,
Hath heard them call in the dawn,
Hath seen It, the Yellow Swan.
And she said, 'It is not for my lord';

And she murmured, 'I cannot tell;
But my lord must go as I went,
And my lord must come as I came,
  And my lord shall be wise.'
And he cried in his wrath,
'What is thine, it is mine,
And thine eyes are my eyes,
Thou shalt speak of the Yellow Swan.'
But she answered him, 'Nay, though I die.
I have lain in the nest of the Swan,
I have heard, I have known;
When thine eyes too have seen,
When thine ears too have heard,
  Thou shalt do with me then as thou wilt.'

And he lifted his hand to strike,
And he straightened his spear to slay;
But a great light struck on his eyes,
And he heard the rushing of wings,
And his long spear fell from his hand,
And a terrible stillness came:
And when the spell passed from his eyes
He stood in his doorway alone,
And gone was the queen of his soul
  And gone was the Yellow Swan.

The Little House

I

CHILDREN, the house is empty,
  The house behind the tall hill;
Lonely and still is the empty house.
There is no face in the doorway,
There is no fire in the chimney—
Come and gather beside the gate,
Little Good Folk of the Scarlet Hills,

Where has the wild dog vanished?
Where has the swift foot gone?
Where is the hand that found the good fruit,
That made a garret of wholesome herbs?
Where is the voice that awoke the morn,
The tongue that defied the terrible beasts?
Come and listen beside the door,
Little Good Folk of the Scarlet Hills.

II

Sorrowful is the little house,
The little house by the winding stream;
All the laughter has died away
Out of the little house.
But down there come from the lofty hills
Footsteps and eyes agleam,
Bringing the laughter of yesterday
Into the little house,
By the winding stream and the hills.
Di ron, di ron, di ron-don!

III

What is there like to the cry of the bird
That sings in its nest in the lilac tree?
A voice the sweetest you ever have heard;
It is there, it is there, *ci, ci!*
It is there, it is here, it must roam and roam,
And wander from shore to shore
Till I travel the hills and bring it home,
And enter and close my door—
Row along, row along home, *ci, ci!*

What is there like to the laughing star,
Far up from the lilac tree?
A face that's brighter and finer far;
It laughs and it shines, *ci, ci!*
It laughs and it shines, it must roam and roam,
And travel from shore to shore,
Till I get me forth and bring it home,
And house it within my door—
Row along, row along home, *ci, ci!*

Virna Sheard

VIRNA SHEARD, wife of Dr Charles Sheard, M.P. of Toronto, and mother of four sons, was born in Cobourg, Ontario, a daughter of Eldridge Stanton. She is of United Empire Loyalist descent. One of her grandmothers was a first cousin of the famous American abolitionist, Wendell Phillips. . . She was educated in Cobourg and in Toronto. . . This author has published four novels; a volume of excellent fairy tales; and three books of lyrics with much artistic finish: 'The Miracle and Other Poems', 'Carry On', and *'The Ballad of the Quest' . . . In a review which appeared in 'The Globe,' Toronto, are these words: 'Though Mrs Sheard's poems are by no means of uniform quality, there are enough of the best to ensure her a high place in Canadian poetry. . . Often there is a touch of sadness or of the whimsical, but never a suggestion of triviality. Her spiritual quality and her reverent rendering of Biblical subjects, reflect the mind of an idealist, and are the inspired lines of one deeply moved.' Most readers will agree.*—Editor

The Slumber Angel

WHEN day is ended, and grey twilight flies
On silent wings across the tired land,
The slumber angel cometh from the skies—
The slumber angel of the peaceful eyes,
And with the scarlet poppies in his hand.

His robes are dappled like the moonlit seas,
His hair in waves of silver floats afar;
He weareth lotus-bloom and sweet heartsease,
With tassels of the rustling green fir trees,
As down the dusk he steps, from star to star.

Above the world he swings his curfew bell,
And sleep falls soft on golden heads and white;
The daisies curl their leaves beneath his spell,
The prisoner who wearies in his cell
Forgets awhile, and dreams throughout the night.

Even so, in peace, comes that great Lord of rest
Who crowneth men with amaranthine flowers;
Who telleth them the truths they have but guessed,
Who giveth them the things they love the best,
Beyond this restless, rocking world of ours.

In Solitude

HE is not desolate whose ship is sailing
Over the mystery of an unknown sea,
For some great love with faithfulness unfailing
Will light the stars to bear him company.

Out in the silence of the mountain passes,
The heart makes peace and liberty its own—
The wind that blows across the scented grasses
Bringing the balm of sleep—comes not alone.

Beneath the vast illimitable spaces
Where God has set His jewels in array,
A man may pitch his tent in desert places
Yet know that heaven is not so far away.

But in the city—in the lighted city—
Where gilded spires point toward the sky,
And fluttering rags and hunger ask for pity,
Grey Loneliness in cloth-of-gold, goes by.

The Daisy

AN angel found a daisy where it lay
On Heaven's highroad of transparent gold,
And, turning to one near, he said, 'I pray,
Tell me what manner of strange bloom I hold.
You came a long, long way—perchance you know
In what far country such fair flowers blow?'
Then spoke the other: 'Turn thy radiant face
And gaze with me down purple depth of space.
See, where the stars lie spilled upon the night,
Like amber beads that hold a yellow light.
Note one that burns with faint yet steady glow;
It is the Earth—and there these blossoms grow.
Some little child from that dear, distant land
Hath borne this hither in his dimpled hand.'
Still gazed he down. 'Ah, friend,' he said, 'I, too,
Oft crossed the fields at home where daisies grew.'

The Shepherd Wind

WHEN hills and plains are powdered white,
And bitter cold the north wind blows,
Upon my window in the night
A fairy-garden grows.

Here lilies that no hand hath sown
Bloom white as foam upon the sea,
And elfin bells to earth unknown,
Hold frost-bound melody.

And here are blossoms like to stars
Tangled in nets of silver lace,—
My very breath their beauty mars,
Or stirs them from their place.

Perchance the echoes of old songs,
Found here a resting place at last,
With drifting perfume, that belongs
To roses of the past,—

Or all the moonbeams that were lost
On summer nights the world forgets,
May here be prisoned by the frost,
With souls of violets. . .

The wind doth shepherd many things,—
And when the nights are long and cold,
Who knows how strange a flock he brings
All safely to the fold.

A Southern Lullaby

Little honey baby, shet yo' eyes up tight;—
(Shadow-man is comin' from de moon!)—
You's as sweet as roses if dey *is* so pink and white;
(Shadow-man'll get here mighty soon.)

Little honey baby, keep yo' 'footses still!—
(Rocky-bye, oh, rocky, rocky-bye!)
Hush yo' now, an listen to dat lonesome whip-po'-will;
Don't yo' fix yo' lip an start to cry!

Little honey baby, stop dat winkin' quick!
(Hear de hoot-owl in de cotton-wood!)
Yes—I sees yo' eyes adoin' dat dere triflin' trick,—
(He gets chillun if dey isn't good.)

Little honey baby, what yo' think yo' see?—
(Sister keep on climbin' to de sky—)
Dat's a June bug—it ain't got no stinger, lak a bee,—
(Reach de glory city by-an-by.)

Little honey baby, what yo' skeery at?—
(Go down, Moses—down to Phar-e-oh!)—
No—dat isn't nuffin but a furry fly-round bat;—
(Say, he'd betta let dose people go.)

Little honey baby, yo' is all ma own,—
Deed yo' is.—Yes,—dat's a fia-fly;—
If I didn't hab yo,'—reckon I'd be all alone;
(Rocky-bye—oh, rocky, rocky-bye.)

Little honey baby, shet yo' eyes up tight;—
(Shadow man is comin' from de moon,)
You's as sweet as roses, if dey *is* so pink and white;
(Shadow-man'll get here mighty soon.)

The lines in brackets are supposed to be sung or chanted. The Southern 'Mammy' seldom sang a song through, but interlaced it with comments.—V. S.

The Ballad of the Quest

SOME day,' I said, 'before Life is over,
I will shut my house door, and will be a rover.'

Under the sky where the great stars roll,
I will search for my faith, and search for my soul.

I have fared without them this many a day
Through the market-place of the world's highway.

The truth I gave in exchange for a lie,
And I bartered my dreams to a passer-by.

I have met Delilah,—her enchantments I know
As the man of strength knew them ages ago.

Fool's gold and fool's joy have been my reaping,
And my heart has nothing that's worth the keeping.

But the world is wide and the world is free,
And the things I have lost may come back to me.

I will follow the path of the bird that flies,
And look for a woman with honest eyes.

If I travel hard, and travel alone,
I may overtake Peace, and make it my own.

Only the Sun and the Moon's sweet light
Shall mark my day, or measure my night.

Silks and satins and embroidered things,
I'll exchange for blossoms and butterflies' wings.

And under a thorn-hedge I will dine
On a handful of berries, as red as wine.

Or I'll earn my bread on the out-bound ships,
With the sun in my eyes, and salt on my lips.

And for the softness of beds and pillows,
I'll take a hammock that swings with the billows.

It may be the trail will lead me afar
To mountain paths, where the wild sheep are.

Or with simple people, and free from guile,
I will pitch my tent and will rest awhile.

I am weary of softness and things of ease,
And weary of Scribes, and of Pharisees.

On a morning road where the wind is strong,
I may learn again to whistle a song.

Down forest paths, or the ways of the sea,
My soul and my faith may come back to me.

And always and ever beneath the skies,
I will look for a woman with honest eyes.

I will follow no will at all but my own,
And the road I take I will take alone.

'Some day,' I said, 'before Life is over,
I will shut my house door, and will be a rover.'

II

But the day when it came was a troubled day,
And the road I took was a troubled way.

Then never a will I had of my own,
And never a step did I travel alone.

We marched by day, and we marched by night,
Through the Sun's hot gold, or the Moon's cool light.

We marched with laughter, we marched with song,
Or in dreadful silence we marched along.

The man at my right cursed low at his fate,
The man at my left smiled early and late.

And the faces I saw at the edge of day,
Were young, young faces, turned old and grey.

The field where poppies flashed red in the wheat,
Was a hell we tramped through on stumbling feet.

I forgot I had said 'before Life is over,
I will shut my house door, and will be a rover.'

Out on the roads where the guns took toll
I gave little heed to my faith, or my soul.

In the trenches where only the dead could rest,
Life was a candle-flame—Death was a jest.

The stars swung round in a blood-red sky,
And the earth was red where the men reeled by.

I laughed—for I was living and strong,—
And I tossed them the line of a battle song.

May-day came in,—but the sweet o' the Spring,—
Who should know there was any such thing?

For the lovers were gone, who used to know
The English lanes where the hawthorns blow—

And the lovers from lands far over the sea,
Ah! The watching moon only knew where they might be.

I shook my impotent hand at the sky,
And travelled on with a battle cry.

III

On a desperate night—bitter black with pain,—
My soul returned to haunt me again.

We two kept vigil till break of day,
But the moon bore witness, *I did not pray.*

I dreamt I drifted with a name on my lips,
Where the clouds were sea waves, and the stars little ships.

I dreamt,—and lay on the shell-bitten sod,
Like a thing that had been forgotten of God.

I saw the smoke of the battle roll
Over many a swift departing soul,—

But when the dawn was a violet tide,
A shadow came and knelt at my side.

No—not a shadow—or mystery—
But a rose of the darkness, she came to me.

Mist-grey was her gown, and about her head
Was a shining band with a cross of red.

Her eyes were closed, for she dared not see
What the guns and the dark had made of me.

So I caught her gown in fear she would pass,
Like a lovely shadow, across the grass.

'Who are you?' I cried, 'who have found me here
Where I have lain, this year upon year?'

'No! No! but one night, belovéd,'—she said,
'While I searched for you all among the dead.

'But you were so strong you could not die,
Though Azrael touched you as he passed by.'

And then by a flame that lit up the skies,
I looked once again in Delilah's eyes.

They had out-lived fear, and were sweet, and deep
As the eyes of an Angel, who bringeth sleep.

'O brave one!' she said, 'You soon shall see
From your thirst and your pain I can set you free!

'Here! The water flask!—I will lift your head,—
Drink if you will and spare not,' she said.

'Be patient and wait! See here in your arm,
The poppies of God shall work their charm.'

So she spoke, while her voice seemed faint and far
As though it drifted down from a star.

'I have come,' she faltered, 'belovéd at last'—
'Even so'—I said, 'from the long-gone past.

'I would know,' I cried, 'how you came to me
Through this hell where no woman should ever be?'

'I heard you call,' she answered, 'and then
I followed the road of the out-bound men.

'I followed the bearers, for far—and far,—
They travel wherever the wounded are.

'Picket and sentry, and the men who fly,
Made the holy sign as I hurried by.'

'Here and there where the grass was red,
I stopped for a moment beside the dead.

'I pressed my lips to their tunic's hem,—
And often I folded the hands of them.

'But I could not stay,—and when dawn was near,
You called again—and I found you here.'

'O Sweet—no more!' I said. 'Tell me no more!
For Peace has come in through the morning's door.

'There is only this at the end of my quest—
Only you—and Love—and a spirit at rest.'

. . . . .

Then came the bearers to lift me away—
But beside me her shadow moved—tender and grey.

Marian Osborne

THERE is an austere beauty and grace of form about Marian Osborne's poems that seem to elude most of our singers in the classic manner. Whether this comes from sheer inspiration or plain hard work, matters not; these qualities are there and proclaim themselves on almost every page. . . She is not often gay in mood, preferring the sweet melancholy which beauty seen and intense emotion felt inspire. She is master of the forms she uses and writes all her thoughts with a sure and distinguished touch, and she composes with apparent ease what few writers do now-a-days,—sonnets that shine luminously and sing melodiously. . . Besides colour and music there is deep reflection in many of these lovely songs of hers and frequently a phrase or a line which stands out for its brilliance. . . The title poem seems to us to be a thing of noble qualities, finely imagined and executed in a manner which no mere prentice could hope to achieve. We commend 'The Song of Israfel' to readers who care for spiritually dignified and technically finished verse.
—E. W. Harrold in 'The Citizen,' Ottawa.

MARIAN OSBORNE'S mother was a niece of the late Rev. Featherston Osler, M.A., whose sons won such high distinction in law, medicine and finance, and her father was the late George Grant Francis, of Wales . . . Marian Osborne was born in the city of Montreal and was educated in the Sacred Heart Convent there, at Hellmuth College, London, Ontario, and at Trinity College, Toronto. . . At an early age she married Charles Lambert Bath and lived in Wales for the ensuing five years, until his untimely death. Of this marriage there are a son and a daughter. . .

Marian Osborne is the wife of Colonel Henry C. Osborne, M.A., C.M.G., Secretary-General for Canada, the United States and Siberia, for the Imperial War Graves Commission.

Mrs. Osborne's grandfathers both published works of scientific value. . . Her uncle, John Deffet Francis, was a noted painter and one of the founders of the Savage Club. . . The late Sir William Osler, Bart., to whom her second book is dedicated, interested himself as 'guide, philosopher and friend,' in her literary education.

Marian Osborne published in England in 1914, a book of verse entitled *Poems,* and in 1923, in London and Toronto, *The Song of Israfel and Other Poems.* A third book (for children), *Flight Commander Stork,* has since been printed, and a lyrical drama, *Sappho and Phaon,* has been accepted for publication. . . A comedy by this author, *The Point of View,* was produced at the Russell Theatre, Ottawa, and at Hart House, Toronto. . . . Two ballets composed by her, *The Butterfly and the Rose* and *The Poet and His Love,* were presented at the Russell Theatre, Ottawa, and she took part in their production. . . A scenario for a play, *The Priest and the Pagan,* has been accepted by a British Film Syndicate. . . . Five of her lyrics have been set to music by Frank Lambert, the English composer.

After the publication of her second book in London, Marian Osborne was elected Vice-President and Councillor, for Canada, of 'The Poetry Society of England'. . . She is also a Vice-President of the Ottawa Branch of the Canadian Authors Association; and a Vice-President of 'The Poetry Society of Canada,' and President of the Ottawa branch.

Dedication

To the Memory of Sir William Osler, Bart.

O SAY not he is dead! What messenger
Could circle round the world so dark a tale,
Knowing there is no rending of the veil
Dropped between those that are and those that were?
Can he be dead, the dear philosopher,
Master and friend, and pillar of the frail,
The true knight holding high the holy grail
The great soul of great souls the interpreter?

His torch was lighted at the Infinite
And steadfast will remain. If men could lose
The genius of his work, if time could dim
The vision pure that ever sought the right,
If death could kill the spirit and refuse
Immortal life. . . then might we weep for him.

White Violet

WHITE Violet within the close-drawn wood,
Nun-like and pale and shy,
Child-sweet in purity;
These silent hidden places suit you best
Where God gives sheltered rest.

White Violet within the close-drawn wood,
Why is your heart so crushed?
'When night was dark and hushed
A guilty soul could find no peace within
And told me of his sin.'

White Violet within the close-drawn wood,
Why do you shuddering sigh
And fear each passer-by?
'A fleck of blood has glazed my upturned face
The murderer to trace.'

White Violet within the close-drawn wood,
Why do you fade so soon?
There was no heat at noon.
'My purity was all I had to give
And now. . . I dare not live.'

The Elf

I AM an Elf,
And every fairy knows my elfin call,
They dance and caper round the beeches tall,
While from my flute the notes rise high, then fall,
I am an Elf.

I whisper secrets to the trees and flowers,
And hear the music breathed in twilight showers,
I would not live like men, in days and hours,
I am an Elf.

I play with sunbeams and with moonbeams too,
And peer from out the hedge of green wrought yew,
To tease the dryads dancing in the dew.
I am an Elf.

I laugh at those who think and toil and pine—
Poor fools, they never find out how divine
It is to drink, till withered is the vine.
I am an Elf.

No man may catch me with philosophies,
With books, or creeds, or ancient histories—
I live in dreams, in nature's mysteries.
I am an Elf.

I laugh at love, I laugh at war as well,
I laugh at death and at the tolling bell,
Having no soul, I laugh at heaven and hell,
I am an Elf.

Phaon to Sappho

AS the earth looks up adoring
To the blue dome of the heavens,
As the trees yearn for the springtime,
As the lily holds the raindrop
Deep within its bosom's chalice
So I love thee, my belovéd.

Fashioned by the gods for worship,
Moonwhite, delicate and glowing,

Exquisite as pink rose petals
Floating in a crystal basin,
Wet with blown spray from the fountain
So thy beauty, my belovéd.

Softer than the mists of morning
Stealing o'er quiescent valleys,
Than the gentle rain more tender,
Rain that falls on flowers at twilight
Bringing peace and benediction,
So thy touch to me, belovéd.

As a strain of song at nightfall
Filling all the air with glory,
Filling all the heart with gladness,
Throbbing, pleading, purest music
Weaving spells of sweet enchantment,
So thy voice to me, belovéd.

Fragrant as a holy incense
That intoxicates with mystery,
Gentle as the brush of moth-wings,
Burning as the sunset's golden
Afterglow seen through the beech-trees,
So thy kiss to me, belovéd.

As a torrent wild and headstrong
Rushes keen to reach the haven
Of its hopes and dreams, and trembles
With the burden of its longing
To attain to love's fulfillment,
So I come to thee, belovéd.

'Sister'

To My Daughter

HER eyes are deepest wells of hidden thought,
Brown pools dark-fringed, with subtle mystery
Enshrined in her pale face of purity.
Her lips the glowing Helios kissed, then brought
His aureole of copper-gold and sought
To lay it on her silken hair, and see
The vagrant gleams still linger lovingly.

With grace of dryad and by wood-birds taught
To sing with throat uplifted, easing care,
Her spirit filled with fancy, roaming free,
Yet true and tender, and of humour rare,
Slender as sapling pine, in sympathy
With all God's creatures; surely there was ne'er
A soul so brimmed with love and witchery.

Folded Wings

To My Husband

COME to me in the embalming hush of night
When all the world lies dormant, when the press
Of day is overcome and when the stress
Of mundane things, that served to dis-unite
Our ardent souls, has vanished with the light;
Come in the dreaming dusk that thou may'st bless
With whispering wings of peace and tenderness,
With healing touch to ease my wearied sight.

Come when the strident day is past and done,
When clamour ceases and the pulsing town
Has drawn its curtains closely reticent:
When night is grave and calm as a fair nun
With cowléd head and eyes of prayful brown,
Come then and bring with thee love's sacrament.

The Trinity

TRUTH, Beauty, Love, in these are formed a ring
Embracing most of virtue. To attain
To love we must be one in heart and brain
With all existence. Beauty sweeps each string
Weaving fair harmonies, through everything
Interpreting herself in joy and pain.
Truth is the crystal clear by which we gain
The vision pure of life and reasoning.

And every sin against this Trinity
Wrongs all the world and not ourselves alone.
Our acts are like the pebbles that we fling
Into the placid lake, and no more see;
Yet far from us their influence is shown
In outward circles ever widening.

Isabel Ecclestone Mackay

THE quality which one values most highly in Mrs Mackay's poetry is its thoughtful wisdom and serenity. What she sings possesses, seemingly without effort and without exception, the grace of Matthew Arnold's 'sweet reasonableness.' Such equanimity, however, is never achieved save at the cost of living, at the cost of work, at the cost of reconciling the purpose of our lives with the day's, the year's event. . . Mrs Mackay is a natural poet. Her sense of rhythm is unfailing. Her songs are true lyrics. Her imagination moves with power and freedom as a bird soars on the wing. Her serenity may come from the reason that she is singularly free from absorption in her own affairs. No nobler verses have been written of the immigrant in Canada than Mrs Mackay's 'Calgary Station'; who can read without a swift vision of the Canadian scene her verses called 'The Prairie School'? The achievement in her latest book of poems, 'Fires of Driftwood,' can be appreciated rightly, only on a second or third reading. —Marjory MacMurchy (Lady Willison).

ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY is one of Canada's well established authors, both in poetry and prose. She has published three books of verse: *Between the Lights* (1904); *The Shining Ship* (1918); and *Fires of Driftwood* (1922); and five novels: *The House of Windows* (1912); *Up the Hill and Over* (1917); *Mist of Morning* (1919); *The Window-Gazer* (1921); and *Blencarrow* (1926). And she has ready for the press another book of verse for children of high artistic quality and charm.

Mrs Mackay was born in Woodstock, Ontario, November 25, 1875, a daughter of Donald McLeod MacPherson, a native of Scotland and his wife, Priscilla Ecclestone of England. She was educated in the local public schools and Collegiate Institute. In April, 1895, she married Mr P. J. Mackay, Court Stenographer.

For years Mr and Mrs Mackay and their three daughters have lived in Vancouver, B.C. . . Several times, Mrs Mackay has been elected a Vice-President of 'The Canadian Authors Association' to represent the province of British Columbia, and she has been prominent also in 'The Canadian Women's Press Club.'

Mrs Mackay has had poems and short stories appear in most of the leading magazines of this continent; and each of two of her poems, 'Marquerite de Roberval' and 'The Passing of Cadieux' won for her, $100, in the *Globe's* prize-poem competitions. Both poems stand out for their excellence of treatment of those historic themes.

To her teachers and classmates, in the Woodstock schools, she was known as 'Bell MacPherson,' and many remember vividly her eager, glowing face,—her warm, sensitive heart. She was so ready to work, so ambitious to achieve, so happy to have pleased. These qualities, together with the natural tendency to write, have given her the proud position she holds to-day. There has been another strong motive force in her career, since her marriage,—*her love of children.* 'There is nothing so sweet as a baby,' she will tell you, and indeed the Madonna passion has inspired and coloured much of her prose, and not a little of her verse.

Fires of Driftwood

ON what long tides
Do you drift to my fire,
You waifs of strange waters?
From what far seas,
What murmurous sands,
What desolate beaches—
Flotsam of those glories that were ships!

I gather you,
Bitter with salt,
Sun-bleached, rock-scarred, moon-harried,
Fuel for my fire.

You are Pride's end.
Through all to-morrows you are yesterday.
You are waste,
You are ruin,
For where is that which once you were?

I gather you.
See! I set free the fire within you—
You awake in thin flame!
Tremulous, mistlike, your soul aspires,
Blue, beautiful,
Up and up to the clouds which are its kindred!
What is left is nothing—
Ashes blown along the shore!

The Homesteader

WIND-SWEPT and fire-swept and swept with bitter rain,
This was the world I came to when I came across the sea—
Sun-drenched and panting, a pregnant, waiting plain
Calling out to humankind, calling out to me!

Leafy lanes and gentle skies and little fields all green,
This was the world I came from when I fared across the sea—
The mansion and the village and the farmhouse in between,
Never any room for more, never room for me!

I've fought the wind and braved it; I cringe to it no more!
I've fought the creeping fire back and cheered to see it die.

I've shut the bitter rain outside and, safe within my door,
Laughed to think I feared a thing not so strong as I!

I mind the long, white road that ran between the hedgerows neat,
In that little, strange old world I left behind me long ago,
I mind the air so full of bells at evening, far and sweet—
All and all for someone else—I had leave to go!

It cost a tear to leave it—but here across the sea
With miles and miles of unused sky, and miles of unturned loam,
And miles of room for someone else, and miles of room for me
I've found a bigger meaning for the little word called 'Home.'

Calgary Station

DAZZLED by sun and drugged by space they wait,
These homeless peoples, at our prairie gate;
Dumb with the awe of those whom fate has hurled,
Breathless, upon the threshold of a world!

From near-horizoned, little lands they come,
From barren country-side and deathly slum,
From bleakest wastes, from lands of aching drouth,
From grape-hung valleys of the smiling South,
From chains and prisons, ay, from horrid fear,
(Mark you the furtive eye, the listening ear!)
And all amazed and silent, scared and shy—
An alien group beneath an alien sky!

See—on that bench beside the busy door—
There sleeps a Roman born: upon the floor
His wife, dark-haired and handsome, takes her rest,
Their black-eyed baby tugging at her breast.
Her hands lie still. Her brooding glances roam
Above the pushing crowd to her far home,
And slow she smiles to think how fine 'twill be
When they (so rich!) return to Italy.

Yonder, with stolid face and tragic eye,
Sits a lone Russian; as we pass him by
He neither stirs nor looks; his inner gaze
Sees not the future fair, but, troubled, strays

To the dark land he left but can't forget,
Whose bonds, though broken, hold him prisoner yet.

Here is a Pole—a worker; though so slim
His muscle is of steel—no fear for him;
He is the breed which conquers; he is nerved
To fight and fight again. Too long he served,
Man of a subject race! His fierce, blue eye
Roams like a homing eagle o'er the sky,
So limitless, so deep! for such as he
Life has no higher bliss than to be free.

This little Englishman with jaunty air
And tweed cap perched awry on close-trimmed hair—
He, with his faded wife and noisy band,
Has come from Home to seek a promised land—
He feels himself aggrieved, for no one said
That things would be so big and so—outspread!
He thinks of London with a pang of grief;
His wife is sobbing in her handkerchief.
But all his children stare with eager eyes.
This is their land. Already they surmise
Their heritage, their chance to live and grow,
Won for them by their fathers, long ago!

Another generation, and this Scot,
Whose longing for the hills is ne'er forgot,
Shall rear a son whose eye will never be
Dim with a craving for that distant sea,
Those barren rocks, that heather's purple glow—
The ache, the burn that only exiles know!

This Irishman, who, when he sees the Green,
Turns that his shaking lips may not be seen,
He, too, shall bear a son who, blythe and gay,
Sings the old songs but in a cheerier way!
Who has the love, without the anguish sharp,
For Erin, dreaming by her golden harp!

All these and many others, patient, wait
Before our ever-open prairie gate
And, filing through with laughter or with tears,
Take what their hands can glean of fruitful years.

Here some find home who knew not home before;
Here some seek peace and some wage glorious war.
Here some who lived in night see morning dawn
And some drop out and let the rest go on.
And of them all the years take toll; they pass
As shadows flit above the prairie grass.

From every land they come to know but one—
The kindly earth that hides them from the sun—
But, in their places, children live, and they
Turn with glad faces to a common day.
Of every land, they too, but one land claim—
The land that gives them place and hope and name—
Canadians, they, and proud and glad to be
A part of Canada's sure destiny!

What if within their hearts deep memories hide
Of lands their fathers grieved for, till they died?
The bitterness is gone and in its stead
New understanding and new hopes are bred,
With wider vision which may show the world
Its cannon dumb, its battle-flags close furled!
—Dreams? We may dream indeed, with heart elate,
While a new Nation clamours at our gate!

The Prairie School

THE sweet west wind, the prairie school a break in the yellow wheat,
The prairie trail that wanders by to the place where the four winds meet —
A trail with never an end at all to the children's eager feet.

The morning scents, the morning sun, a morning sky so blue
The distance melts to meet it till both are lost to view
In a little line of glory where the new day beckons through—
And out of the glow, the children: a whoop and a calling gay,
A clink of lunch-pails swinging as they clash in mimic fray,
A shout and a shouting echo from a world as young as they!

The prairie school! The well-tramped earth, so ugly and so dear,
The piney steps where teacher stands, a saucy gopher near,

A rough-cut pole where the flag flies up to a shrill voiced
children's cheer.
So stands the outpost! Time and change will crowd its
widening door,
Big with the dreams we visioned and the hopes we battled
for—
A legacy to those who come from those who come no more.

The Bridge Builder

OF old the Winds came romping down,
Oh, wild and free were they!
They bent the prairie grasses low
And made a place to play.

Then, that the gods might hear their voice
On purple days of spring,
They sought the tossing, pine-clad slope
And made a place to sing.

Tired at last of song and play,
They found a canyon deep
And in its echoing silences
They made a place to weep.

Man came, a small and feeble thing,
And looked upon the plain.
'Lo, this is mine,' he said, and set
A seal of golden grain.

Upon the mountain slopes he gazed,
Where the great pine trees grow,
Then gashed their mighty sides and laid
Their singing branches low.

He clung upon the canyon's ledge
And from its topmost ridge,
Above its vast and awful deeps,
He built himself a bridge.

A bauble in the light of day,
New gilded by the sun,
It seemed like some great, golden web
By giant spider spun!

The homeless winds came rushing down—
  Oh they were wild and free!
And angry for their stolen plain
  And for their felled pine tree—

And angry—angry most of all
  For that brave bridge of gold!
With deep-mouthed shout they hurtled down
  To tear it from its hold—

The girders shrieked, the cables strained
  And shuddered at the roar—
Yet, when the winds had passed, the bridge
  Held firmly as before!

Still fairy-like and frail it shone
  Against the sunset's glow—
But one, the builder of the bridge,
  Lay silent, far below!

The Mother

LAST night he lay within my arm
  So small, so warm, a mystery
  To which God only held the key—
But mine to keep from fear and harm!

Ah! He was all my own, last night,
  With soft, persuasive, baby eyes,
  So wondering and yet so wise,
And hands that held my finger tight.

Why was it that he could not stay—
  Too rare a gift? Yet who could hold
  A treasure with securer fold
Than I, to whom love taught the way?

As with a flood of golden light
  The first sun tipped earth's golden rim,
  So all my world grew bright with him
And with his going fell the night—

O God, is there an angel arm
  More strong, more tender than the rest?
  Lay Thou my baby on his breast,
To keep him safe from fear and harm!

L. M. Montgomery

THOSE familiar with Miss Montgomery's work as novelist are not surprised that she has also written a volume of poetry. One with her joyous outlook on life, vivid imagination, instinct for words and facility in expression, could not help being a poet. More than that, she has lived nearly all her life in Prince Edward Island, where the fairies are said to live. In truth, Miss Montgomery was a poet long before she began to write prose; indeed, it is doubtful if she has ever been anything else, for Anne Shirley is essentially a creature of sentiment, of imagination, and of those qualities of heart and brain which are the products of the poetic mind. Her verse is quite as perfect as her prose, though without its human touch; and her lyrics, especially those dealing with the smiling aspects of her native province, its fragrant fields of red earth and the 'blue sea coming up on every side,' are of rare quality, delicate, lilting and full of music.

—E. J. Hathaway, in 1916.

IT was in the Fall of 1908 that the editor of this volume read *Anne of Green Gables,* by a new author, L. M. Montgomery. The first edition was just out. The book provided a fresh delight, for Anne had a new and indescribable charm, and it seemed to him that the book must sell in tens of thousands. It has sold in hundreds of thousands, and its immediate successor, *Anne of Avonlea,* 1909, has had almost as phenomenal a sale. Few, however, have known that this portrayer and interpreter of life in her native island, is a writer of verse of good quality, particularly the poems that picture the sea and the sturdy, ardent fisher folk.

Lucy Maud Montgomery was born at Clifton, Prince Edward Island, but lived from her infancy in Cavendish, of the same province. Her father was Hugh John Montgomery, of Park Corner, P.E.I., a son of the Hon. Donald Montgomery, 'Senator,' and her mother, Clara Woolner Macneill, of Cavendish, a great-granddaughter of the Hon. William Macneill, 'Speaker.' Hector Macneill, the minor Scottish poet, author of the popular lyrics, 'I Lo'ed Ne'er a Laddie but Ane,' 'Saw Ye My Wee Thing,' and 'Come Under My Plaidie,' was a first cousin of her great-great-grandfather.

Until sixteen years of age, she attended the 'district school' in Cavendish, and then went to Prince of Wales College, Charlottetown, for a year, taking the course for a First-Class Teacher's License. Later, she attended for one winter, Dalhousie College, Halifax, taking special courses in English and in languages.

To supply the eager demand, 11 other books have followed the first two: *Kilmeny of the Orchard,* 1910; *The Story Girl,* 1911; *Chronicles of Avonlea,* 1912; *The Golden Road,* 1913; *Anne of the Island,* 1915; *The Watchman and Other Poems,* 1916; *Anne's House of Dreams,* 1918; *Rainbow Valley,* 1920; *Rilla of Ingleside,* 1921; *Emily of New Moon,* 1923; and *Emily Climbs,* 1925; *Blue Castle,* 1926.

In 1911, Miss Montgomery was married to the Rev. Ewan Macdonald, Presbyterian Minister at Leaskdale, Ontario, and is the mother of two sons.

After reading her first book, Mark Twain in a letter to a friend wrote: *Anne of Green Gables is the sweetest creation of child life yet written.*

When the Dark Comes Down

WHEN the dark comes down, oh, the wind is on the sea
With lisping laugh and whimper to the red reef's threnody,
The boats are sailing homeward now across the harbour bar
With many a jest and many a shout from fishing grounds afar.
So furl your sails and take your rest,
Ye fisher folk so brown,
For task and quest are ended when the dark comes down.

When the dark comes down, oh, the landward valleys fill
Like brimming cups of purple, and on every landmark hill
There shines a star of twilight that is watching evermore
The low, dim-lighted meadows by the long, dim-lighted shore,
For there, where vagrant daisies weave the grass a silver crown,
The lads and lassies wander when the dark comes down.

When the dark comes down, oh, the children fall asleep,
And mothers in the fisher huts their happy vigils keep;
There's music in the song they sing and music on the sea,
The loving, lingering echoes of the twilight's litany,
For toil has folded hands to dream, and care has ceased to frown,
And every wave's a lyric when the dark comes down.

Sunrise Along Shore

ATHWART the harbour lingers yet
The ashen gleam of breaking day,
And where the guardian cliffs are set
The noiseless shadows steal away;
But all the winnowed eastern sky
Is flushed with many a tender hue,
And spears of light are smiting through
The ranks where huddled sea-mists fly.

Across the ocean, wan and gray,
Gay fleets of golden ripples come,
For at the birth hour of the day
The roistering, wayward winds are dumb.

The rocks that stretch to meet the tide
Are smitten with a ruddy glow,
And faint reflections come and go
Where fishing boats at anchor ride.

All life leaps out to greet the light—
The shining sea-gulls dive and soar,
The swallows wheel in dizzy flight,
And sandpeeps flit along the shore.
From every purple landward hill
The banners of the morning fly,
But on the headlands, dim and high,
The fishing hamlets slumber still.

One boat alone beyond the bar
Is sailing outward blithe and free,
To carry sturdy hearts afar
Across those wastes of sparkling sea,
Staunchly to seek what may be won
From out the treasures of the deep,
To toil for those at home who sleep
And be the first to greet the sun.

Off to the Fishing Ground

THERE'S a piping wind from a sunrise shore
Blowing over a silver sea,
There's a joyous voice in the lapsing tide
That calls enticingly;
The mist of dawn has taken flight
To the dim horizon's bound,
And with wide sails set and eager hearts
We're off to the fishing ground.

Ho, comrades mine, how that brave wind sings
Like a great sea-harp afar!
We whistle its wild notes back to it
As we cross the harbour bar.
Behind us there are the homes we love
And hearts that are fond and true,
And before us beckons a strong young day
On leagues of glorious blue.

Comrades, a song as the fleet goes out,
A song of the orient sea,
We are the heirs of its tingling strife,
Its courage and liberty!
Sing as the white sails cream and fill,
And the foam in our wake is long,
Sing till the headlands black and grim
Echo us back our song!

Oh, 'tis a glad and heartsome thing
To wake ere the night be done
And steer the course that our fathers steered
In the path of the rising sun.
The wind and welkin and wave are ours
Wherever our bourne is found,
And we envy no landsman his dream and sleep
When we're off to the fishing ground!

The Old Man's Grave

MAKE it where the winds may sweep
Through the pine boughs soft and deep,
And the murmur of the sea
Come across the orient lea,
And the falling raindrops sing
Gently to his slumbering.

Make it where the meadows wide
Greenly lie on every side,
Harvest fields he reaped and trod,
Westering slopes of clover sod,
Orchard lands where bloom and blow
Trees he planted long ago.

Make it where the starshine dim
May be always close to him,
And the sunrise glory spread
Lavishly around his bed,
And the dewy grasses creep
Tenderly above his sleep.

Since these things to him were dear
Through full many a well-spent year,
It is surely meet their grace
Should be on his resting-place,
And the murmur of the sea
Be his dirge eternally.

The Old Home Calls

COME back to me, little dancing feet that roam the wide world o'er,
I long for the lilt of your flying steps in my silent rooms once more;
Come back to me, little voices gay with laughter and with song,
Come back, little hearts beating high with hopes, I have missed and mourned you long.

My roses bloom in my garden walks all sweet and wet with the dew,
My lights shine down on the long hill road the waning twilights through,
The swallows flutter about my eaves as in the years of old,
And close about me their steadfast arms the lisping pine trees fold.

But I weary for you at morn and eve, O children of my love,
Come back to me from your pilgrim ways, from the seas and plains ye rove,
Come over the meadows and up the lane to my door set open wide,
And sit ye down where the red light shines from my welcoming fire-side.

I keep for you all your childhood dreams, your gladness and delights,
The joy of days in the sun and rain, the sleep of care-free nights;
All the sweet faiths ye have lost and sought again shall be your own,
Darlings, come to my empty heart— I am old and still and alone!

Albert Durrant Watson

IT is to rededication to an aim higher than self that Albert Durrant Watson's poems, like Whitman's, sound like a trumpet call, in the period when Canada needs that call most. I shall not be pessimist enough to add that like Whitman, he may have to wait fifty years for national recognition. Abroad, he is already recognized as one of the most noted messengers Canada has yet produced among her literary stars. Whether Canada will recognize his greatness as quickly as readers in England and the United States remains to be seen. But to recognition Dr Watson is supremely indifferent. He sings because he must sing—because he has a great message to deliver, because he is one of the torch-bearers to light the World-Soul passing through the dark that ever precedes the dawn. . . Something has entered Canadian literature ranking with the sublimity of an Emerson or a Whitman. . . The lyrics, sonnets, fugitive arias, these would rank the poet high; but the epics are deep seas where strong swimmers must use their brains,—or drown.—Agnes C. Laut in 'Christian Guardian.'

ALBERT DURRANT WATSON, M.D., L.R.C.P. (Edin.) was born in Dixie, county of Peel, Ontario, January 8th, 1859,—the youngest son of the late William Youle and Mary A. (Aldred) Watson. His maternal grandfather fought in Wellington's cavalry in the Peninsula and at Waterloo.

Dr Watson was educated at the Toronto Normal School, and at Victoria and Edinburgh Universities, and for nearly forty years has practised his profession in the city of Toronto. During this period, he has found time also for much public service in connection with important official positions. He is an Ex-President of the Royal Astronomical Society of Canada.

In September, 1885, he was married to Sarah, a daughter of the late Samuel Clare, of Toronto. Mrs Watson is interested in sculpture and has developed artistically in clay-modelling.

The following are Dr Watson's published works: *The Sovereignty of Ideals,* (1903); *The Sovereignty of Character: Lessons from the Life of Jesus,* (1906); *The Wing of the Wild Bird,* (1908); *Love and the Universe, the Immortals and Other Poems,* (1913); *Heart of the Hills,* (1917); *Three Comrades of Jesus,* (1919); *The Dream of God,* (1922); *Robert Norwood* ('Makers of Canadian Literature' Series, 1923); *Woman: A Poem,* (1923); *Mediums and Mystics,* in collaboration with Margaret Lawrence, (1923); and *The Poetical Works of Albert Durrant Watson,* (1924).

His *Hymn for Canada,* written in 1915 for the melody, 'O Canada,' together with five other selections from his sacred poems, are included in the Methodist Hymnal. *Hymn for Canada* is also in the Presbyterian Hymnal, and was translated and included in the Ukrainian Hymnal. . . Two of his prose works, *The Sovereignty of Character* and *Three Comrades of Jesus* have been re-published in London, England, where they received no words from the critics, other than praise. . . Recognition as an outstanding poet with a big message for humanity has come to Watson slowly, but it has come and his fame will steadily widen its boundaries. . . Dr and Mrs Watson have three sons and two daughters, and numerous grandchildren. . . Died unexpectedly May 3, 1926, after above was put in type.

Hymn for Canada

(*Tune: O Canada*)

LORD of the lands, beneath Thy bending skies,
On field and flood, where'er our banner flies,
Thy people lift their hearts to Thee,
Their grateful voices raise;
May our Dominion ever be
A temple to Thy praise.
Thy will alone let all enthrone;
Lord of the lands, make Canada Thine own!

Almighty Love, by Thy mysterious power,
In wisdom guide, with faith and freedom dower;
Be ours a nation evermore
That no oppression blights,
Where justice rules from shore to shore,
From Lakes to Northern Lights.
May Love alone for wrong atone;
Lord of the lands, make Canada Thine own!

Lord of the worlds, with strong eternal hand,
Hold us in honour, truth and self-command;
The loyal heart, the constant mind,
The courage to be true,
Our wide-extending empire bind,
And all the earth renew.
Thy name be known through every zone;
Lord of the worlds, make all the lands Thine own!

Beauty Everywhere

(*From 'To Worlds more Wide.'*)

IN mount or vale, throughout the changeful year,
From all the by-ways of the world, I peer
Into the secret places where they wind
Almost beyond the utmost reach of mind,
And beauty, beauty everywhere I find.

'O why,' I asked, 'doth Nature in such wealth
Lavish her jewels, hide them as by stealth,
The wondrous treasures of her artist soul
In opulence outpour, and o'er the whole
Great wilderness of worlds her splendours roll?'

From jungles, only to the wild things known,
From waste karroo, from forest deep and lone,
From icy north, and from each starry flame
That looks into the ocean's mirror frame,
One clear and universal answer came:

'The Soul of All is beautiful; then why
Should Nature anywhere in earth or sky
Fall from her high estate? If it should be
One wild flamingo by an unknown sea
Found God unbeautiful, no God were He!'

Twenty

JUST twenty years to-day!
But are you not that flower
That in the lotus valley grew
And only Theban maidens knew
The heaven-secluded bower?

Just twenty years to-day!
And yet I seem to hear
In gilded courts of Babylon,
In Heliopolis and On,
A thousand voices clear

Acclaim your cavalcade
That down the Tigris veers;
With young Semiramis beside,
You stately dromedaries ride
Down avenues of years.

Palmyra's jewelled light
Shone o'er your desert roads;
Atlantis in her coral arms
Held you, a child of many charms,
In her wave-swept abodes.

Dear dream-child of the past,
Joy of the years that lay
Their sleeping forms beneath the strife,
Deep-buried in the crypts of life,
Your twenty years to-day

Are myriads of years;
Your lovelier life to mould,
The ages have their largess brought
Of glorious deed and lofty thought—
Ah, you are very old.

And you will pour the urge
Of all that earlier strife
With its incalculable cost,
Its victories won, its battles lost,
Into the stream of life.

Breeze and Billow

A FAIR blue sky,
A far blue sea,
Breeze o'er the billows blowing!
The deeps of night o'er the waters free
With mute appeal to the soul of me
In billows and breezes flowing;

The stars that watch
While sunbeams sleep,
Breeze o'er the billows blowing!
The soft-winged zephyrs that move the deep
And rocky barque in a dreamy sweep;
The moonlight softly glowing;

The glint of wave,
The gleam of star,
Breeze o'er the billows blowing!
The surf-line cadence on beach and bar,
The voice of nature near and far,
The night into morning growing,

And I afloat
With canvas free,
Breeze o'er the billows blowing!
At one with the heart of eternity,
The fair blue sky and the far blue sea,
And the breeze o'er the billows blowing.

The Crow

A SPLASH of darkness on the face of day
Spilled out of night when tips her bowl of dreams,
Your sombre iridescent plumage gleams
With shimmering beauty in the sun's bright ray.
With subtle alchemy dissolved the night
And out of sheer invisibility
Extracted all its essence, setting free
One jet of ebon in expansive flight?

Your voice, though man with poor appraisement mock,
To all the brooding silences is known;
The tempest swings you in its thunder-zone,
Your heart at rest amid the storm's wild shock.
I hear you cawing in the quiet morn
Among the hills and in the fields of corn.

Song of the Storm

WHEN the charge of the passionate gale beats the billows to foam,
And the shores feel the lash of the sea, white-surging and wild;
When the silent stars are hidden in tents of home,
And the patient birds, from their nests are storm-exiled;

There's a mighty song in the world's great heart;
There's a fury of joy in its lifted soul,
When cloud kisses cloud with the lightning's dart,
Sky answering sky in the thunder's roll;

In the star-glistening night, in the green of the sod,
In the smile of the dawn or the blue above,
The wonder that sings in the world is God,
And the flame in its heart is Love.

A Colonial Song

WHEN toils are ended and the task complete
The dream is still at dawn. The star of hope
Fades from the sky, but up the patient slope
Of strenuous deed, new suns the shadows meet.

This is the land our faith so often saw,
And this the hour that all the past fulfils;
Shall we not look beyond the trackless hills
To newer fields of harmony and law?

The dream come true is but one pale blue star
  In life's unmeasured deeps. The victory won,
  The joy of goals achieved, of tasks well done,
Is lost forever if we see afar
  No worthier goal, no higher, clearer light
  Beyond the shadows of the deepest night.

God and Man

GOD is eternity, the sky, the sea,
  The consciousness of universal space,
The source of energy and living grace,
Of life and light, of love and destiny.
God is that deep, ethereal ocean, free,
Whose billows keep their wide unbarriered place
Amid the stars that move before His face
In robes of hurricane and harmony.

A light that twinkles in a distant star,
  A wave of ocean surging on the shore,
  One substance with the sea; a wing to soar
Forever onward to the peaks afar;
  A soul to love, a mind to learn God's plan,
  A child of the eternal—such is man.

Kepler

OTHOU whose ancient, all-disclosing light
  Brooded above the dark, primeval deep
When first the firmament was fixt to keep
The waters from the waters; with new sight,
I trace the ample courses of Thy might
Along its sunlit pathways through the steep
Abyss of heaven where distant planets sweep,
And hear the music of the spheréd night.

Lo, I have found the wondrous three-fold law
That swings the balanced worlds. I stand in awe
Of mine own vision, conscious of its worth,

While motion gives emotion larger birth,
Nor fret for recognition; I can wait
As patient as the ages, calm as fate.

Under the Open Sky

UNDER the open sky, its myriad star-points gleaming,
The gibbous moon swings up from the eastern hills,
The pine-tree moans as the breeze sweeps through its Æolian heart.
I listen intent to the music and find the music within me;
I gaze on the white, silent moon—its light is within my soul;
The stars, too, shine out of the vast reaches of my own consciousness.
The open heavens are too small to contain me; I contain them.
I crowd them all into the merest corner of my soul
And sometimes forget they are there.

Listen

A SEAT on the Cassiopeian stars,
A quill from the Eagle's wing;
Papyrus gleaned from the fens of Mars
With ink of darkness and leave to sing:

I would set my song to a larger theme
Than shepherds blow from the reeds of Pan;
I would croon to the beat
Of the Centaur's feet
In tracks where the hounds of Boötes ran;

For I should listen across the night,
And hear the tones of that mightier word
That sings in a far intenser light
The strains of a deep eternal chord.

Priest and Pagan

HE deemed his task a solemn one,
And kneeled in sombre garb to pray;
Made much of symbols, ancient rites,
Of holy book and sacred day.

I on the grass beneath the pine—
  A pagan to my finger tips,
Accounting every flower divine,
  Breathed incense from its petal lips.

And God, in His almighty love,
  Knowing our need, and nothing loath,
Leaned kindly from His heavens above
  And poured His blessing on us both.

Galileo

A STRANGE misapprehension 'tis—and yet
Small wonder in a world of sense—that all
That moves with us seems motionless, while all
Apart from us appears processional.
The common mind thinks all beneath is fixed,
Deems all above a flux, while the unseen
Seems negligible, evanescent, aye,
Unpractical.
  Quest of reality
Means progress, but discoverers disturb
Opinions and to all appearances
Unprop the world. When truth invincible
Bears down into an ocean of wrong thought
And all the fixed conviction of the past
Is staggered, jolted, dislocated, found
Dissolved, it is small wonder if the priests
Would kill the prophets, thinking thus to stem
The rivers of inrushing light.
  Arouse
The wonder in the soul that all may know
How this green hanging-garden of a world
Is swinging on through space upheld by law,
Or—what you will—a hand, a heart, a God
Who holds His star-dominions up and bears
Them on through the ethereal deep! but if
Upon a cross of prejudice you nail
This wonder, when a thousand years have passed
Men will, as now, be ignorant and blind
Assuming still that all that is unseen
Is nought.

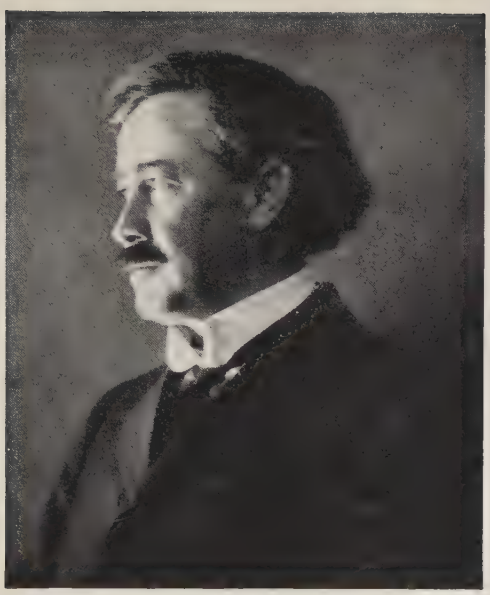
Here stop and think, What if the laws
That move the pendulum, the meteorite,
The star, are but one law, which neither I
Have found, nor Kepler, nor Copernicus!
They both are dead, and I am old. These eyes,
That saw so much ne'er seen before, are blind.
These ears are deaf that suffered not the lips
To speak until I heard God's voice. This form
Is vexed with twinge and disability.
But soon a greater Kepler may arise,
A new Copernicus, to bind, with one
Great law, the atom to the star, and find
One order of majestic harmony
Throughout the universe.

No falsity
Can choke the Truth; no prejudice can dim
The white light of the Law. A fact when found
And firm-establisht by experiment
Can have no sudden revocation. Who
Shall countermand a fast-entrenchèd law?
No prestige of authority can save
A lie, though forced from Galileo's lips
By fire, amid the drift of winnowing light
That sifts the truth as on the wind-swept hills.
The formulæ of men, by councils sealed,
Must by experience be signatured,
For only thus the authenticity
Of God's own word is known.

Now must I rest,
So sore I feel the burden of the years.
My force is spent. Lend me your strength, I pray,
And lead me to my couch.

One Consciousness

ONE consciousness is all that is or evermore can be;
Are not the billows of the world one all-embracing sea?
With the Eternal I am one and only thus am free.
I rise superior to fate; I challenge fear, I forfeit ease;
I stand heroic and elate, and strong amid the eternities.



Peter McArthur

NO one who turns over the pages of 'The Prodigal and Other Poems,' or who reads his other printed work, can fail to recognize that Mr McArthur is the possessor of a genuine lyrical voice. . . Perhaps the first thing that strikes the reader of his poetry—and his prose as well, for the matter of that—is that it possesses that rare enough quality, —zest. Mr. McArthur is no mere æsthete, no lackadaisical dilettante, but is alive to his finger tips; and all his writings fairly tingle with life. The next thing one perceives is that a strong human feeling runs through his work. Mr McArthur is above all things else a human being, and a lover of all things human. But he loves nature, too, and manages to get very close to her: we can fairly smell the good brown earth in every out-of-doors poem of his. Naturalness is another of his qualities. He is ever himself: affectation of all kinds is anathema to him. His work is marked also by a lambent, playful humour, which, however, can become sardonic enough when occasion requires.—R. H. Hathaway, 1916.

BEFORE his lamented death, Oct. 28, 1924, Peter McArthur had become one of the most prominent and successful of Canadian literary men. His 'syndicate' articles pertaining to farm life, which appeared in the Toronto *Globe* and other journals, and which were redolent of humour and wisdom, attracted wide attention. Indeed he did more than any other writer of his day and generation, to attract attention back to the farm and to popularize its various pursuits.

His parents were the late Peter and Catherine (McLennan) McArthur, natives of Scotland. He was born at Ekfrid, in the county of Middlesex, Ontario, March 10th, 1866. After he had attended the local public school and worked on his father's farm, until twenty years of age, his higher education was received at the Strathroy Collegiate Institute, and at University College, Toronto. For a short period, he taught in a public school. In 1889, he entered Journalism as a member of the staff of the Toronto *Mail*, and later contributed to *Grip, Detroit Free Press, Saturday Night, New York Sun, Puck, Judge, Life, Harper's Monthly, Atlantic Monthly, Century*, etc. In 1890, he moved to New York. In March, 1895, he became assistant editor of *Truth*, and in the following August, editor-in-chief and art manager. A month later, he was married to Mabel C. Waters, of Niagara Falls, Ontario.

During the years, 1902-4, Mr McArthur lived in London, England, and contributed to *Punch* and to the *Review of Reviews*. He then returned to New York, and for four years was a member of the firm of 'McArthur and Ryder,' commercial publishers. In 1908, he returned to the old home farm, and continued there as farmer and as writer until his fatal illness.

His chief book publications are: *To be Taken With Salt: an Essay on Teaching one's Grandmother to Suck Eggs*, 1903; *The Prodigal and Other Poems*, 1907; *In Pastures Green*, 1915; *The Red Cow and Her Friends*, 1916; *The Affable Stranger*, 1920. . . *Peter McArthur*, by William Arthur Deacon, was published in 1924, in the *Makers of Canadian Literature* series. . . Mrs McArthur, four sons and one daughter survive him.

Corn-Planting

THE earth is awake and the birds have come,
There is life in the beat of the breeze,
And the basswood tops are alive with the hum
And the flash of the hungry bees;

The frogs in the swale in concert croak,
And the glow of the spring is here,
When the bursting leaves on the rough old oak
Are as big as a red squirrel's ear.

From the ridge-pole dry the corn we pluck,
Ears ripe and yellow and sound,
That were saved apart with the red for luck,
The best that the huskers found;
We will shell them now, for the Indian folk
Say, 'Plant your corn without fear
When the bursting leaves on the rough old oak
Are as big as a red squirrel's ear.'

No crow will pull and no frost will blight,
Nor grub cut the tender sprout,
No rust will burn and no leaves turn white,
But the stalks will be tall and stout;
And never a weed will have power to choke,
Or blasting wind to sear,
The corn that we plant when the leaves of the oak
Are as big as a red squirrel's ear.

To the Birds

HOW dare you sing such cheerful notes?
You show a woful lack of taste;
How dare you pour from happy throats
Such merry songs with raptured haste,
While all our poets wail and weep,
And readers sob themselves to sleep?

'Tis clear to me, you've never read
The turgid tomes that Ibsen writes,
Or mourned with Tolstoi virtue dead,
Nor over Howells pored o' nights;

For you are glad with all your power;
For shame! Go study Schopenhauer.

You never sing save when you feel
The ecstasy of thoughtless joy;
All silent through the boughs you steal
When storms or fears or pains annoy;
With bards 'tis quite a different thing,
The more they ache the more they sing.

All happiness they sadly shirk,
And from all pleasure hold aloof,
And are so tearful when they work
They write on paper waterproof,
And on each page express a yearn
To fill a cinerary urn.

Go, little birds, it gives me pain
To hear your happy melodies!
My plaudits you can never gain
With old and worn-out tunes like these;
More up-to-date your songs must be
Ere you can merit praise from me.

An Indian Wind Song

THE wolf of the winter wind is swift,
And hearts are still and cheeks are pale,
When we hear his howl in the ghostly drift
As he rushes past on a phantom trail;
And all the night we huddle and fear,
For we know that his path is the path of Death,
And the flames burn low, when his steps are near,
And the dim hut reeks with his grave-cold breath.

The fawn of the wind of the spring is shy,
Her light feet rustle the sere, white grass,
The trees are roused as she races by,
In the pattering rain we hear her pass;
And the bow unstrung we cast aside,
While we winnow the golden, hoarded maize,
And the earth awakes with a thrill of pride
To deck her beauty for festal days.

The hawk of the summer wind is proud,
She circles high at the throne of the sun;
When the storm is fierce her scream is loud,
And the scorching glance of her eye we shun;
And oftentimes, when the sun is bright,
A silence falls on the choirs of song,
And the partridge shrinks in a wild affright,
Where a searching shadow swings along.

The hound of the autumn wind is slow,
He loves to bask in the heat and sleep,
When the sun through the drowsy haze bends low,
And frosts from the hills through the starlight creep;
But oftentimes he starts in his dreams,
When the howl of the winter wolf draws nigh,
Then lazily rolls in the gold-warm beams,
While the flocking birds to the south drift by.

Sugar Weather

WHEN snowballs on the horses' hoofs
And the wind from the south blows warm,
When the cattle stand where the sunbeams beat
And the noon has a dreamy charm,
When icicles crash from the dripping eaves
And the furrows peep black through the snow,
Then I hurry away to the sugar bush,
For the sap will run, I know.

With auger and axe and spile and trough
To each tree a visit I pay,
And every boy in the country-side
Is eager to help to-day.
We roll the backlogs into their place,
And the kettles between them swing,
Then gather the wood for the roaring fire
And the sap in pailfuls bring.

A fig for your arches and modern ways,
A fig for your sheet-iron pan,
I like a smoky old kettle best
And I stick to the good old plan;

We're going to make sugar and taffy to-night
On the swing pole under the tree,
And the girls and the boys for miles around
Are all sworn friends to me.

The hens are cackling again in the barn,
And the cattle beginning to bawl,
And neighbours, who long have been acting cool,
Now make a forgiving call;
For there's no love-feast like a taffy-pull,
With its hearty and sticky fun,
And I know the whole world is at peace with me,
For the sap has commenced to run.

The End of the Drought

LAST night we marked the twinkling stars,
This morn no dew revived the grass,
And oft across the parching fields
We see the dusty eddies pass;
The eager hawk forgets to swing
And scream across the burning sky,
And from the oak's slow-dying crest
Sends forth a strange and plaintive cry.

The geese on unaccustomed wings
Flap wildly in ungainly flight,
The peacock's fierce defiant scream
Scatters the fowls in wild affright,
The crows are barking in the woods
The maple leaves their silver show,
The cattle sniff the coming storm,
Then toss their heads and softly low.

And now along the hazy west
The swiftly building clouds uprear;
High overhead the winds are loud,
The thunder rolls and grumbles near;
The housewife trims the leaky eaves,
The farmer frets of lodging grain,
Till all the world, rejoicing, drinks
The long-denied, long-prayed-for rain.

William E. Marshall

TO be remembered—to have your name engraven not on some pompous marble, but in the fleshly tables of a loving heart—to have a gentle light ever burning before the inner shrine of a human memory, is the measure of fame the wise man covets. . . Here is a poem of twenty-five Spenserians celebrating with simple earnestness an unknown man, unknown even to his contemporaries. No such poem has appeared in Canada since Roberts' 'Ave!' In dignity and depth of feeling, 'Ave,' DeMille's 'Behind the Veil' and 'Brookfield' stand together—a noble trio. . . That in these noisy self-advertising days there should be men like Marshall quietly doing their duty in their narrow spheres, but reaching out to the stars through Literature and Art, makes for the nation's moral health. . . Perhaps the technique of the poem is not flawless; but its heart is right. Through it shines a faith in man and God, a love of the simple, eternal, unchanging things, and above all, the devotion of a sacred memory. These rare qualities make 'Brookfield' an event in Canadian literature.—PROF. A. M. MACMECHAN, PH.D. in the Montreal 'Standard.'

WILLIAM E. MARSHALL was born in Liverpool, Nova Scotia, April 1st, 1859,—the youngest of a family of three. His father was the late James Noble Shannon Marshall, and his mother, Adelaide Amelia Allison. He was educated at the County Academy, and at Mt. Allison Collegiate Academy, Sackville, New Brunswick. In September, 1876, he entered his father's law office, as an articled student, and in January, 1881, was admitted to the Bar. For the ensuing years he practised law, chiefly at Bridgewater, Nova Scotia, until appointed in March, 1898, Registrar of Deeds for Lunenburg District.

Mr Marshall was married in Liverpool, N.S., the 27th of December, 1883, to Margaret Jane Bingay Campbell, the third daughter of Archibald John Campbell and his wife, Sarah Budd Moody.*

A collection of his poems, *A book of Verse,* was published in 1909; and *Brookfield and Other Poems* in 1919.

'Brookfield,' the poem that brought this author extended fame, was first published in the April number of the University Magazine, Montreal, 1914. It is unquestionably a threnody of rare excellence—beautiful, noble, sweet. It was inspired by Marshall's love of his friend, Robert R. McLeod, a Nova Scotian graduate of Harvard University, in Divinity, who died in 1909. In a letter to Dr Andrew McPhail, editor of the University Magazine, he said of him:

> As to what the man himself really was, and what he accomplished along the way, besides getting a living—He was first and always a Minister of the tidings of God revealed to him in the ways of nature and freedom of thought. To me he was an interpreter of the truth and beauty of Life, a teacher who sought to save souls alive, a power for good and an example of greatness unto the people. His delightful 'Nature Studies,' his symphony of prose and poetry in 'Pinehurst,' 'Markland,' and his other multifarious writings, have enlarged Nova Scotia. Personally, he was very kind and helpful to me: many radiant days and nights I spent with him and his family in their idyllic Brookfield home. And that my love is more than Art I know full well. . .

The explanatory notes accompanying the poem were supplied by the author. . . Marshall died, May 23, 1923. His wife, a son and a daughter survive him.

Brookfield

R. R. M.

NOW hath a wonder lit the saddened eyes
Long misted by a grievous winter clime;
And now the dull heart leaps with love's surprise,
And sings its joy. For 'tis the happy time;
And all the brooding earth is full of chime;
And all the hosts of sleepers under ground
Have burst out suddenly in glorious prime;
And all the airy spirits now have found
Their wonted shrines with life and love entwinèd 'round.

And now I no more sorrow for the dead,
The friend I love hath pain of death no more,
He hath mortality forever shed,
He is of happiness the spirit's core.
And my heart's memory brims, yea, runneth o'er,
With lavish bounty of his teeming worth;
(What times he did his garnered wealth outpour,
In wisdom's word and deed and pleasure's mirth)
Wherefore my soul hath joy in life's great freedom-birth.

And so, I mount the richest sunset hill,
Singing the wandering echo of a fame
That shall forever have its roaming will
In love-awakened hearts where dwells the name
Of him whose genius, burning to high flame,
Was reared within these woods with spark divine.
Brookfield! Thy beauty slept, until he came
To wake thee up to visions that were thine
Hadst thou but dreamed what lay beyond the rule and line.

Hadst thou but dreamed! Ah, dreamers 'neath the blue
Of day, the dreamers in the starry night,
Pillowed on stone and kissed by sun and dew!
On ye, the ardours of the Infinite
Descend in wingèd raptures, and the light
Of Heav'n stirreth to bliss each mortal pain,
Wide opening dreaming eyes in spirit sight!—
Alas! how many waken up again,
Singing their ecstacy unto the wind and rain.

Behold, one cometh in the spirit now!—*

*McPherson

A wraith of tender, melancholy song—
The once familiar friend of bird, and bough,
And flower, and brook, and meadow. Not for long
He wandered with the meagre, vagrant throng
Of shepherds piping in the early day.
Death mocked his young heart-ease; and soon among
Forgotten things a woeful shepherd lay:
And soon the melody grew faint and died away.

On yonder hill, close to a great high road,
Made by the pioneers from sea to sea,
The Poet lay, unheeded;—and the load
Upon his broken heart sank heavily
With cattle's tread, and withered grew the tree
That bent o'er him, and dwindled to a path
The great highway that was so wide and free;—
Only a chance-hewn stone of poorest worth
Clung like a widowed love to his dead, buried earth.

We know his fellow-shepherds cried to Heaven,
And thrilled the winds with their melodious loss;
And doubtless, some late-straying sheep were driven,
By that rude, wailing music's urge, to cross
The moonlit stream and crop the golden moss;
And evermore were changed from sheep to man,
And evermore cared not for worldly dross,
And evermore heard call of Spring, and ran
Into the joyous woods to follow after Pan.

And He, our freedom's guide, our Spirit's friend,
Had more than loving word for that lone grave,
Where homing neighbour never came to lend
It presence. His warm heart was moved to save,
From utter, last neglect, a name that gave
The grace of life in songs now little read,
Since other ease of heart we most do crave.
Dear Friend! Whose love our weak remembrance fed,
Thou gav'st our silent bard a home among the dead.*

Among the mounds of love—no more alone—
With charity of marble at his head,
And, clinging to his feet, that poor, chance stone,

*McLeod collected money and had McPherson's remains transferred to North Brookfield churchyard, and a monument erected.

Now, in the churchyard, rests the long lost dead.
What though his coming was unheralded
With pomp and praise, he hath his meed of earth;
And on his grave the flowers he loved are spread,
And many a kindly eye will read his worth,
And sometimes there the heart of love be pourèd forth.

Lo! now, another comes to swell the praise:†
He bringeth far-off memory of the sea,
And of the pathless woods' alluring maze,
And of the ringing ax, and crashing tree,
And first log hut, and brush fire setting free
The age-imprisoned soil to ease the needs
That crown the pioneer's hard destiny.
Haply, the warring world no braver breeds,
Than he who turns a forest into waving meads.

Yet still we sing: *Saul hath his thousands slain,*
And David tens of thousands! As of old
We make great holiday of bloodiest gain,
And wreathe the shining victor's head with gold,
And bless his gory trophies, and unfold
Them in Love's sacred temple, and outpour
Loud gratitude to God—that didst uphold
Our hands to kill our brother man in war.
Ah! Christ is dead—and we the Roman Guard adore.

But see this happy village festival,‡
Where all the country folk are gathered round
Responsive to the clear, vibrating call
Of one uplifted voice,—whose echoes sound
Above the hill-tops now. This toil-won ground
Is holy; here the burning bush flamed high
One hundred years ago, when faith was crowned
In the first settler's log hut built near by,
And love, in that rude home, was blessed with children's cry.

Not that the Venturer grew rich or great,
Or seemed a hero or was honoured more
By those who followed him to conquer fate

†William Burke, first settler in Brookfield.

‡The Burke Centennial Festival, the proceeds of which we used for a Burke monument of red granite. McLeod was the originator and had charge of all these proceedings.

In the far wildnerness; nor that he bore
Himself as one who paid for other's score;
But that among the forest immigrants,
He was the first life-bringer to explore
These hills, where the shy Indian had his haunts,
And prove the settler's worth, beyond the body's wants.

And it was well the body's wants were few,
To those who made the homes here—day by day
Toiling and sweating while they hacked and slew
The forest, burned the brush, and cleared away
For garden patch and grain, and flax and hay,—
But ah! the wives in rudest suffering strong!
Little of rest there was for such as they,
Little save care, ev'n in the baby song
They crooned, in the midst of work for all the household throng.

And yet they were not sad—these pioneers:
(Tales have been told of humour all their own,
And of their wit that crackled unawares,
And of their sturdy way, and look, and tone,
And high assurance when their work was done.)
Surely, for them, the thrush at evening sang,
The Pleiades and great Orion shone,
And the life-giving sun in splendour sprang,
And the glad harvest moon her golden lamp did hang.

Long years ago, they went to take their rest
Beneath the spreading trees on yonder hill—
The field they cleared for use at God's behest,
And where the quiet tenants of his will
And undisturbed of any joy or ill.
And here and there, white stones with carven name
Tell who lies covered up, forever still:
But the First Settler has a shaft of flame
Reared by the villagers unto his worth and fame.

Since then the years have flown, flown like the wind
That passeth o'er this hill, laden with life.
This is the hill where I was sure to find
My friend in days of old. Here, I am rife
In freedom—not from the surcease of strife

Of God with man (Lord, Lord, cease not with me!)
But from the bloodless Fate with hidden knife,
Shearing the heart aspiring to be free
Of lust and greed and self, whate'er the prize may be.

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills,
Whence cometh help! My help is in the Lord!
Behold, O man, what is it that He wills
Of thee! But to do justice in accord,
And to love mercy better than the sword,
And to walk humbly in the sight of Him:
Thus, is the olden vision still outpoured
Upon the hills, for all whose eyes are dim
With seeking in the places where the bale-fires swim.

Thus, am I in the spirit with my friend,
Here in the village which he glorified;
And unto which his heart would always wend,—
Impatient of the world of human tide—
When Spring began to call him to her side
With robin's song and the arbutus trail,
And all the lure of freedom undenied,
And all the wistful life of hill and dale,
And river, lake, and stream, and love that would not fail.

And as he roamed the shores and woods and clears,—
Seeking, for aye, the bloom of yesterdays—
The mayflowers smiled and lent their sweetest airs,
And violets curtsied from the road-side ways;
The red-veined slippers of the elves and fays
Were hanging near the rose and eglantine,
And mystic trilliums still did heavenward gaze;
The blue flags waved, and lilies gan to shine;
The golden-rods and asters thronged the steep incline.

And something of that bloom was shown for me,
One eager day, when the Rhodora flamed
Her leafless beauty on us suddenly
Down in an old-time pasture road, and claimed
A first love's privilege, and was not shamed:
My friend had fondest greeting for the flower,
And gentlest love-speech ever poet framed;*

*This actually occurred. McLeod recited *Rhodora*.

And all my vagrant heart was stayed, with power
Of love I never knew, until I shared his dower.

Ah, he was richly dowered of the earth!
The grain of sand, the daisy in the sod,
Awoke his heart; and early he went forth,
Through field and wood, with young eyes all abroad;
And saw the nesting birds, and beck and nod
Of little creatures running wild and free,
Which know not that they know, yet are of God!
And kept his youth, and grew in sympathy,
And loved his fellows more, and had love's victory.

To such as heard, he was an answerer
Of things that lay outside the rule and line.
To those who loved, the follower of a star
That led him on and on with heavenly sign,
And lit his soul, and made his utterance shine;
So he went forth to many in his day:
And when he passed beyond at Sun's decline,
Some who had never seen him caught the ray;
And some came then to praise who could have cheered his way.

There is the little cabin in the tree,†
Where sometimes he would go for solitude,
And ease of heart, and thoughtful reverie,
And rain upon the roof, and dreamy mood,
And light the world hath never understood.
Ah me! the door is broken now, and wide:
And yet, I feel as if it might intrude
Upon a resting soul to look inside;—
Such is the quietness and lack of earthly pride.

O Friend! who so didst joy of knowledge use,
That men look up and brighten at thy name,
And speak of genius, and put by the news
To tell some good of one death cannot claim,
Nor life require to read in sculptured fame.
The wind upon the hill hath sweetest hush;
The day is melting into tenderest flame;
And from the valley, where the waters rush,
Comes up the evensong of the lone hermit-thrush.

†McLeod built it himself, in a great pine tree back of his house.

William Douw Lighthall

WILLIAM DOUW LIGHTHALL, K.C., LL.D., F.R.S.C., F.R.S.L., of Montreal, was born in Hamilton, Upper Canada, December 27, 1857, son of William Francis Lighthall, Dean of the Notarial Profession, Montreal, and Margaret, daughter of Captain Henry Wright of Chateauguay. . . He attended McGill University and graduated 'Shakespeare gold medalist': and was called to the Quebec Bar in 1881. . . While he has risen high in his profession, his future distinction will rest more on his achievements as an author. He has published three notable works of fiction: 'The Young Seigneur' (1888), 'The False Chevalier' (1898) and 'The Master of Life' (1908). In 1891, he collected and edited 'Songs of the Great Dominion,' an anthology that had a potent influence on Canadian literary life. . . Dr Lighthall originated the Union of Canadian Municipalities, the Chateau de Ramezay Historical Museum, etc. . . He has held important official positions such as the Presidency of the Royal Society of Canada. . . His collected poems 'Old Measures' appeared in 1923. It contains the best of his poems, and their fine quality may be inferred from the two here quoted.—Editor

Commandant's Isle

(*Chief Commandant was the last Indian resident at Lac Tremblant.*)

LAST of your tribe and long departed hence,
Algonkin brave, here unto whom was given,
To close the chapter of primeval man.
Each night returning to your cedared isle
I see your fire upon the Sandy Point,—
The stick-supported pot, the shadowy lodge,
The deerskin soaking by the shore, the gleam
Of trout, the ghostly smoke, and round the glow,
The ruddy, black-haired children, turned to you
Their other sun, and you recounting lore.

What ancient legends of the wilderness!
What doomsday record of old valiant chiefs!
What explanations of some pictured rock
Or carven pine! What battles in the woods,
Centuries ago, with the Bad Iroquois!
What ghostly tales of giant windigoes,—
Cunning man-eaters, black and terrible,
Long-following, undesisting,—vanquished now,—
By sign of cross, and of man-hunger dead—
Only their shrivelled bodies here and there
Descried among gaunt trunks of blackened trees.

And then upon the glowing logs you cast
The sacred leaves, and as the incense mounts
The stories of Ewitchi you retell,
Pointing to the faint moondawn on the heights.
Full of the sense of spirit you and yours
Familiarly knew the living fays
We call the flowers, each as full of joy
As full of beauty, each with speaking voice
And hearing ear, and when its sleeptime comes
Ready to dream, and rise another spring.
To you the forests were all breathing men,

Fair women and loved children:—even the chase
A strife of cousins, preordained in rites.

You were Ewitchi's children like the rest,
Part of his ordered subjects:—all your hours
Moved with celestial dial hands, the dawn,
Noon, sunset, evening, night; the birchbark frail
Of your life sailed on beauty as a lake:
Princes you were of all to be desired.
Commandant—it was almost yesterday
Your fire glowed on the Sandy Point. To-day
Your spirit only, haunts the cedared isle.
Who is the dream? Is it ourselves or you?

Dreamland you left us. Is there chance the mist
Some morn may lift and your canoe be seen—
Gumsewn, with ochre eye upon its prow—
Forth setting to your traps in Fleurant Bay?
Or might it be your earliest ancestor?
Who first, a hundred thousand years ago
Came paddling up the wide and silent Lake
Gazing in wonder at the mighty Mount.
And to Ewitchi made his sacrifice,
And cut his birchen poles and built his lodge
And lit his fire upon the Sandy Point
As you and all your fathers since have done.

Calm rest to you, Algonkin! May your lot
Be cast in scenes as lovely as this isle
That sits above its double on the Lake,
Its greatest charm these memories of you.

The Shebear

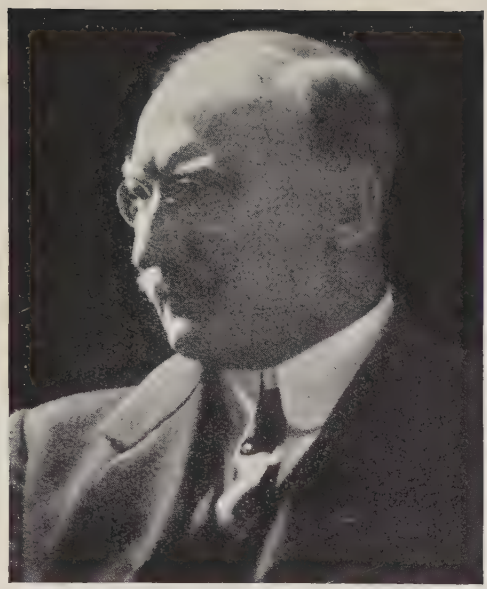
THE Shebear of the Palisades kens from her cliffside ledge:
She kens the forests far below, the great Lake's sandy edge,
She kens the capes, the piny isles, the towering misty range—
The Trembling Mountain long and dread—in every mood of change,

She breathes the rare wind sweeping from the resins of the wild
Far forests that a cobbled heel has never yet defiled;
And everywhere her soul she feasts, and evermore keeps watch
Over the Peak's aspiring crag, the fair woods of the Notch—
To few 'tis given in all the world to feast on scenes so fair—
The deer perchance that haunt the hills, the eagle and the bear.

And sometimes in the night she calls her kin upon the peak,
And sometimes croons to soothe her cubs when in affright they shriek,
And ever it is her delight to watch the dawning bloom
To ruddy splendour o'er the Trembling Mountain's haughty gloom
And see the shining mists below drift on and fading break,
While through them half the isles appear and half the burnished Lake.

And when the range in majesty stands up in noontide sun,
Her heart is filled with unknown joy; but when the day is done
And carmine lights entint the heights she gazes in her awe,
And feels as though a nobler air her glossy nostrils draw,
And when she marks, on the world's rim, the giant northern moon
And each large star that shines a path upon the Lake in June
And down into the mystic woods leads, with her tender croon,
Her children to the silent brink and where the berries wait;
What silver lights among the glooms are weft in her estate.

And later in her glorious year, the pageant meets her eyes
Of all the hillsides burst aflame with fire of Paradise,
And all the angels sing therein, and God himself descends,
And round her in her creedless faith, His heaven on earth extends.



John W. Garvin

AS a critic, Mr Garvin has no Superiority Complex. He walks reverently in the garden of beauty, and does not crush those flowers which he does not wish to choose for his own collection. He is conscious of the rarity of the genuine creative urge, and its infinite astonishment of new forms, so that no critic can be infallible of judgment. . . He is a maker of poets, searching the young writers for promise of greatness. . . His devotion to Canadian literature is impersonal, and his approval is always based on sound consideration of poetic values. . . Mr Garvin knows verse because he has put himself through that most thorough of all mental discipline, the uttering of thought in metrical form, giving life to an intangible thing, and working upon its expression with a tireless seeking for clarity and finish. . . Perhaps, one day, he will give his own poems to Canada. Meanwhile, it is a supreme contribution to our literature to have sped over the snows with a torch of artistic wonder, lifted high on enthusiasm, and swinging full, first upon one and then upon another of our sanctuaries of beauty, until faith blazed in the eyes of the watchers.—Lawrence Dare, in 'The Canadian Bookman,' September, 1925.

THE editor of this volume was born, March 19, 1859, near the village of Lynden, Wentworth county, Upper Canada, where his father owned and operated a sawmill. While in his sixth year, this sawmill was sold and another bought, with certain timber limits, at Midhurst, North Simcoe. And so he grew up at Midhurst, when most of Vespra township was forest. To roam the woods was one of his chief delights. . . For four years prior to his 21st year, he worked on his father's farms. . . His father, David Garvin, immigrated from the county of Armagh, Ireland; and his mother, née Melissa Lemon, was a native of Wentworth county, of English and United Empire Loyalist descent. . . He was educated at the Midhurst public school, the Barrie Collegiate Institute, and the University of Toronto. He is an Honour Graduate of the University, in the Department of Philosophy, and a Specialist in English of the Education Department, Ontario. . . For years he was an educator,—a Model School Principal at Welland and at Woodstock for five and a half years, and a Public School Inspector at Peterboro' for two and a half years.

In the Spring of 1897, Mr Garvin originated a new educational policy for the Conservative Party of Ontario, which provided for an Advisory Board elected by the different branches of the teaching profession, for additional Normal Schools and the abolition of Model Schools, etc. This was adopted by the leaders of the Party, and in the ensuing general election he was chosen to contest West Peterborough in the Conservative interest. . . For years Mr Garvin was engaged in financial operations, chiefly in the promotion of joint-stock companies, but is now President and Editor of The Radisson Society of Canada Limited, publishers of Canadian classics.

Besides this volume he has edited: *Collected Poems of Isabella Valancy Crawford* (1905); *Canadian Poets* (1916); *Canadian Poems of the Great War* (1918); and *Master-Works of Canadian Authors* (1924-5). To the *Makers of Canadian Literature* series, he contributed the *Charles Mair* volume.

John William Garvin is the eldest of seven brothers all of whom grew to manhood. . . In 1912 he married Miss Amelia B. Warnock (Katherine Hale) of Galt and Toronto.

Ancestral Ghosts

I SEE them all, far-linked in æons past,
Hereditary hosts,
A flaming chain of ghosts,
And my poor striving, burthened soul the last.

I hear them all, tramp-tramping up the ages,—
Strife and triumphant shout,
Strife and despairing rout—
Marching with destiny,—waging and wages.

I feel them all,—burning and fierce desires,
Strenuous stride and gain,
Blisses and biting pain—
As evolution feeds their living fires.

I know them all, the wrathful, the serene,
The honest and the brave,
The coward and the knave,
The generous-hearted many, and the mean.

I live them all,—O mystery sublime!
Ten thousand million souls in one,
Offspring supreme of Royal Sun
And lowly Mother Earth,—the heir of Time.

I love them all, and serve each spirit guest,—
Strong sires of virtue and of vice,
Sweet mothers of gracious sacrifice—
I love them all, in Hell or with the Blest.

1902

The Soul of Man Seeketh

I STAND on the rim of the world
And gaze upon infinite steeps;
My spirit leaps forth as if hurled
Afar into limitless deeps:
For I seek the Craftsman who made me,
Wherever it be that He sleeps.

I seek as I climb the ages
With ever increasing hope;

As I turn over earthen pages
And read with the microscope;
As I measure the stars of the heav'ns
And in their dim radiance grope.

I seek in the realm of spirit,
Whatever the phrase may mean;
I listen and strain to hear it,
The breathing behind the screen;
But the veil has never lifted,
The curtain that guards the Unseen.

I seek for I know not whither
The stream of this life shall flow;
I know that it brought me hither
And that it will onward go;
But shall I retain my Selfhood
In the Tidal Waves below?
1908

A Fatalist

SAD in the glooming dark,
Glad in the glowing Sun,
I watch and wait the sovereignty of Fate;
To aim at a distant mark
And shoot till the prize be won
Is but to know desire insatiate.

Whence came this driven soul
To flesh and soil unsought
To stride the earth in seeking and in strife?
Where find his final goal—
Beyond the reach of thought—
In all the vast infinitudes of life?

O idle dreamer! Thou
Who wouldst forever fare
A conscious thread within a fateful loom,
Drain every pleasure now,
Thy pain with patience bear,—
There's but Eternal Nought beyond the tomb.
1902

Arthur Stringer

IN running the entire gamut of human emotions, in his volume, 'The Woman in the Rain,' Mr Stringer takes us from the old and ever loved legends of Greece to the intensely modern figure of a city square, leading us from the sensuous beauty of the opening verses, 'The Passing of Aphrodite,' to the grim truth of the title-poem, and displaying at each step boundless sympathy, ready knowledge, serious treatment of his subject, and that philosophic aloofness not usually associated with the lyricist. He never appears to take his work lightly. He is a deep thinker, getting always to the core of things, making sure of his ground before he steps, and then planting his feet firmly, as it were, until he has made a masterstroke with his pen. . . 'Sappho in Leucadia' is perhaps the most serious and ambitious effort Mr Stringer has ever made. The drama, which embodies the conflict between the austere-minded Pittacus and the song and joy loving Sappho, is replete with sensuous movement and melody.—Florence V. Henderson, in the 'Book-News Monthly.'

ARTHUR JOHN STRINGER, poet and novelist, of Cedar Springs, Ontario, and New York, has achieved so greatly that he has become one of the most renowned and successful of our authors. He has published several books of verse, of which *The Woman in the Rain and Other Poems* (1907) and *Irish Poems* (1911) are the most notable. But his novels and short stories have had a wider vogue and a more lucrative return.

His first novel, *The Silver Poppy* (1903), a cleverly written romance of passion, brought him prominently into the limelight, and since then he has published many volumes: *The Wire Tappers, Phantom Wires, The Under Groove, The Gun Runner, The Shadow, The Hand of Peril, The Door of Dread,* the remarkable triology: *The Prairie Wife, The Prairie Mother, The Prairie Child,* and others,—all containing vital, gripping work. His royalties and the sales of serial and screen rights have brought him wealth.

Arthur Stringer was born in London, Ontario, February 26, 1874, son of Hugh Arbuthnott Stringer. Having passed through public school and collegiate institute, he attended University College, Toronto, and later, for one academic year, the University of Oxford. . . For several years he was engaged in editorial work, first, with the Montreal Herald and second with the American Press Association. . . This quotation from Arthur E. McFarlane's 'Appreciation,' in the Globe Magazine, will be of interest:

> In 1901, Mr Stringer . . threw up his editorial position and its regularity of salary together. It may be said at once that he has never had to regret such apparent rashness. . . The variety of Mr Stringer's work, during recent years, must seem at first a little bewildering. He was getting his inspirations from months of roughing it in the North-West, from cruising the West Indies in fruit steamers, from working a small but highly productive Sabine farm at Cedar Springs, on Lake Erie, and from touring southern Europe and the Mediterranean. . . Mr Stringer has given us poetry as full of beauty as a garden, and prose which affords the same delight as a rapier in the hands of a finished swordsman.

Many of Stringer's delightful Irish songs have been given charming musical settings by Gena Branscombe (Mrs. John F. Tenney of New York). . .

The Irish poems chosen are printed by permission of Mitchell Kennerley, New York.

I'll Niver Go Home Again

I'LL niver go home again,
Home to the ould sad hills,
Home through the ould soft rain,
Where the curlew calls and thrills!

For I thought to find the ould wee house,
Wid the moss along the wall!
And I thought to hear the crackle-grouse,
And the brae-birds call!

And I sez, I'll find the glad wee burn,
And the bracken in the glen,
And the fairy-thorn beyant the turn,
And the same ould men!

But the ways I'd loved and walked, avick,
Were no more home to me,
Wid their sthreets and turns av starin' brick,
And no ould face to see!

And the ould glad ways I'd helt in mind,
Loike the home av Moira Bawn,
And the ould green turns I'd dreamt to find,
They all were lost and gone!

And the white shebeen beside the leap
Where the racin' wathers swirled
And the burnin' kelp-shmoke used to creep—
'Tis now another world!

And all thrampled out long years ago
By feet I've niver seen
Are the fairy-rings that used to show
Along the low boreen!

And the bairns that romped by Tullagh Burn
Whin they saw me sthopped their play—
Through a mist av tears I tried to turn
And ghost-like creep away!

And I'll niver go home again!
Home to the ould lost years,
Home where the soft warm rain
Drifts loike the drip av tears!

Caoch O'Lynn

OCH, here I am wid arms and legs,
Wid all me thravellin's far from home!
Wid all me curlin' seas to cross
And all me clamorin' world to roam!

Wid all me jiggin', port to port,
Carousin', rovin', round the earth—
But wanst the thing's been said and done,
What's all me mad adventurin' worth?

For here lies little Caoch O'Lynn,
Who's niver fared from bed nor house;
Wid crooked leg and twisted spine,
As chirpy as a grackle-grouse!

He tells me av the thrips he takes;
The landin'-parties wanst he led,
The foreign ports so spiced and fine,
Betwixt the spindles av his bed!

He tells me av the secret thrail
That leads to some ould Castle stair
Where shleeps a Princess sad and pale
Wid half a mile av golden hair!

He tells me av Tangier and Fez,
Av Cartagena, Suakim,
And all the flashin', lashin' seas
That iver wait and wave for him!

From Chiny round to Spanish Main
He sings and thravels—in his mind—
A king of Dreams who's clean forgot
The crooked back he's left behind!

The Meeting

I'D niver seen the face av her;
And she knew naught av me.
She'd fared that day from Shela Hills,
And I'd swung in from sea.

It may have been the warm, soft night,
The soft and moitherin' moon!
It may have been the lonely streets
And the ould sea's lonely chune!

It may have all been doomed, in faith,
For many an' many a year,
That soft and mad and wishtful night
Without a laugh or tear!

She helt me face betwixt her hands
And out av wishtful eyes
For long she watched me sunburnt face
Wid wonder and surprise.

For long against her quiet breast
She helt me throubled head;
And when I kisst her shmilin' mouth,
'Ye'll ne'er come back!' she said.

And out she fared to Shela Hills,
And I swung back to sea:
But och, the ache and loneliness
That wan night left wid me!

The Old Garden

I

WHERE the dim paths wind and creep
Down past dark and ghostly lands
Lost this many a year in sleep
Still an ivied sun-dial stands.

Still about the moss-greened urns
Fall the rose-leaves ghostly white;
Still the sunset flames and burns
In the basin's ghostly light.

Still the Satyr by its rim
  Holds the marble reed he bore,
And the brazen dolphins swim
  On the fountain's broken floor.

Still afar some evening bell
  Creeps and fails, and sounds and dies,
Where the ghostly shadows dwell
  Here beneath the quiet skies.

Here within the lichened walls
  Sleeps a land forever old,
Where untroubled twilight falls
  On the casements touched with gold.

Here the quiet hours flow,
  And the years take languid breath,
Where the grasses only know
  Dusk and Silence, Sleep and Death.

II

Yet in some remembered June
  When the bird-notes ceased to ring
Down the echoing afternoon,
  Here a woman used to sing.

Once where still the roses climb
  Round her casements framed with green,
Wrapt in thought, O many a time
  From her window she would lean,

And when sun and birds were gone,
  With her cheek still in her hand,
Gazed across this shadowy lawn,
  To a dim-grown valley land,

Where a white road twined and curled
  Through black hills that barred the West,
And the unknown outer world
  Filled her with a strange unrest.

Here she wandered, brooding-eyed,
  Down each pathway fringed with box,

Where the hyacinths still hide,
  Where still flame the hollyhocks.

And across the whispering grass
  Where the ring-doves murmured low,
Oft her singing heart would pass
  In that lyric Long Ago.

Here tuberose and poppy red
  Saw her pause with lingering feet,—
On the sun-dial lean her head,
  Crying out that life was sweet,—

Asking Time, if Spring by Spring,
  When she walked no longer there
Other roses still could swing,
  Other blossoms scent the air?—

Weeping that she needs must leave
  Warmth and beauty, for the grave—
Hush, what ghostly Voices grieve
  Where the regal lilies wave?

III

Still it sleeps, this lonely place
  Given o'er to dusk and dreams;
But her sad and tender face
  Never from the casement gleams.

Still the ivied dial shows
  In its old-time wash of light
Noonday open like a rose,
  Though a shadow mark its flight.

Still the blossoms cling and bloom
  Deep about her window-square,
Still the sunlight floods the room,
  Still the tuberose sents the air;

Still it waits, her garden old,
  Still the waning sunlight burns
On the casements tinged with gold,
  On the green and muffled urns.

Still along the tangled walks,
  Though she knows them not again,
Wait the patient rows of phlox,
  Pipes the Satyr in the rain.

Though she comes no more to dream
  Here where she and Youth were one,
Faint and ghostly voices seem,
  Still to frighten back the sun.

IV

Can it be that in some gray
  Twilight She shall swing the gate?—
Where in eager disarray
  Still her asters brood and wait?

Where her wiser poppy knows,
  And her valiant violets
Look and wonder, and the rose
  Round her darkened window frets?

And these things that temporal seem,
  Rapture, Music, Loveliness,
Beauty frail, and passing Gleam,
  Shall outlive the hearts they press?

Since, we trust, each glory strange,
  Each vague hope Regret once gave,
Shall outlive all death and change,
  As earth's love outlasts the grave!

The Seekers

KNOCK, and the Door shall open: ah, we knocked
  And found the unpiteous portals locked.
Waiting, we learned us croons to while along
Those dreary watches—and ye call it Song!

Seek, and thine eyes shall find: oh, we have sought
The Vision of our Dream, yet found it not.
We limn its broken shadow, that our heart
May half remember—and ye call it Art!

Grace Blackburn

GRACE BLACKBURN is the fifth daughter of the late Josiah Blackburn of London, Ontario, proprietor and editor, for nearly forty years, of the 'Free Press,' and Emma Delemere, his wife. Her paternal grandfather was the Rev. John Blackburn, a Congregationalist pastor in London, England, and for many years editor of the official organ of that denomination. . . . Miss Grace was educated in the public and high schools of her native city, and later in Hellmuth College, then the Diocesan School of Huron. She taught school for two years in the Bishop Whipple Schools, Faribault, Minnesota, and for one year was acting Principal of the Diocesan School of Northern Indiana, at Indianapolis. In 1900, *she returned to Canada to join the staff of the 'Free Press' as literary and dramatic critic. To increase and broaden her knowledge, she spent three years in New York and four in Europe, and since her return has taken rank as one of Canada's most brilliant literary and dramatic critics. . . . Miss Blackburn's poetry is characterized by originality, vigour, human interest and certain haunting lines.*—Editor

The Evening Star

ABOVE the sunset's many-tinted bar,
Where light on light, a smiling iris gnar,
Mellows to mystery of near and far,
Swings passionately pale the Evening Star!
Queen of the twilight—from a conquered sky
She smiles to see the Day grow faint and die.

Sing Ho for the Herring

ALONG the sea shore, surf-beaten and brown,
The Fisher-Lass hastes to the Fishing-Town,
In kirtle of blue and bodice of red,
The sun at its nooning over her head,
And braw is the salt wind blowing—
Then sing, sing ho for the Herring,
The shimmering, sliddery Herring!

Along the sea shore the Fisher-Lads sigh
For the daffing mouth and the daunting eye,
And they sue and they woo, Rubin, Lubin and Bill,
But she taunts and she flaunts as a Fisher-Lass will;
And sleek is the water flowing—
Then sing, sing ho for the Herring,
The gleeking, glamourish Herring!

Along the sea shore she shadeth her eyes
To where on the wave his white sails rise,
For it seems there's a wraith in the midst of the glare,
And a voice that she loves calls shrilly and rare;
Ah, sly is the under-towing—
Then sing, sing ho for the Herring,
The spectral, the silver-hued Herring.

Along the sea shore in the teeth of the gale,
In its rage and its roar, its swash and its swale,
With faltering steps and staggering tread
They bear him up softly the stark, stark, Dead;
Oh, lang and dour is the knowing—
Then sing, sing ho for the Herring,
The life-giving, death-dealing Herring!

The Cypress Tree

OUT of the clod of earth
That holds me to this melancholy place,
As ancient servitors
Held flambeaux for their lords
In draughty corridors,
I leap into the sky.

I am a torch with an inherent blaze,
No winter bears me or my verdure down:
The whirling snow and ice
Fall on me to their peril, not to mine:
The swift and sudden wind
Deflects but can not quench
My everlasting fire,
My fire that mounts out of the cerecloth of the dead
And draws its essence from mortality,
Transmuting dissolution and despair
Into aspiring form—
A shape that is a symbol—
A pose prophetic!
I am the Cypress-Tree men plant on graves,
And on their graves—I flame!

The Chant of the Woman

CLASH the cymbals!
String the harp and sound it—
Cymbals and harp, there, you Makers of Music!

I will chant to my Comrade the chant of my being,
Woman to Man will I chant it.

I am as old as any. I too have a lineage.
I have come up by forms and through æons;
Forms of manifold fashion, æons of infinite dream.

I, too, am projected of Poets, offspring of the Singers:
I have lain in the womb of the World and incarnate its wonder—
I have played with the Child of the ages and captured its glee—

I have been kissed with the kisses of Kings—
Great Lovers have whispered their lore for my learning.

Then and now and always, wide away and the length of a span,
I gather that I must gather, by impulse, election:
In me only is attraction,
It alone could attract me,
So am I myself, and none other,
Myself—a mystery! a mouthpiece!

Myself and yet yourself, we two inexplicably one—
Flesh in its consummation, Soul in its incompleteness—
And because of the incompleteness of Soul,
Woman to man,
I chant you the chant of by being.

I cannot live on the crumbs that fall from a Table:
I must be lifted,
Lifted level with my love and with my Lover.
I must be clothed with the purple, made free of the signet—
I must put my hand in his dish, my head on his bosom—
Eye to eye must we lean, loquacious together.

So, and so only
Can I give him to drink of the wine of my winning,
My strange new wine that seethes and bubbles.
So and so only
Can I kiss on his lips the message of Kings—
Whisper the wonder of Life,
The laugh of the Child—
The lore of the Lovers.

Level! Level! Level!
Level with your lips and your eyes my Comrade,
Swing to the height of your heart,
Caught in your soul and kept there
Pervading and peerless!

So, and so only, your Lover, your Servant:
Every passionate pulse-beat
Under the blue veins in by white wrist
Your Servant and Lover—
I cannot live on the crumbs that fall from a Table!

Katherine Hale

KATHERINE HALE is a poet by herself. . . Her development in poetic writing follows the same order as her development in prose writing. She began as a critic of music and reviewer of literature, but capped all her prose with a finished and arresting work in colour-writing, 'Canadian Cities of Romance' (1922) *. . In her first three books of verse there was the feeling for pictorial or colour values and for subtle emotional and spiritual nuances. . . In 'Morning in the West' she is no longer the individual lyrist fluting in the band of other Canadian lyrists. In that volume she sounds the diapason of Canadian nationality. . . Her new themes and new vision and spiritual import in them are notably presented in 'Cun-ne-wa-bum', 'Buffalo Meat', and most piognantly in 'An Old Lady', which is an incisively graphic and dramatic picture. . . This, then, is Katherine Hale's novel contribution to the poetic literature of Canada:—Canadian nature and civilization envisaged with a spiritual realism which has national perspective and native colour and atmosphere. It is a new and distinct achievement in creative poetry in Canada.*—Dr J. D. Logan in 'Highways of Canadian Literature.'

AMELIA W. GARVIN (Katherine Hale) is the daughter of Mr and Mrs James Warnock of Galt, Ontario. Her father was a native of Kilmarnock, Scotland; her mother was Miss Katherine Hale Byard, of Mobile, Alabama.

Major J. B. Hogan, her maternal great-grandfather, was aide-de-camp to La Fayette, in the State of Alabama, during the latter's tour of the United States in 1824-5.

Mrs Garvin was born in Galt and educated there, and in Toronto at 'Glen Mawr', a private school. A special study in singing followed under the best masters in New York. Articles on Wagnerian opera, contributed while a student in New York to the Toronto *Mail and Empire,* led to her engagement with the latter paper as Editor of Contemporary Literature, under the now well-known *nom-de-plume,* 'Katherine Hale'. Upon her marriage, in 1912, to Mr John W. Garvin, she withdrew from her connection with that paper but continued to contribute prose and verse to the leading magazines and to develop a unique type of recital work.

She was asked by the Department of Education to give lectures on Canadian Literature in the Normal Schools of the Province. In 1912 she was elected President of the Women's Press Club, in 1919 of the Women's Canadian Club and in 1924 of the Toronto Branch of the Canadian Authors Association.

In 1914 Katherine Hale's first book of poems appeared under the title of *Grey Knitting,* a war poem widely reproduced; *The White Comrade* was published in 1916; *The New Joan* in 1917; *Canadian Cities of Romance* in 1922; *Morning in the West* in 1923; *Isabella Valancy Crawford* (Makers of Canadian Literature Series) in 1924; and *Legends of the St. Lawrence* in 1925.

Katherine Hale has given readings and folk-song recitals at Columbia University, at the Lyceum Club of London, England; in New York, in Philadelphia and in many other American and Canadian cities.

Several of her poems have been set to music, notably *Dear Lad of Mine,* used by Matzenauer of the Metropolitan Opera, New York, and other world singers during the Great War. *Saturday Night,* Toronto, June 16, 1925 says:

> Katherine Hale's poetry and prose have an appeal for United States citizens to an extent that is not generally realized by her compatriots.

The latest mention of her in the public prints of that country is in connection with the singing of her "Dear Lad of Mine" when the Women Composers of America and the League of American Pen Women, both in session at Washington, crossed over to Arlington, Virginia, to lay a wreath on the grave of the Unknown Soldier. The poem was written as a Christmas Song in December, 1914. It came to the notice of Gena Branscombe (Mrs. J. F. Tenney), and so inspired her that she made a beautiful musical setting for it.

Cun-ne-wa-bum

(*Portrait in the Royal Ontario Museum*)

CUN-NE-WA-BUM—'one who looks on stars'—
(Feel the singing wind from out the western hills)
'The tip-end of a swan's wing is her fan,
With a handle of porcupine quills.'
Here is the artist's name, Paul Kane;
Painting in forty-seven, at Edmonton, I see.
That was when prairies were untamed,
And untamed this young Cree.

What an incantation in her name!
Magic as her dark face underneath the stars;
There is sword-like wind about it wrapped,
And echoes of old wars.

Cun-ne-wa-bum!
When turtle shells were rattling,
And the drums beat for the dance
In the great hall of the Factor's house till dawn,
You sat without the door,
Where the firelight on the floor
Caught the red of beads upon your moccasins.

At evening through the grassy plains the wind
Came shouting down the world to meet the dawn,
And with the wind the firelight rose and fell,
Answered with flame his shrill barbaric yell,
And died like whining fiddles at his feet.
And through it all the constant sound of drums—
Did your feet move to drums?

The men from near and far,
Crees and Sarcees,
And a Blackfoot brave or two,
Made rhythm of a dance that moves like rhyme

To the rush of wind, and rattles swung in time
To the constant, constant, constant beat of drums.

No Indian woman dances in the light;
Silent they sit together out of sight.
But to-night I think this artist from the East,
Who had come to paint the natives hereabout,
Found a splendid flare of crimson on the feast
And moved near the open door,
Where the firelight on the floor
Caught the red of beads upon your moccasins.

So it is, O Cun-ne-wa-bum,
Who were wont to look on stars,
That you sit for ever here,
Like a wild lost note from far,
From the days of ancient war
And of towered stockade and guns
In the Edmonton of seventy years ago.

In your buckskin and your beads
(Feel the sudden wind from out the western hills)
The tip-end of a swan's wing for your fan
With a handle of porcupine quills.

An Old Lady

MADAME de Courament excels at Bridge.
Hers is a clever hand,
Coloured with age and wrinkled,
But beautiful and tapering too,
Quite in accord with this old, stately room,
With crystal chandeliers,
And flowers and the warm tapestry of books.
Silent the cards fall.
Down the long avenue a dog howls at the moon,
A far, frost-sharpened sound.
The wind swirls up a little storm of snow
That blows against the casement.
A skilled opponent, Madame makes few mistakes
Like that a moment since,
When suddenly the dog howled—and we lost a trick.
She has a flashing wit,
Dinners at Rideau Hall are incomplete without her.

As some one said the other day,
'These elderly, elaborate folk
Are like a passing pageantry,
Gorgeous and of another day.'
Silent the cards fall.
Again the far-off dog howls at the moon.

An hour later, 'Chateau Laurier' she told the chauffeur.
And, alert and gay,
Wrapped in her sables,
She was motoring me the long white way to town
And gossiping of little this and that.
But just as we were nearing city lights
She said, 'I saw you noticed that dog's bark.
It sounded almost like a wolf's;
It took me back to the Red River days.
Oh, it was fifty years ago, my dear;
I was as young as you. . . It seems like yesterday.
Hardships! I loved it all!
Even the wolves, baying far out of sight,
Failed to disturb our rest
When we were safe at home.
The Indians were quite friendly—
And the eternal glamour of the snow!
And yet to-night, just when I heard that sound,
Sharpened by frost,
I felt an old pain strike me,
The knife-like thrust, before a child is born.
I was alone that night.
My husband had been called to Edmonton,
My Indian maid had let her family in
Looking for whiskey.
I dared not call to her.
For hours the Indians danced and sang and yelled.
I watched them from my icy-cold bedroom
Through great cracks in the floor.
Before they slept they sat crouched by the fire,
As I crouched up above in fright and pain.
And all night long I heard the wolves;
They kept a sort of savage company
With my own stifled cries.

To-night, my mind went back a moment strangely—
I always thought he had the sweetest face
Of any of my seven. . . But then he was the first!'

She raised her glittering hand
And found the speaking tube, to modify her chauffeur's pace.
'And that, my dear, was fifty years ago,' she said.
'The prairie was a very different place—
I never thought, then, I should come to Bridge!'

Northern Graveyards

STONY fields and lonely roads,
Meagre hamlets, very lean,
And most prosperous graveyards
Lying all between.

Each few miles a graveyard,
With its crouching column
And its urns and headstones,
Very dark and solemn.

But with what an accent!
Yellow, purple, red,
Lie the votive offerings
To this public dead.

Close beside the railway,
Where the smoke drifts high,
These are decked in garlands
For the passerby.

Even in the winter,
Breaking through the snow
Immortelles beguile us,
When the train runs slow.

They are strangely cheerful,
All these plots of ground
That have lost the loneliness
Of the living. Here abound

In a comradeship increasing
Those who in their hour
Reaped a dreary harvest,
Missed a magic flower.

Over them the smoke-wreaths,
  Snow, and whispering grass,
And the voice of neighbours,
  Sighing as they pass;

While the urns of iron
  And the barbarous vases
Chant a willing ritual
  To forgotten faces.

So they sleep together,
  And their shades may say:
'Wave to us, O restless traveller!
  We are glad to stay.'

Crimson Pool

EVEN you, dark pool—
  Even you feel death.
On your soft brown surface
There are deep reflections
Of a fiery breath.
To the waiting forest
Death does not come creeping
As it comes to men;
It comes shouting, waving banners,
Burning out its way with torches,
Hanging garlands now and then.
All the green walls of your silence
Hung with crimson,
Even you, dark pool—
Even you feel death.
On your soft brown surface
There are deep reflections
Of a fiery breath.

The Answer

UNALTERED aisles that wait and wait forever,
  O woods that gleam and stir in liquid gold,
What of your little lover who departed
  Before the year grew old?

The leaves are very perfect in the forest,
  This is the perfect hour of summer's wane,

And but last year we watched the blue October,
Between the parted boughs, as now, Lorane.

We asked of Life the old, eternal questions;
We asked of God: 'Art Thou not here; and why?
Why never come with heralds of the morning
Across this blaze of sky?

'Why build Thyself these great and perfect places;
Why build, and never come to walk therein?'
And only rippling sunshine was the answer,
Or little pattering footsteps of the rain.

But still we sought Him, in the blue-white winter,
Or in the rosy spring or shadowy fall;
And faithful winds went forth with us to meet him,
And all the heaven was one vibrating call.

We sought Him, and our own love seemed the answer;
We called Him, and the forest smiled us back.
Then we forgot, and only looked for laughter
Along the wild-wood track.

Yet sometimes, when the moon sang down her cadence
Through all the forest roof so old and high,
We trembled from the sense of all we knew not—
The awful incompleteness of the sky.

And all the years we two went forth together
We never heard that third step on the sod.
I was alone—alone before I felt it,
And turned, and looked on God.

And God said: 'I am loneliness and sorrow,
And I am questioning hope, and I am strife;
I am the joy that surges through my forest,
And I am death in life.

'I am the singing bird, the leaf, the shadow,
I am the circle of the endless earth;
Out of the infinite of all creation
I am the silence where the soul finds birth.'

And so, unaltered aisles that wait forever
And woods that gleam and stir in liquid gold,
You have made answer for the little lover
Who passed ere you grew old.

Beatrice Redpath

BEATRICE REDPATH in 'Drawn Shutters' can be commonplace in the noble contemplation of essential life: a virtue in poetry. She comes down at times to the minor level of 'The Dancer.' But 'To One Lying Dead' is a poem of true loveliness, elegiac without dullness, eloquent without gush. . . Beatrice Redpath feels the passions of rebellion and indignation. But to her they imply more than mere dissatisfaction and chafing. Indeed, one might make the quality of those passions the supreme test of character, certainly of poetic power. . . There is evidence in the volume of life lived at first hand, of the discipline of actuality that forces people either to a calm, strong normality, or to hectic agony, and disquietness of spirit. And it is because the poet soul rises to the reality of experience that her poems will not depress. Of her brief songs it may be said that they come like sunshine amid clouds, themselves noble and impressive.—T. P.'s WEEKLY. *. . 'White Lilac' is characterized by greater spiritual perception and mastery of expression, and by its intense human interest.*—Editor

BEATRICE REDPATH is the youngest of a family of three, the daughters and the son of the late Alexander Peterson, C.E., and his wife whose maiden surname was Langlois. Both parents were native Canadians; and their daughter, Beatrice, was born in Montreal.

Alexander Peterson, C.E., was very distinguished in his profession. He was the engineer of the C.P.R. bridge, built in 1886, across the St. Lawrence, at Lachine; and was Chief Engineer of the Canadian Pacific Railway, when the Ste. Anne and Vaudreuil bridges were constructed, and the great bridge at Sault Ste. Marie. The New York *Times* declared that he was 'one of the best railway engineers in the world.'

Beatrice Peterson was educated in private schools in her native city, until she was seventeen years old, when she moved to Goderich, Ontario, and lived there for five years. In April, 1910, she married Mr William Redpath, of Montreal. They have one son.

Drawn Shutters, her first book, was published in 1914, and *White Lilac* in 1919; Mrs Redpath has also won considerable distinction as a writer of short stories. Mr and Mrs Redpath lived for years in Toronto, but recently moved to Oakville, Ontario.

The Star

I THINK God sang when He had made
A bough of apple bloom,
And placed it close against the sky
To whiten in the gloom.

But, oh, when He had hung a star
Above a blue, blue hill,
I think God in His ecstasy
Was startled. . . and was still.

Ponto the Fool

HOW sweet you were. . . how young and soft you were,
Your dancing feet were noiseless as the wind

That stirs the grasses at the dawn.
You were the one to whom all eyes were turned,
A gold and silken butterfly
Amongst a swarm of moths.
Seeing you, mounted on an elephant,
Your body swaying lithely to its stride,
Laughter and love of living in your eyes,
You were the dawn,
Riding above the rough grey sea.
How they coveted you, Miami,
How they warred for your lips!
And to each of them you gave
Some of your sweetness, some of your light!
But for me, Ponto the Fool, you had but laughter.
Oh, you did not know, Miami, that silver laughter can cut like steel.

But it was I, Miami,
It was Ponto the Fool
Who brought you cooling water from the spring
To bathe your soft round limbs,
Who gathered for you the great wild poppy flower,
And brought you crimson berries cupped in leaves.
It was I, Ponto the Fool, who saw to your welfaring,
But they who had the gift of your lips.

The night you fell, Miami,
It was I. . . Ponto the Fool,
Who straightened your poor crushed limbs,
Who brought ease to your sufferings in the night
And through so many nights and days.
They did not care for you then, Beloved,
You were grown too weak for laughter. . .
And he whose name was upon your lips,
He whom you called for when you were dying,
He could not come, Miami,
He was kissing the lips of the one who danced in your place.

The Convict

STRANGE, since they had made him free
He longed for some security
From all this dizzy sun and light
That seemed to him so scorching bright.
Such years it was since he had seen
The swollen furrows ache with green,
And now to look upon the skies
Brought tears to blind his faded eyes,
And just to smell that scented fume
That rose from those rich fields of bloom,
And know the wind upon his face.
God! Put a man within that place
To teach him what was true and right,
Away from sun and wind and light,
Where only crime might enter in
And every face was marked with sin.

The years had taught him how to hate,
Long years he'd had to cultivate
Malice towards all and love towards none.
A fool he'd been when he'd begun;
He knew of love and kindness then,
A man who loved his fellow men,
But love and kindliness soon die
When one is shut in from the sky,
And hatred creeps into a heart
When sympathy and love depart.

Oh, just to feel the firm warm ground,
To heart the insects' whirring sound,
To watch the breezes' tip-toe run
Along the grasses to the sun,
To hear the bird's wings strike the air
And see the soft and timid hare
Leap startled to a covert glade,
To see the trees lay down their shade
With such quiet care upon the ground,

To feel life pulsing all around!
He knew his whole heart brimming full
Because earth still was beautiful,
That life could hold such loveliness
Did damage to his bitterness. . .
But God! Would only hate depart
And let love back into his heart.

The Clown

HE often crept out late at night
Away from all the noise and light,
Out to the purple-hearted dark
Touched by the moon's shy silver spark,
To press his face close to the earth
And wipe away all unclean mirth
From off his lips. Here he could dream
How good and kindly life must seem
To one who'd not been born a clown.
He would fling his body down
Beneath those everlasting skies
And worship life with hungry eyes.

But every day within the ring
He'd mock and laugh with sneer and sting,
For life had flouted him and made
Of him a fool . . a clown by trade,
And fashioned him just like an ape
With hideous face and evil shape.
Always, from the very start
His lips had learned an ugly part,
For he'd been born within the ring,
His mother just a painted thing,
With matted curls and shifting eyes,
For men to love . . and then despise.

His father as himself, a clown
Grotesque, with features like his own,
Had taught him, even as a boy,
That life was just a tawdry toy,

And evil was the only good
For creatures born of flesh and blood.

Oh, life had made of him a clown,
And yet he could not tear life down,
He could not make one star burn less
For all his sneers and bitterness,
Nor change the white moon's symmetry,
Nor turn the tide of any sea.
How he cursed life in his pride,
And all her loveliness denied;
He would deny . . he would deny
That there was good beneath the sky.
Kindliness or charity
He did not see how there could be
When life could form a thing like him,
A face so vile . . so foul of limb.
He would mock through all the day,
Until the circus tent would sway
With laughter at his quips and jeers,
For life had formed his lips for sneers.

But just at nighttime he would creep,
When all the earth was drowned in sleep,
And lay his heart in anguish down,
A broken, bruised and suffering clown.
Then all his angry pride would die
In sorrow for his mockery,
For by those stars . . those skies above
He knew there must be truth and love;
A world in which he had no part
Sent warmth through all his shivering heart.
And then . . back through the quiet night,
All blotted clean of glare and light,
Some yellow curls, a wheedling voice,
Begged him to take her for his choice. . .
He pushed her from him pitifully,
Poor jade . . poor fool . . she could not see

To-night he was not clown nor ape,
An evil mind in evil shape,
He'd laid his heart in anguish down,
To-night he could not be a clown.

The Mother

A blue night, with stars. Two voices sound through the darkness

THE MAN. You do not listen,
You are far from me to-night as any star
That burns above.
THE WOMAN. I thought I heard a child crying in the night,
THE MAN. Your mind has wings.
THE WOMAN. The night is still again.
Perhaps it was the cry of some small owl
Hidden among the trees.
THE MAN. It is as though you do not find
Love is enough to fill your heart.
You are like one going hungry
And craving bread.
Have I not given you all that I promised you?
Love . . and freedom to seek beauty in the world!
Has love died?
Is there no beauty in the restless seas,
Or in the solemn night?
Are hills just silly pasteboard things
That cannot stir your soul?
To sleep . . to dream under the stars
With love against your heart,
Is not this enough?
THE WOMAN. Such love as ours has never any ending,
And beauty stirs in me like song.
But it is this . . and this only . .
That always above the tides of the sea,
The hum of the stars,
The throb of your voice,
Is the sound of a child crying in the night.
Dear . . I was dazed with passion
And thought that love was all!

But now I know man's love is not enough
For any woman who has borne a child.

Think, dear . . just think,
If his crushed pillow should be wet to-night
With lonely tears;
Think if they do not feel
The groping of his tender mind,
And thoughts are crushed that rise,
Until it seems that life is just a maze
Of inarticulate things.
Think . . as the years pass on,
And there is no one near to soften
Harshness . . with understanding.
Think how he will harden towards life,
So as to protect the aching of his heart . .

A woman's hunger is not only love,
When she has borne a child!

Earth Love

GOD, in Thy Heaven hast Thou ever known
Toil, when the heart and hand were fused in one,
The sweet bruised scent of grasses newly mown,
The sharp delight to see each dawn the sun
Rising above the margent of the seas?
And hast Thou ever felt within Thy breast
That strange delight in dim uncertainties
With every day's apparellings unguessed?
Ah, hast Thou lain with wide entrancèd eyes
Wrapped in the purple veilings of the night
Beneath the fretted splendour of the skies
And seen them tressed with coronal of light,
Yearning to push their silvern fringe apart
And so adventure to Eternity
God, I have strangely felt it in my heart
Walking upon the earth to pity Thee.

Norah M. Holland

LINKED close by ties of blood to Ireland, where the veil is thin between the earth and the spirit world, and the fairy rings upon the grass attest the fairy revels, Norah Holland must have early glimpsed the vision of the Unseen things and known them for the Real, and been made free of the country which lies behind the gates of gold and ivory where the fairy folk welcome the children, and their elders who keep a childlike heart. . . But this singer of Canadian birth and nurturing has tender care also for the little things of earth, and her dog's devotion and the dancing feet of Kitty O'Neil are dear to her. . . Her verses show that she has encountered sorrow and met the trials of a toiling world, but these have never checked the play of humour, which dances irrepressibly among them, nor clouded a clarity of judgment as shrewd and guileless as a child's. The hand of Materialism has never touched her, and there is none of the soil of sordidness upon her garments.—CECILIA MARY WHITE, of 'The Globe,' Toronto, 1916.

NORAH MARY HOLLAND was born in Collingwood, Ontario, January 10, 1876, but moved to Toronto in 1889. She was educated in the public school and the Collegiate Institute of Port Dover, and in the Parkdale Collegiate Institute of Toronto. . . . Her mother, née Elizabeth Yeats, was a first cousin of the Irish poet, W. B. Yeats, and her eldest daughter's lyrical gift was inherited from the same source, and somewhat, possibly, from her father, John H. Holland, who was a nephew of the late Chief Justice Hagarty, a writer of verse. . . . In 1904, Miss Holland toured on foot the whole of the south and west of Ireland, and while she was a guest of W. B. Yeats' father, the latter made the crayon sketch reproduced on the preceding page. . . . The old homes of both families from which she sprang, are in Sligo County, Ireland.

Norah Mary Holland married Lionel William Claxton, only son of the late Rev. J. D. Claxton and wife, Kensington and Bournemouth, England, in September, 1922. They lived in Toronto, where she died in April, 1925.

Spun-Yarn and Spindrift (1918) and *When Half Gods Go and Other Poems* (1924) are the two books of published lyrics and lyrical dramas, upon which the fame of this author rests. She was imitative at times, but her original work has rhythm and melody, and the lilt of it catches the ear and holds the attention. She was an ardent Irish patriot, and had a firm belief in the existence of fairies.

The Little Dog-Angel

HIGH up in the courts of Heaven to-day
A little dog-angel waits;
With the other angels he will not play.
But he sits alone at the gates;
'For I know that my master will come,' says he:
'And when he comes he will call for me.'

He sees the spirits that pass him by
As they hasten towards the Throne.
And he watches them with a wistful eye
As he sits at the gates alone;

'But I know if I just wait patiently
That some day my master will come,' says he.

And his master, far on the earth below,
  As he sits in his easy chair,
Forgets sometimes, and he whistles low
  For the dog that is not there;
And the little dog-angel cocks his ears,
And dreams that his master's call he hears.

And I know, when at length his master waits
  Outside in the dark and cold
For the hand of Death to ope the gates
  That lead to those courts of gold,
The little dog-angel's eager bark
Will comfort his soul in the shivering dark.

Kitty's Feet

SURE, I'm sitting here this evening, while the firelight flickers low,
And I'm looking through the shadows into eyes I used to know,
Through the years that lie between us, into tender eyes and sweet,
And I'm listening in the darkness for the sound of Kitty's feet—
Kitty's feet, whose tripping faltered into silence long ago.

Ah, 'tis well I mind those evenings, gathering shades about my chair,
And the sound of Kitty's footsteps dancing gaily down the stair
Through the hall and past the doorway, till I'd turn, her eyes to meet,
Well my heart it knew the measure that was danced by Kitty's feet—
Kitty's feet that dance no longer, lying in the silence there.

Yet to-night as I sit dreaming, while the shadows longer grow,
I can almost think I hear them, the dear steps I long for so;

Through the years that lie between us comes again the vision sweet,
And my heart once more is beating to the tune of Kitty's feet—
Kitty's feet that tripped so lightly past Death's portals long ago.

The Lost Shoe

LAST night, by the side of the mountain lake,
Half hid in heather and ling,
As I went the way that the wild deer take,
I found a wonderful thing—
A tiny shoe, such as fairies make,
Golden and glimmering.

Some fairy had lost it, dancing there
In the moon-ray, light and fleet,
While the flutes and cymbals shook in the air
A-twinkle with elfin feet;
Lost it and left it—small and fair,
Dainty and gold and sweet.

Will the leprechaun toil all night long
To match the missing shoe?—
Sewing away with a golden thong
Till his weary task is through,
And keeping time with an elfin song
To his hammer's tick, tack, too?

Did she seek it, I wonder, all in vain
Ere the fairy host took flight?
Shall I hear her sob in the summer rain
At my window-pane to-night?
Or see her wander the hills again
With tear-stained face and white?

I think that this morning I will take
The golden, glimmering
Small shoe once more to the mountain lake,
And there, in the fairy ring,
Lay it and leave it—for her sake,
That sorrowful elfin thing.

Dr. J. D. Logan

THE growing recognition of the work of John Daniel Logan, Canadian poet and critic, is gratifying to those who cherish hopes for the development of a creative literature in this country. In recent years Canadian singers have greatly multiplied, but few possess so distinctive a lyrical gift or cultural background so rich as those revealed in his verse and prose. The keynote of his best poetry is mysticism, in which sensuous imagery is combined with pure idealism. Few have succeeded so well as he, in expressing mystical conceptions with music, clarity, and a definitive sense of form. Of his inspiration he can with verity sing:

Oh, I have drained the cups of ecstasy.
At eventide upon a high-faned hill
Where I have watched God's sunsets spill
Apocalyptic splendours to infinity:

As an interpretative critic, especially of Canadian literature, he holds an unique place. His insight and gusto for fresh discoveries are unfailing; and his proclamations have a Celtic fervor that gives them vivid and memorable colour. I know of no writer more imbued with serious purpose.—Hector Charlesworth of Toronto 'Saturday Night'

ONE of the most outstanding figures in present-day Canadian literary circles is John Daniel Logan, M.A., Ph.D., Litt.D., 'Associate Archivist, Public Archives of Canada', with office in Halifax. He excels as a writer of original and scholarly treatises on academic subjects, as a critic of literature and of music, and as a poet.

Dr Logan was born in Antigonish, Nova Scotia, on May 2, 1869,—the eldest son of Charles and Elizabeth Gordon (Rankin) Logan. He was educated at Pictou Academy, at Dalhousie University, and at Harvard University. From Dalhousie he graduated with highest honours in Philosophy and with the degree of B.A., in 1893, and was granted his M.A. the following year. While engaged in postgraduate work at Harvard, he had the distinction to win the Derby, Price Greenleaf and Thayer scholarships, and to receive the degrees of A.M. and Ph.D. The latter degree was conferred in 1896.

During the next five years he was a practical educator, holding the Principalship of Hampton Academy, New Hampshire, in 1898, and for the remaining four years, the Professorship of English and Philosophy, in the State University of South Dakota.

Retiring from the teaching profession, he was employed for several years as advertising specialist for Siegel, Cooper & Co., of Chicago and New York.

In 1908-10, he was literary and music critic for the *Sunday World*, Toronto, and later was a member of the staff of the Toronto *Daily News*.

After hostilities began in the Great War, Dr Logan enlisted as a private in the Nova Scotia Highland Brigade, but soon became a sergeant and the 'Brigade Historian and Keeper of the Seals.'

The following are Dr Logan's principal publications: *The Structural Principles of Style* (1900), *Preludes, Sonnets and Other Verses* (1906), *The Religious Function of Comedy* (1907), *Quantitative Punctuation* (1907), *Democracy, Education and the New Dispensation* (1908), *The Making of the New Ireland* (1909), *Songs of the Makers of Canada and Other Homeland Lyrics* (1911), *Insulters of Death* (1916), *The New Apocalypse* (1919), *Twilight Litanies* (1920), *and Highways of Canadian Literature* (1924).

In the winter of 1915-16, Dr Logan delivered a series of lectures on Canadian Literature, in Acadia University, Wolfville, N.S., the first of the kind ever delivered in a Canadian University. This beginning has had fruitful results in other Canadian Universities.

In *Highways of Canadian Literature,* Dr Logan distinguished himself for comprehensive knowledge of Canadian literature, and as an interpretative literary critic.

The Heavenly Runaway

SINCE Christ was born in Bethlehem,
And played on Nazareth's street,
All Tiny Towns are heaven-lit,
And magical and sweet.

* * * * *

The Babies born in Tiny Towns
Cherubic are and wise;
They do not really go to sleep
When they have shut their eyes;

But peep into the wonder-world
Where celestial cherubs be;
And hear Christ call them to His side,
And tell them, at His knee,

How once a Little Heavenly Boy
Stole from His Father's throne,
And toddled down the stars, and came
To Bethlehem alone;

And how, when Blessed Mary saw
The lonely Little Stranger,
She mothered Him at her warm breast,
And laid Him in a manger;

And how he grew, like other boys,
And went to school, and played,
And helped His mother with the chores,
And never disobeyed.

The cherubs listen, wondering
That such strange things could be;

Then cry: 'Dear Lord, please tell us who
That Lovely Child might be!'

Their wonderment grew greater still
Soon as they heard Christ say:
'I was God's Little Son,—and I
The Heavenly Runaway.'

Now this is why in Tiny Towns
All Babies feign to sleep:
They only shut their eyes that they
May into glory peep;

And this is why all Tiny Tots
Sleep peeping into glory:
They want to hear from Christ's own lips
The sweetest Baby Story.

Flute of God

OH, I have drained the cups of ecstasy!—
At eventide upon a high-faned hill
Where I have watched God's sunsets spill
Apocalyptic splendours to infinity;

And on the wide, high-weltering sea
Where I have seen mad Ocean spend
Its awful energy
In towering titan-waves—end on end,
While my steel-sinewed ship would lunge
Into the whirling waters' vortex, and amain
Leap to the crest; and once more plunge,
Defiant, down the waves' abyss,
And leap up triumphing and free again,
Scorning the snarling hiss
Of Ocean angry at the impotence
Of its voracious violence;

And in a sun-shot, flowered field
Where I have lain concealed
And suddenly have heard
The wild, swift winging
And the wild, sweet singing
Of a glad, free bird.

But not the loveliest note
That issued from the thrush's throat,
Nor wildly weltering sea,
Nor sunset splendours ever stirred
My spirit to such transports of pure ecstasy
As you—Sweet Flute of God!—awake in me.
Oh, when I hear
The music absolute
Of your beloved voice I stand entranced and mute;
And I am blest beyond all power of uttering:—
There is no Autumn, and no Winter, in the year,
But only Spring is near,
And pure, supernal gladdening!

The Over-Song of Niagara

WHY stand ye, nurslings of Earth, before my gates,
Mouthing aloud my glory and my thrall?
Are ye alone the playthings of the fates,
And only ye o'ershadowed with a pall?
Turn from this spectacle of strength unbound—
This fearful force that spends itself in folly!
Turn ye and hark above the organ-sound
My Over-song of Melancholy!

'I rush and roar
Along my shore,—
I go sweeping, thundering on;
Yet my days, O man,
Are but as a span,
And soon shall my strength be gone!
My times are measured
In whose hand I am treasured,
(Think not of thy little day!)
Though I rush and roar
Along my shore,
I am passing away—
Passing away!

'The sun and the moon
They too shall soon
Sink back into eternal Night:

All earth and the sea
Shall cease to be,
And the stars shall melt in their flight!
Their times are measured
In whose hand they are treasured,
(Think not of thy little day!)
The celestial throng
Chant my Over-song,—
'Passing away,—
Passing away!'

Then stand not, nurslings of Earth, before my gates,
Mouthing aloud my glory and my thrall:
Not ye alone are playthings of the fates,
Nor only ye o'ershadowed with a pall!
But hark to my song
As I sweep along,
Thundering my organ-tone—
'O vain is all Life,
O vain is all Strife,
And fruitless the Years that have flown!
As the Worst; so the Best—
All haste to their rest
In the void of the Primal Unknown.'

Cartier: Dauntless Discoverer

(*Sailed Westward, 1534, 1535, 1541*)

HAIL, Master Mariner of Sainte Malo!
Whose name hath been a star for centuries,
Why ventured thou thrice o'er tempestuous seas,
In ships antique and frail? Didst thou then know
The greater issue of thy bold emprise
And trust an unseen providential hand
To guide thee westward to an opulent land
Wherein a mighty nation would arise?

O bold Sea-Rover, instrument of God,
Whose occult purposes were wrought through thee,
A grateful people hail thy name, and laud
Thy dauntless spirit of discovery!
Thy glory sure, rest, Rover, rest, while blow
The winds in requiem round Sainte Malo!

Champlain: First Canadian

(*Founded Quebec, 1608*)

WISE Colonist who in this storied place,
With wisdom prescient of thy pregnant deed,
Cast forth the sparsate grains of fruitful seed,
Whence sprang a virile and a patriot race:
Thy aims were not to found a merchantry
Enthralled by vulgar gain; but thy just mind,
Inspired with love of thy benighted kind,
Raised here the throne of Christian empery.

Intrepid, constant, nobly pure and strong,
First citizen of Canada's domain,
Behold, this ancient city is thy fane
And thy compatriots raise thy name in song.
Look downward from thy lofty resting-place
And mark the regnancy of thy just ways.

Laval: Noble Educator

(*Founded Quebec Seminary, 1663*)

LAVAL, High Priest of Knowledge, who first scanned
The years to come, and saw the pow'rs that lay
Within the docile hearts thy truth should sway,—
Whose work is puissant still upon this land,—
Thou wast the Spirit's patient paragon
In those far, pristine, mercenary days
When thou alone wast master of the ways
That lead into the vale of Avalon.

Lo, now a people learned in all the arts
Greet thee to-day across the distant vale
Of Truth, where dwells obscure the Holy Grail.
And tho they commerce oft upon the marts
Of specious gain, they look beyond the mist
To thee, their first great Educationist.

Brock: Valiant Leader

(*Fell at Queenston Heights, 1812*)

O VALIANT leader of the little band
That, fearless, forward rushed to victory,
Tho far outnumbered by the enemy,
And, daring death, saved our Canadian land,—
What honours can we pay the noble name

Of one who held as naught th' invaders' art
Of war,—whose glory hath become a part
For evermore of our Canadian fame?

Lo, on the looming crown of that ascent
Where thy life ceased, a loyal host hath reared
To thee—whose patriot heart was pure, nor feared,—
A high commemorative monument!
Still is thy memory green who fell to save,
Still, Brock, art thou the bravest of our brave!

Winifred Waters

WINIFRED WATERS, when I look on you now,—
With the sweet peace of God on your beautiful brow
As you lie lily-white in your lone lethal bed,—
I will conjure your spirit, sit here at your head,
And talk to you, dear, whom I lost, and recall
Our vows when I swooned to the ineffable thrall
Of your eyes that once rivalled the jewels of Night,
Of your kisses that dropped more delicious and light
Than the rose-leaves that perfume the drowsy June air,
Of the glorious gold in your hyacinth hair,
And the treasures of love that we pledged for the days
When our souls should discover Earth's winsomest ways.

O Winifred Waters, mellifluous name
That enamored my soul as rare music, I came
To the wells of Love's wine, and I drank there elate,
Then I joyed daily forth, till an untoward fate
Snapped the cords that enchained us, heart unto heart.
So I passed to the world. You, cloistered apart
In the lonely-celled nunnery of unchanging grief,
Awaited Time's advent with his mortal relief,
Till you drooped like a sun-famished lily, and died.
But I am come, dear, at length, and here by your side
I commune with your spirit while I look on you now,
With the sweet peace of God on your beautiful brow.
Lo, I kiss your cold hands; I warm them with tears
And possess you again after long widowed years.

O Winifred Waters, I re-pledge you above
Your casket, and find there the Treasury of Love.

Albert E. S. Smythe

A RARE spirit and exquisite craftsman as a poet. . . He is Keltic through and through; and because he is Keltic in his reactions to the universe in his perceptions of spiritual meanings in all things, he divines God in men and God in Nature, or God as man and God as Nature—spiritual presences everywhere. In a word Albert E. S. Smythe exemplifies in his genius and art as notably and profoundly as Lampman in his, but in a different way, what Wordsworth called 'natural piety.' Smythe's spiritual perceptions of divinity everywhere rise to a refined mysticism which he expresses with a 'white beauty' in exquisitely finished verse. As contrasted with other Canadian mystical poets Smythe is a poet of the Cosmic Spirit and Beauty. . . A sonnet, 'The Seasons of the Gods,' and a lyric, 'Anastasis,' suffice to disclose his qualities in his role as the poet of the Cosmic Spirit and Beauty. As a sonneteer, Smythe is not surpassed by any of his older or younger contemporaries.—Dr J. D. Logan in 'Highways of Canadian Literature,' December, 1924.

ALBERT ERNEST STAFFORD SMYTHE was born at Gracehill, a Moravian village, County Antrim, Ireland, December 27th, 1861,—son of Stafford Smythe, whose paternal grandfather had been one of the original settlers in the village about 1760, and Leonora Cary, only surviving child of Lucius Cary, J.P., of Red Castle, County Donegal.

He was educated at local schools and academies, and at the South Kensington Department Science Classes, where he took special prizes in geology, botany and physics. When a young man of seventeen, he was shipwrecked while voyaging to New York, and all his possessions lost. Ten years later, while again crossing the ocean, he met Mary Adelaide Constantine, of Lancashire, and in a few months they were married.

Prior to returning to Ireland and re-crossing in 1889, he had lived for several years in Chicago, employed by a business house. And he came to Toronto in September, 1889, as agent for a Portland Cement Company, and continued in that position for about five years. During this period, his chief interest, apart from business, lay in the Theosophical movement, of which he was the first representative in the Dominion. He joined the American Section of which William Quan Judge was then General Secretary and started propaganda in Ottawa and in Toronto. For several years he edited and published *The Lamp* as a propaganda organ.

Mr Smythe adheres strictly to the broad platform originally laid down, *which seeks the underlying unity of all religions, and active coöperation for human welfare among all who believe in the brotherhood of man.* Subsequent to Mr Judge's death in 1896, Mr Smythe's services as a lecturer were requisitioned and while on several tours in the United States he spoke in a large number of the most important cities. His articles on Theosophic and other themes which appeared for years in the *Sunday World,* under the heading, 'Crusts and Crumbs,' were instructive and illuminating; and these together with his able editorials in the daily *World,* had for years an impelling influence in Canada. . . A volume of his poems, *The Garden of the Sun,* was published in 1923.

In 1912, Mr Smythe, a widower since 1906, married the eldest daughter of Thomas Henderson, of 'The Park,' Newtownstewart, Ireland.

The Way of the Master

I KNOW that the Master walked on earth,
For I've heard the tale of His human birth,
And all that He did would I have done
Had he been mortal and I God's Son.

I know that His heart was crushed and wrung,
For I've cherished that which has turned and stung;
And He could not help but love us all
Though some are held in an evil thrall.

And I know that His law was Brotherhood,
And His life was gentle and kind and good,
And all that the sad earth needs this hour
To bring men peace, is to use that power.

I have overtaken many a band
Of pilgrims following Faith's command,
And journeyed awhile where their prophet led,
Then, passing on, found the Path ahead,

With the Master's guide-marks, true and just,
And His foot-prints marked in the clay and dust,
But over-trodden, effaced and blurred,
By those who followed some lesser Word.

I may pass them all in the years, perchance,
And reach new realms of the soul's expanse,
And many may follow where I have gone—
But the Master still will be leading on.

For the best I know of His heart to-day,
When I've bettered that, will have sunk away
In the knowledge gained from my higher place
Of His endless love, of His boundless grace.

O comrade mine, we shall never part
In the living way of the loving heart,
Where the lust of gold and the wanton's guile
And the cup of the curse shall not defile,

For I know the Master walked on earth,
I have heard the tale of his human birth,
And all that He did would I have done
Had He been mortal and I God's Son.

November Sunshine

ONE figure flitting through my dreamland ways
Holds out dear hands and beckons me to go,
And all the world is sweeter for a phrase
That dimly whispers when the lights are low.
Once, leaping through the silences of snow,
Far up the heights, the sky all turned to haze,
A little rill, escaping, rippled so:
Adventured thus, my dreamland figure strays.

Belated on the spray that afternoon
The red, unripened bramble-berries hung,
Touched with November sunshine, fading soon—
A smile, untimely bright, in mockery flung;
A blackbird, all his summer anthems sung,
Fled with a scream; about our feet lay strewn
The leafy havoc; and my heart was wrung
To know, too late for life, life's only boon.

They pass, these uninterpretable years,
A weird, oracular host, abrupt and stern,
Interminably ranked. Time domineers,
Despoiling us of all the joys we earn;
And yet, Soul-shiningly, the mist-banks burn
With glory on the hither side of tears.
The out-world phantoms nevermore return;
The world within enfolds the years and spheres.

Anastasis

WHAT shall it profit a man
To gain the world—if he can—
And lose his soul, as they say
In their uninstructed way?

The whole of the world in gain;
The whole of your soul! Too vain
You judge yourself in the cost.
'Tis you—not your soul—is lost.

Your soul! If you only knew
You would reach to the heaven's blue,
To the heartmost centre sink,
Ere you severed the silver link,

To be lost in your petty lust
And scattered in cosmic dust.
For your soul is a Shining Star
Where the Throne and the Angels are.

And after a thousand years
With the salve of his bottled tears
Your soul shall gather again
From the dust of a world of pain

The frame of a slave set free—
The man that you ought to be,
The man you may be to-night
If you turn to the Valley of Light.

The Trysting Path

DEAR little darkened way where we have climbed
How often and again,
Down to the still, star-shadowed haunt where chimed
Uncounted hours of peace beyond all pain!—
There have we lain
And to the leafy whispers of the wood-world rhymed
The music of our hearts' refrain:
Guard thy rare solitude, and may no sullen feet
The wedded paces of thy path profane!

And you—so dear that all things else are dear
That enter your desire—
All that you value, all that I revere
Transformed in our discourse (as in God's fire
The starry choir
With life renewed evolves fresh fitness for a higher sphere,)
With quick interpretings inspire,
Deep inner knowledge, and the need, confessed and sweet,
Of that Sun-power which holds the worlds entire.

Set in blue darkness, once, through wreathing boughs,
We saw the Lord's own star,

And breast to breast there sanctified our vows
  Before that throne where all the glories are.
  Not very far
From the bright Kingdom standing then, with radiant brows,
  And love's long kiss that nought can mar,
You sealed our faith, and so, while lives unnumbered fleet,
  As one, we seek th' Eternal Avatar.

The Seasons of the Gods

I SAT with May upon a midnight hill
Wrapped in a dusk of unremembered years
And thought on buried April—on the tears
And shrouds of March, and Youth's dead daffodil
All withered on a Mound of Spring. And still
The earth moved sweetly in her sleep, the Spheres
Wrought peace about her path, and for her ears
Climbed the high music of their blended will.

The God who dreamed the Earth, as I this frame
That makes me thrall to death and coward of birth—
Dreamed He not March below some vanished Moon—
Under an earlier Heaven's auroral flame
The cosmic April flowering into mirth
Of May and joy and Universal June?

Death the Revealer

I KNOW that death is God's interpreter:
His quiet voice makes gracious meanings clear
In grievous things that vex us deeply here
Between the cradle and the sepulchre.
We, gazing into darkness, greatly err,
And fear the shrouded shadow of a fear,
Till dawn reveals the vestments of a Seer
With gifts of Gold and frankincense and myrrh.

There is a mystery I cannot read
  Around the mastery I no more dread;
For love is but a heart to brood and bleed,
  And life is but a dream among the dead
Whose wisdom waits for us. God give me heed
  Till the day break and shadows all be fled!

Robert Norwood

WE have here a poet who, like Browning, is very sure of 'the subtle thing that's Spirit.' . . Lovers of Beauty it is who, according to our poet, pass through the door into this Spiritual World which is one with their very substance. . . Dr Norwood convinces us that he can create authentic characters and manipulate dramatic situations; that he has an expressional power, intermittent perhaps but of assured potency, and a faculty for direct and telling imagery which charm for their own sakes. But he also convinces us that he has an impetuous mental energy, an ardent philosophy, which will not suffer the restraint of being a reflective undertone to an artistic presentment, but bursts forth at times into emphatic dialectics. Dr Norwood—if we may discover him in his Tom Blaylock, and I think we may—has his 'thoughts of all Pharisees who limit soul to form.' And we are grateful that he has; for his melody of high thinking is a treasurable acquisition. His attitude as a poetic thinker is impressive.—Jean Steele Foley in the 'Canadian Magazine' December, 1922.

REV. ROBERT NORWOOD, M.A., D.C.L., Litt.D., the distinguished rector of St. Bartholomew's Episcopal church, New York City, was born in Christ Church Rectory, New Ross, Lunenburg county, Nova Scotia, March 27, 1874,—son of Rev. Joseph W. Norwood, and Edith, daughter of Captain Harding. He was educated at Coaticook Academy, Quebec; at Bishop's College, Lennoxville, Quebec; and at King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia, where he graduated in Arts in 1897. In December of the same year he was ordained deacon in Halifax, and in the following year, priest.

At King's College, Robert Norwood had the good fortune to have as his teacher of English Literature, Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts, who detected the poetic gift of the ambitious student, and so taught and encouraged him as to become the most moulding influence in his career.

In 1899, Mr Norwood married Ethel, a daughter of George McKeen, M.D., of Baddeck, Cape Breton. They have two daughters. Their only son met with a fatal accident in the summer of 1924.

After Dr Norwood's appointment as rector of St. Bartholomew's, a New York correspondent wired a statement to a Toronto newspaper to the effect that the new rector was a pronounced 'Fundamentalist.' This was far from the truth. He is one of the most advanced thinkers of the present day in his interpretations of Holy Writ, in the light of modern science and philosophy; and in his public utterances, is fearless in stating his honest convictions.

Dr Norwood has now *seven* volumes of notable verse to his credit: *His Lady of the Sonnets* (1915), *The Witch of Endor,* a drama, (1916), *The Piper and the Reed* (1917), *The Modernists* (1918), *The Man of Kerioth, a drama,* (1919), *Bill Boram* (1921), and *Mother and Son* (1925). . . His fame as a poet is steadily widening its boundaries along with the marked distinction he is winning as a preacher and lecturer. His original, penetrating thought and power of eloquence in the pulpit is seldom equalled, and he must be regarded, it seems to me, as one of the major poets of our time. His dramas in particular are remarkable not only for their beauty of expression but for the masterly way in which the author blends the human and the divine, the material and the spiritual.

From 'His Lady of the Sonnets'

II

I MEET you in the mystery of the night,
A dear Dream-Goddess on a crescent moon;
An opalescent splendour, like a noon
Of lilies; and I wonder that the height
Should darken for the depth to give me light;
Light of your face, so lovely that I swoon
With gazing, and then wake to find how soon
Joy of the world fades when you fade from sight.

Beholding you, I am Endymion,
Lost and immortal in Latmian dreams;
With Dian bending down to look upon
Her shepherd, whose æonian slumber seems
A moment, twinkling like a starry gem
Among the jewels of her diadem.

III

Companion of the highroad, hail! all hail!
Day on his shoulder flame of sunset bears,
As he goes marching where the autumn flares
A banner to the sky; in russet mail
The trees are trooping hither to assail
Twilight with spears; a rank of coward cares
Creep up, as though to take us unawares,
And find their stratagems of none avail.

Accept the challenge of the royal hills,
And dare adventure as we always dared!
Life with red wine his golden chalice fills,
And bids us drink to all who forward fared—
Those lost, white armies of the host of dream;
Those dauntless, singing pilgrims of the Gleam!

After the Order of Melchisedec

I AM a priest upon whose head
God long ago poured holy oil;
He gave to me a Word and said:
'With this thou shalt mankind assoil!'

Since I went forth God to obey,
Life has revealed me many things—
I find it very hard to say
What is most dear: The task that brings

Bread to the eater, or the rest
That follows toil; the love of friends,
Of books, of song,—each is most blessed
And always with contentment blends.

A stone, a faggot or a flower;
A bird in rapture of its flight;
December-snow or April-shower;
The velvet vastness of the night,

When Mother Moon has left the stars
And with the winds gone gossiping—
Or leans upon the gate that bars
Dawn from untimely entering.

These hold for me unending charm,
Fill me with wonderment and awe
That men should ever think of harm,
Fencing their lives about with law.

The world is such a lovely place—
A jewelled pendant on Love's chain!
I marvel that a human face
Should pale with anger or with pain.

I marvel at the cry for bread
That thunders round the waking world;
The tumult of the legion's tread
That shakes the earth, as souls are hurled

In battle to destroy the souls
God grew in His great garden, when
He won past all His other goals—
Triumphant at the birth of men!

Who can behold the dance of Dawn—
Juggling with stars like tinselled balls,
Vestured in mantle of a wan,
White glory whose dim splendour falls

Upon the mountains; and not feel
Himself transcendant? Who can hear
Clangour of wild birds and the peal
Of matin-bells across the clear,

Blue sky, commingling with the shout
Of children on their way to school,
And fail at once to be about
God's business?—As within a pool

You are reflected, Nature shows
The miracle of what you are—
The highest that Creation knows:
Lord of the earth and every star!

I am a priest upon whose head
God long ago poured holy oil;
He gave to me a Word and said:
'With this thou shalt mankind assoil!'

I come from out the Holy Place
With benediction for the earth,
To wipe the tears from every face
And tell the fallen one his worth.

My business is to be a priest
Whose holy task is to forgive,
To bid the beggar to the feast,
To touch the dead and make them live.

I know not any fear of thrones,
No claim of Scribe and Pharisee;
My word is set to many tones
Of lute and harp and psaltery.

I have no temple and no creed,
I celebrate no mystic rite;
The human heart is all I need
Wherein I worship day and night:

The human heart is all I need,
For I have found God ever there—
Love is the one sufficient creed,
And comradeship the purest prayer!

I bow not down to any book,
No written page holds me in awe;
For when on one friend's face I look
I read the Prophets and the Law!

I need no fountain filled with blood
To cleanse my soul from mortal sin;
For love is an unbounded flood—
Freely I go to wash therein.

Love laughs at boundaries of wrath
And is as infinite as God;
Breaks down each wall, finds out each path
Where wilful, straying feet have trod.

Love is the Word God gave and said:
'With it thou shalt mankind assoil!'
Then forthwith poured upon my head
Anointing of His holy oil!

Extracts from 'Bill Boram'

BILL BORAM was the bad man of The Cove
And skipper of the schooner Lottie S.—
A green-hulled cranky craft as ever drove
Her bowsprit into sea foam. I confess
Bill had no beauty, no redeeming grace
Of manner. He was almost always full.
In stature Bill was short and thick. His face
Was not unlike old Aaron Conrad's bull—
The ugliest and the meanest brute I know—
A tangle of red hair above two eyes
Like balls of polished bronze that seemed to glow
With hot hell-fire. Bill's tongue was very wise
In all the art of antique blasphemy;
Art that was old ere out of towered Tyre
Great merchant triremes pushed their prows to sea.
Bill often boasted, 'Cuss? I c'n cuss higher
Than pa'son Blaylock aims to p'int a prayer.
Cuss? I c'n cuss the devil out o' hell!'
Bill's whiskers were a fiery fringe of hair
That from his jutting jaws and square chin fell
In curling fury half-way down his breast.

. . . . .

Where Scander Bay turns in to meet The Cove,
And where the road runs down to Dorey's Head,
Bill's house stands. Though he liked to rant and rove
With rum and cronies, it was often said,
'Bill at his best is when Bill's at his home.'
Good reason why; for deep in his bad heart
There lived a love for one black patch of loam
That was his garden. Bill was first to start
His hoeing, first to plant, before he sailed
Off in the green-hulled schooner Lottie S.

On certain noons when black North-easters flailed
The Grand Banks like a floor, and the duress
Of flailing made the sea a field of foam,
Bill thought of daisies down behind the barn,
And Molly tinkling up the cow-path home.

. . . . .

Bill's tragedy was this: No man could see
The Christ Who came to him upon a field
Where wild flowers are, in gardens where the tree
Stands sentinel above the phlox and Who appealed
To save Bill's soul through Bill's sweet love of flowers;
And just because they could not see, they crowned
Bill's head with mockery of thorns. The powers
Of darkness fain would follow with the hound—
His kennel is Convention, and his name
Public Opinion. When you hear their yell,
A soul is born and passes through the flame
Upward to God. Beware the stupid Good,
Who, being stupid, cannot therefore tell
Christ from the thief blaspheming on his rood.

Among Bill's cronies was a weakly one—
All trembling adoration of Bill's strength
And lust for sin—Elihu Conrad's son.
He was a man of an uncertain length,
Because his backbone could not keep his head
Upon a perpendicular. His hair—
Like floss from late October thistles shed—
Fell down to hide a slanting forehead where

A thin ridged crooked nose began to rise.
Sparse growths of floss were on his mouth and chin,
So weak, so empty and so gander-wise,
That one expected him to hiss. A thin
Throat met two forward-sloping shoulder blades
That bowed in meek acceptance of that yoke
Which all the unloved carry. 'Ace of spades'
We called his awkward feet, and used to poke
Fun at his limp. Yet in this man's discord
One note was true: A sudden miracle
Of light and colour, as from clear skies poured,
Would happen, like a kiss of love in hell,
When George in answer opened wide his eyes—
Blue as the harebells in a place of vines,
Blue as the moons on wings of butterflies;
Their colour sent a prickling up the spines
Of men who left off cursing him to stare.

. . . . .

From 'The Witch of Endor'

DOEG. One word!
LORUHAMAH. O Serpent! I am in your coils.
DOEG. Come, show your wisdom.
LORUHAMAH. In destroying Saul?
DOEG. Not in destroying him.
LORUHAMAH. You said that I
Must lure his soul to Tophet!
DOEG. Soul—not body!
Destroy his trust in what he deems divine,
Until Jehovah is for him a name,
And all that he held holy is a name,
His crown, his throne, his kingdom but a name—
An empty sound—a cry across the waste
And wildness of the world! As for the rest—
I care not; have your way with what is left!
LORUHAMAH (*with a cry of anguish*).
His body I may have, but not his soul—
His soul that held me that first night we met
In Askelon—the soul of Saul that holds
Me steadfast to the dream that we may meet

Somewhere beyond the boundaries of earth,
When love has conquered the indifference
Of all the gods! Destroy his soul and keep
His body—! Pour the wine out—keep the jar!
Shatter the harp and keep the soundless strings!
Better this flesh were shredded to the bone;
These eyes torn out, to which great minstrels sang,
And all my beauty vanished into dust;
Than my fair womanhood work witchery
And bane of madness on the man I love!
Oh, little do you know of women, who
Set sex against the highest; think we care
For trinkets—that our hearts are satisfied
With dulcet strummings of a psaltery
In dim seraglios! . . Set my sex against
The soul of Saul and wreck him with a kiss?
Now by the womanhood that you despise,
I will not do this thing—not for the gods
Who shame their high estate with use of you!
And though you lead Saul to the gates of hell,
And hurl him to the lowest pit thereof,
My love will follow after him; my tears
Quench the last fire that burns to torture him;
My cry assail the doors of heaven until
The gods rise up and bid us enter in!

From 'The Man of Kerioth'

MARY. Blind minstrel, come,
Sit underneath the sycamore with me.
BARTIMÆUS (*finding his way to the rock*).
Lady, your voice is like a hall of harps,
When in the night a wind goes whispering
Among the curtains, and they call to him,
So that by murmur of a silver sound
He may find them.
MARY (*as the minstrel sits at the rock*).
Ah, you have rightly said.
My heart is like a hall of silent harps
That wake to sound when love breathes on the strings,
Calling my name. Tell me, O minstrel man,
How shall I keep a lover's feet from straying?

BARTIMÆUS. If he be blind, then let him hear your voice;
If he be deaf, then let him see your face;
If he be blind and deaf, give him your lips;
And if he then be not consumed by love,
Your love is dead—so, lady, bury him.

PHILIP. A wise man!—Mary, pray put out my eyes
That I may also see.

MARY (*intent upon the minstrel*).
If love were dead,
My love would wait with balms before his tomb—
I could not leave him lonely on a hill
Among the sepulchres.

BARTIMÆUS. If love would sit
For long against a tomb, leaning her head
Bravely against its whited wall, oh, then
The stone would roll away that she might bear
Her balms and odours to anoint his feet.

MARY. And though the feet of him had turned to dust,
The mouth that once pressed mine, the eyes that looked
Long into mine, though these had turned to dust,
My patient love would call each golden grain
Of that same dear, divine, dust of my love
Back to the quickened clay becoming flesh,
Until we stood together in a dawn
Of lilies!

PHILIP. Mary, I love you like that.

MARY (*tenderly to Philip*)
And, Philip, I the Man of Kerioth.

BARTIMÆUS. Love is the resurrection and the life.
Rejoice, O man, who learned to laugh through tears,
That you are lost in Mary, and so find
Yourself. Love is the great reward, the sign
Of heaven's most high approval of a soul.
When God is ready for another song
To wing its gladness from the sky to earth,
He sends it to a lover who has found
Joy in the giving that seeks not its own.

PHILIP. God! how you have learned love.

MARY. What is your name?

BARTIMÆUS. Men call me Bartimæus.

Marjorie L. C. Pickthall

MARJORIE PICKTHALL lived from infancy in a world of dreams. Even as a child she instinctively repudiated the unbeautiful and the soulless. Denied luxury and health, she drew a charmed circle with a magic wand around her æsthetic world, and there erected a palace of art, which was both a city of refuge and a dwelling-place. . . Without troubling to theorize or satirize the objective and disappointing world, she turned softly aside into the land of her heart's desire. . . She wrought with infinite patience and skilful cunning. Her materials were sumptuous. The light, celestial quality of her drifting rhythm, the unblemished beauty of her jewelled vocabulary, the colourful magic of her descriptive imagery, these she lovingly shepherded into the fold of her undying song. . . The quality of her beauty is timeless. The total effect is a purifying and ennobling of the whole nature, and yet this is not reproduced by any doctrinal system of ideas, nor by reasoning of any kind, but whatever it is, it is produced through the imagination alone, an experience through which we are identified with the beautiful, which is not only felicitous but also loving and true.—Dr Lorne Pierce in 'Marjorie Pickthall: A Book of Remembrance.'

ABOUT the beginning of this century, the attention of many readers was attracted strongly to the remarkable character of the contributions of a seventeen-year-old girl to the 'Young People's Corner' of the *Mail and Empire*. It was evident that a genius of a rare order had appeared in Canadian literature.

The signature was 'Marjorie L. C. Pickthall,' and on enquiry it was found that she was the daughter of English parents—Mr Arthur C. Pickthall, an electrical engineer, and Helen Mallard—who had emigrated to Toronto in 1890, when their child was about seven years of age. It was also learned that she had been educated in the Bishop Strachan School on College street.

As Marjorie Lowrey Christie Pickthall was born in London, England, the 14th of September, 1883, she achieved fame earlier in life than most poets. Her poems and short stories soon began to appear in leading periodicals of England, the United States, and Canada; and in the autumn of 1913, the *University Magazine,* Montreal, and John Lane, the Bodley Head, issued a volume of her collected verse, entitled *The Drift of Pinions.*

For once the reviewers and critics generally were of one opinion, that the work was the product of genius undefiled and radiant, dwelling in the realm of pure beauty and singing its themes with perfect naturalness.

In 1913, Miss Pickthall was assistant librarian in Victoria College, but the close confinement not agreeing with her health, she resigned and went to England to visit relatives. When the Great War broke out, she decided to remain and do her bit as best she could. At one time she worked in the fields as a farm hand. . . In May, 1920, Miss Pickthall returned to Canada and made her home in Victoria, B.C. Here she lived for nearly two years until her untimely death in a hospital in Vancouver, April 19th, 1922.

Little Hearts was published in Canada in 1926; *The Lamp of Poor Souls* (poems) in 1917; *The Bridge* (a novel) in 1921, and posthumously, *The Woodcarver's Wife and Other Poems,* with an introduction by Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, 1922; *Angel's Shoes* (a collection of short stories), 1923.

The Lamp of Poor Souls

[In many English churches before the Reformation there was kept a little lamp continually burning, called the Lamp of Poor Souls. People were reminded thereby to pray for the souls of those dead whose kinsfolk were to poor to pay for prayers and masses.]

ABOVE my head the shields are stained with rust,
The wind has taken his spoil, the moth his part;
Dust of dead men beneath my knees, and dust,
Lord, in my heart.

Lay Thou the hand of faith upon my fears;
The priest has prayed, the silver bell has rung,
But not for him. O unforgotten tears,
He was so young!

Shine, little lamp, nor let thy light grow dim.
Into what vast, dread dreams, what lonely lands,
Into what griefs hath death delivered him,
Far from my hands?

Cradled is he, with half his prayers forgot.
I cannot learn the level way he goes.
He whom the harvest hath remembered not
Sleeps with the rose.

Shine, little lamp, fed with sweet oil of prayers.
Shine, little lamp, as God's own eyes may shine,
When He treads softly down His starry stairs
And whispers, 'Thou art Mine.'

Shine, little lamp, for love hath fed thy gleam.
Sleep, little soul, by God's own hands set free.
Cling to His arms and sleep, and sleeping, dream,
And dreaming, look for me.

The Pool

COME with me, follow me, swift as a moth,
Ere the wood-doves waken.
Lift the long leaves and look down, look down
Where the light is shaken,
Amber and brown,
On the woven ivory roots of the reed,
On a floating flower and a weft of weed
And a feather of froth.

Here in the night all wonders are,
  Lapped in the lift of the ripple's swing,
A silver shell and a shaken star,
  And a white moth's wing.
Here the young moon when the mists unclose
Swims like the bud of a golden rose.

I would live like an elf where the wild grapes cling,
I would chase the thrush
From the red rose-berries.
All the day long I would laugh and swing
With the black choke-cherries.
I would shake the bees from the milkweed blooms,
And cool, O cool,
Night after night I would leap in the pool,
And sleep with the fish in the roots of the rush.
Clear, O clear my dreams should be made
Of emerald light and amber shade,
Of silver shallows and golden glooms.
Sweet, O sweet my dreams should be
As the dark, sweet water enfolding me
Safe as a blind shell under the sea.

The Shepherd Boy

WHEN the red moon hangs over the fold,
  And the cypress shadow is rimmed with gold,
O little sheep, I have laid me low,
My face against the old earth's face,
Where one by one the white moths go,
And the brown bee has his sleeping place.
And then I have whispered, mother, hear,
For the owls are awake and the night is near,
And whether I lay me near or far
  No lip shall kiss me,
  No eye shall miss me,
Saving the eye of a cold white star.

And the old brown woman answers mild,
Rest you safe on my heart, O child.
Many a shepherd, many a king,
I fold them safe from their sorrowing.

Gweniver's heart is bound with dust,
Tristram dreams of the dappled doe,
But the bugle moulders, the blade is rust;
Stilled are the trumpets of Jericho,
And the tired men sleep by the walls of Troy.
  Little and lonely,
  Knowing me only,
Shall I not comfort you, shepherd boy?

When the wind wakes in the apple tree,
And the shy hare feeds on the wild fern stem,
I say my prayers to the Trinity,—
The prayers that are three and the charms that are seven
To the angels guarding the towers of heaven,—
And I lay my head on her raiment's hem,
Where the young grass darkens the strawberry star,
Where the iris buds and the bellworts are.
All night I hear her breath go by
Under the arch of the empty sky.
All night her heart beats under my head,
And I lie as still as the ancient dead,
Warm as the young lambs there with the sheep.
  I and no other
  Close to my Mother,
Fold my hands in her hands, and sleep.

The Bridegroom of Cana

['There was a marriage in Cana of Galilee. . . And both Jesus was called and His disciples, to the marriage.']

VEIL thine eyes, O beloved, my spouse,
  Turn them away,
Lest in their light my life withdrawn
Dies as a star, as a star in the day,
As a dream in the dawn.

Slenderly hang the olive leaves
Sighing apart;
The rose and silver doves in the eaves
With a murmur of music bind our house.

Honey and wine in thy words are stored,
Thy lips are bright as the edge of a sword
  That hath found my heart,
  That hath found my heart.

Sweet, I have waked from a dream of thee,
And of Him.
He who came when the songs were done.
From the net of thy smiles my heart went free
And the golden lure of thy love grew dim.
I turned to them asking, 'Who is He,
Royal and sad, who comes to the feast
And sits Him down in the place of the least?'
And they said, 'He is Jesus, the carpenter's son.'

Hear how my harp on a single string
Murmurs of love.
Down in the fields the thrushes sing
And the lark is lost in the light above,
Lost in the infinite, glowing whole,
  As I in thy soul,
  As I in thy soul.

Love, I am fain for thy glowing grace
As the pool for the star, as the rain for the rill.
Turn to me, trust to me, mirror me
As the star in the pool, as the cloud in the sea.
Love, I looked awhile in His face
And was still.

The shaft of the dawn strikes clear and sharp;
Hush, my harp.
Hush my harp, for the day is begun,
And the lifting, shimmering flight of the swallow
Breaks in a curve on the brink of morn,
Over the sycamores, over the corn.
Cling to me, cleave to me, prison me
As the moth in the flame, as the shell in the sea,
For the winds of the dawn say, 'Follow, follow
Jesus Bar-Joseph, the carpenter's son.'

A Mother in Egypt

['About midnight will I go out into the midst of Egypt; and all the firstborn in the land of Egypt shall die, from the firstborn of Pharaoh that sitteth upon the throne, even unto the firstborn of the maid-servant that is behind the mill.']

IS the noise of grief in the palace over the river
For this silent one at my side?
There came a hush in the night, and he rose with his hands a-quiver
Like lotus petals adrift on the swing of the tide.
O small soft hands, the day groweth old for sleeping!
O small still feet, rise up, for the hour is late!
Rise up, my son, for I hear them mourning and weeping
In the temple down by the gate.

Hushed is the face that was wont to brighten with laughter
When I sang at the mill,
And silence unbroken shall greet the sorrowful dawns hereafter,
The house shall be still.
Voice after voice takes up the burden of wailing,—
Do you heed, do you hear, in the high-priest's house by the wall?
But mine is the grief, and their sorrow is all unavailing.
Will he wake at their call?

Something I saw of the broad, dim wings half folding
The passionless brow.
Something I saw of the sword the shadowy hands were holding,—
What matters it now?
I held you close, dear face, as I knelt and harkened
To the wind that cried last night like a soul in sin,
When the broad, bright stars dropped down and the soft sky darkened,
And the Presence moved therein.

I have heard men speak in the market-place of the city,
Low voiced, in a breath,

Of a god who is stronger than ours, and who knows not changing nor pity,
Whose anger is death.
Nothing I know of the lords of the outland races,
But Amun is gentle and Hathor the Mother is mild,
And who would descend from the light of the peaceful places
To war on a child?

Yet here he lies, with a scarlet pomegranate petal
Blown down on his cheek.
The slow sun sinks to the sand like a shield of some burnished metal,
But he does not speak.
I have called, I have sung, but he neither will hear nor waken;
So lightly, so whitely he lies in the curve of my arm,
Like a feather let fall from the bird that the arrow hath taken.
Who could see him, and harm?

'The swallow flies home to her sleep in the eaves of the altar,
And the crane to her nest,'
So do we sing o'er the mill, and why, ah, why should I falter,
Since he goes to his rest?
Does he play in their flowers as he played among these with his mother?
Do the gods smile downward and love him and give him their care?
Guard him well, O ye gods, till I come; lest the wrath of that Other
Should reach to him there!

Louise Morey Bowman

A RARE and exquisite spirit, sometimes dancing, sometimes brooding, companions us in this book ('Moonlight and Common Day'). . . . Mature feeling conceived in a child's fresh imaginative terms. . . . but sensitively enriched with the spirit of love, beyond a child's experience. . . . Mrs Bowman happily possesses a modern and individual imagination. Her feeling is her own, not inherited or borrowed; her style is simple and direct; and such faults as she might be accused of are not Victorian reminders. . . . It is difficult to reveal in a poem or two a personality so rich and fine, and a talent which attains in certain poems such a delicate bloom of beautiful and adequate expression. . . . No, a few extracts are not enough. The book has unusual unity and personality. To make friends with the poet one should read it all.—Harriet Monroe, in 'Poetry: A Magazine of Verse' (Chicago).

Mrs Bowman's work has the authentic touch of poetry, the projection of a personality that feels poetry keenly. . . . It is individual, rich with colour and full of feeling.—Amy Lowell, after reading 'Dream Tapestries'.

LOUISE MOREY BOWMAN, wife of Archibald Abercromby Bowman, is a Canadian of English ancestry, her grandparents on both sides being of old Puritan New England stock. She was born in Sherbrooke, Que., the daughter of Mr Samuel Foote Morey of Sherbrooke, and Lily Louise Sherril Dyer of Utica, N.Y. She was educated privately and at Dana Hall (Wellesley, Mass.), specializing in literature and in music (violin).

Mrs Bowman submitted no manuscripts for publication until after her return from some months of European travel and her marriage. Her first published poem appeared in *The Outlook* (New York) in May, 1913. . . Some years of serious ill-health intervened before her first book was published in 1922,—*Moonlight and Common Day.* During those years her poems appeared in *Poetry* (Chicago), *The University Magazine* (Montreal), *The Independent* (New York), *The Bookman* (New York), *St. Nicholas, Canadian Magazine, Canadian Forum,* etc. In 1922 she received honourable mention in competition for the 'Blindman Prize.' This contest, under the auspices of the Poetry Society of South Carolina, was open to any poet writing in English. The sole judge was Miss Amy Lowell, and Mrs Bowman's poem, 'Oranges' was one of eleven chosen for honourable mention out of nearly four hundred manuscripts submitted.

Dream Tapestries, Mrs Bowman's second book of verse, was published in 1924; and in the same year, the author was specially honoured in her native province, by being presented with $250, one of the Quebec Government's literary prizes, known as the 'David Awards'. . .

For a decade after their marriage, Mr and Mrs Bowman lived in Toronto, where they left behind them many friends, when in 1923 they removed to Montreal. Their home is now in Mount Royal, Quebec.

Deep Snow

POWDER of diamond
Upon a silver birch;
Old stone wall buried deep.
And you . . a scarlet bird
Whose wild wings flutter here against my soul.
How still the world!

Hyacinth

HYACINTH dreams in the arbour . .
Just a crumpled mass of gray . .
Soft ashen hair and colourless skin,
Small delicate hands blue-veined and thin . .
Hyacinth dreams in the arbour
And who shall say
What Hyacinth dreams to-day?

Hyacinth dreams in the arbour
And the stealthy pussy-cat creeps
To her silken lap in the soft green gloom.
Room for the pussy-cat, Hyacinth . . room!
Hyacinth dreams, in the arbour,
Of Life . . that steals and leaps
Like a panther out of the shadows . .
Hyacinth sleeps.

Hyacinth! Hyacinth! Open your eyes!
Your blue, blue eyes like the Grecian seas!
Or Life will spring on your silken knees
And waken you with a wild surprise
Where you dream . . just a crumpled mass of gray.
Hyacinth dreams in the arbour.
Ah who shall say
What Hyacinth dreams to-day?

Green Apples

THE garden lies spattered with the wet green moonlight
Spilled from the night's dark goblet;
And the wraith in the garden huddles mournfully
Silently watching,
Upon the broad marble seat,
Where white lilies and roses bloom.
Wine of pale silver-green drenches the garden.
The little gray wraith huddles mournfully,
Silently watching.

. . . . .

On that broad marble seat to-day
Sat a beautiful lady . .
Through the hot golden hours of the long afternoon . .

Oh a beautiful lady!
With a warm wicked beauty of white, and of rose,
And of ebony.
Over her white breasts a long green scarf falling . .
Wet, bright, apple-green.
Out in the orchard, laughing
With clear, evil laughter . .
Ice laughter . .
She had gathered some little green apples
And bit them with strong white teeth.
'I am Eve! I am Eve in the garden . .
Come! Adam!'
And he followed . . poor, passionate lover . .
To the seat by the heavy white lilies and roses.
(Oh far, far away lie the wise castle windows
Behind the rose gardens and lime trees!)
But after the lovers . . after them, swiftly, swiftly,
Like a fleeting gray shadow,
Speeds the little gray wraith . .
With feeble weak fingers of dampness
Pulling with tremulous touch at his heart-strings . .
Pricking like impotent tiny thorns;
Nipping, and pinching, and pricking
The shrivelled, black conscience of the rosy and beautiful lady.
See! from the shrivelled black conscience
One drop of bright, red blood,
As from prick of a rose thorn . .
And his heart-strings are drawn tight and knotted
With tiny, weak, slipping knots
Tied by feeble, damp fingers . .
Slipping . . slipping . . oh slipping!
But what does that matter?
For Time has come to the help of the gray wraith . .
Grave, gray Father Time with a handful of moments—
Dust? Ashes? . .
He has set the rose-shrouded sundial in shadow.

. . . . .

Now the broad marble seat is empty
Except where gray wraith has sunk down in the moonlight
Victorious.

Ah! . . the lady had dropped her bright, apple-green
scarf,
And it stirs like a sinuous, long snake.
Is it only that one pointed corner is lifted
By the stealthy, stealing, night wind?
Slowly, slowly . . so feebly . .
The snake lifts itself with the wind's help,
Revealing
A little green apple,
With some black dents where strong white teeth
Have bitten it.
And the small, gray wraith noiselessly moans and shudders.
But what matter?
For the long night passes.
Only the green scarf lies harmlessly, softly,
On the empty marble seat where the little gray wraith sits
And watches,
Victorious . .
Though the green wine of moonlight is drenching
The perilous garden.

The Witch

THEY—the good people—heard her song
From out of the wood that grows thick in the valley.
She had climbed to the hill-top that rises, blue,
Out of the wood as one comes through.
Grass on the hill-top waving long,
And a smooth gray stone where she kept her tally
Of the years and the days in the wild singing wood.
She lived her life as a virgin should
Till the people heard her song.
They climbed the hill and they frowned and said
'We liked your songs that we heard in the valley.
We don't like that one you are singing to-day!
It's mad and it's bad and it's much too gay!
But we've brought you some meat and bread.'
Then they saw on the stone her tally,
And they shook their heads . . 'Look here! Look here!

Oh it's very very plain she is queer . . mad queer!'
And they took her away on that self-same day,
Though she fought till she lay half-dead.
Now all she had written on the smooth gray stone
Were the strange magic things (O the deep blue wings!)
That happen in a wild, singing wood.
But they said 'She hasn't lived as a virgin should . .
When she dies she shall lie on the hill for good.'
And they laid her there, with her soft black hair
Strained back from her dead white brow.
'We will set at her head for a tombstone now
This stone where she kept mad tally!'
But she laughed as she sped from that hill-top bed
And roamed through the wood and the valley . .
'Oh wild blue wings I am free' (sang she)
'Now I own the singing wood and the wood owns me,
Oh the hill-top too and the valley!
They gave back my stone and they've left me alone . .
I am free! I am free! I am free!'

Sea Lavender

MY Puritan Grandmother!—I see her now,
With placid brow,
Always so sure
That no things but the right things shall endure!
Sombrely neat, so orderly and prim,
Always a little grim,
Austere but kind . .
Smooth-banded hair and smoothly-banded mind.

But let me whisper it to you to-day—
I know it now—
That deep in her there was a flame at play.
Beneath that brow
The blue-grey eyes sought beauty, found it too
Most often by the ocean's passionate blue.
Her sea-beach treasures—shells and coloured weed
Gathered and hoarded with glad human greed—

They warm my heart to-day with insight new.
How vividly I see her, frail and old,
A tiny, black-clothed figure on the beach,
Compactly wrapped against the sea-wind's cold,
Patiently waiting till waves let her reach
Some sandy strip, where purple, amber, green,
Her lacy sea-weed treasures could be seen.
(She pressed and mounted them—frail tangled things!
Handled by her, fit to trim fairies' wings.)

So I recall her,
Searching salt-sea pools
For Beauty's shadow.
All her rigid rules,
And cold austereness with a storm-tossed child,
Melt into airs of evenings, warm and mild.
And I find revelation, sweet indeed
In her dear treasures of sea shells and weed.

The Wealthy Shepherd

AS I came in from the green South Downs
I heard the pedlars cry
'What d'ye lack?' and 'What d'ye lack?'
'Come lasses and lads, come buy!'
So they chattered and clacked away
All at the fair on a summer day.
'Satin waistcoats, and scented gloves,
Silken hose or a cage of doves,
Sweets and 'winkles and hot meat pie—
What d'ye lack? Come buy! Come buy!'

And I answered them as a free soul may,
Fresh from the green South Downs that day,
'I lack nothing that ye can sell,
I've flung my pence in the Wishing Well,
Bathed my face in the morning dew,
Broke my fast on the white milk new,
Breathed the scent of the wild sweet-briar,
Listened long to a skylark choir.

All that I'm lacking, I tell ye true,
Are my green meadows and hills of blue.'

How they laughed and jeered me, those pedlar folk.
'Look at the daft one! He's a jest!
Buttercup gold in his hands he holds!
Fool! Get back to your South Down folds!'
Back from the low-land fair I haste,
Far from the clatter and clack and waste.
There I find in my sweet, green dell
Three new lambs by the Wishing Well;
Sweet wild thyme and the glint of dew,
Treasure trove of the old and new.
But down at the fair the pedlars cry
'What d'ye lack? Come buy! Come buy!'

She Plans Her Funeral

BRING to me then all passionate, crimson flowers
And lay them on my breast.
They shall be symbols of the love-lit hours—
And Love is best.
Folk who believe in Immortality,
Why should they pass in panoply of woe?
I would be linked with colour and ecstasy
That day I go.

Linked with glad dancers, their white limbs set free,
And rhythmical through veils of filmy green,
With children, rose-flushed with a mystic glee—
All these I mean
To leave as wishes for my funeral day.
But, lest I burden those I leave behind,
Let me add, hastily, that any way
They care to manage—
Will be to my mind! . .
Yet I crave mightily for that last hour
At least one dancer and one crimson flower.

Florence Randal Livesay

MRS LIVESAY'S title is well chosen. 'Shepherd's Purse' is a homely weed, but it stores a golden pollen in its pouch no less than the lily or the rose, and its form is quite distinctive. So it is with Mrs Livesay's verses; they are innocent of all formality, and yet conventional in structure. They are at once wild and cultivated, idyllic and realistic, artificial and sincere. And this is because an unusually fantastic and elusive personality has paradoxically enough chosen such ballroom measures as the Rondel and the Triolet as the medium for her wildwood whimsies. The conjunction is certainly surprising and often happy, and the same process of grafting on the new to the old is apparent in her frequent habit of setting her fancy roving round a sentence rescued from the past; a bit of gossip from a letter of Lord Clifton's, a paragraph of Hakluyt's, a line from Browning's, a quip of Horace Walpole's. To each and all she gives a new lease of life, frail but full of feature, and her fancy is as happy in its conception of unexpected and yet convincingly natural situations in the present as in the past.—Times Literary Supplement, London, England, May 15, 1924.

FLORENCE RANDAL LIVESAY, daughter of Stephen and Mary Louisa Randal, was born at Compton, P.Q., and educated at Compton Ladies College, now King's Hall. She taught for one year in a private school in New York and subsequently for seven years was a member of the staff of the *Evening Journal,* Ottawa,—editor of the Woman's Page.

In 1902, the Hon. Joseph Chamberlain requested Canada to send some teachers to the Boer Concentration Camps, and Miss Randal, offering her services, was one of the forty chosen. She remained for one year and then returned to Canada, locating at Winnipeg. She joined the staff of the Winnipeg *Telegram,* and three years later, that of the Manitoba *Free Press.* For several years she edited the Children's Department of the latter, but has since written as a 'free lance.'

In 1908, she married J. Fred B. Livesay, of Winnipeg, now General Manager of *The Canadian Press* and author of *Canada's Hundred Days.* . . Mr Livesay was Canadian Correspondent at the Front, during the last three months of the Great War. . . They have two daughters. . . Mr and Mrs Livesay live in Toronto, during the winter; but they have a cottage near Clarkson, Ontario, where they spend the summer months.

Of recent years, Mrs Livesay has contributed poems, short stories and articles to Canadian and American magazines and Journals, and a volume of her verse, entitled *Songs of Ukraina,* was published in 1916; and another, *Shepherd's Purse,* in 1923.

Mrs Livesay's folk songs, translated or rather, interpreted, from the Ukrainian, are unusual and notable, but her poetical gift is quite as discernible in her other poems. She has the imagination and the practised touch of the artist.

'The Bookman' in the Manitoba *Free Press,* in her review of *Shepherd's Purse,* used these words: 'Mrs Livesay is a maker of delicate lyrical verse. She has imagination, a ready trick of rhythm, and a genuine dramatic gift in the lighter vein of poetry. For the Ukrainian folk-song she has a real genius.'

Butterfly Weed—Indian Fire

HERE and there by country ways
Sudden you shall see it blaze;
Seedlings springing year by year,
Immemorial dreams are here!
Slanting down a summer sky
Sailed an orange butterfly;
Poised upon the tawny flower
For a moment or an hour.

In his golden net the Sun
Snared it—Flower and Flight were one.
Beauty! Wings of swift desire
Purged of dross—gold in the fire.

In the Public Ward

'SHE looked alluring that day, I confess,
In all her bravery, her senseless dress;
A silken poppy, shivering, serene
Though it was winter weather, sharp and keen.
These foolish women, silly butterflies!
Well—soon enough they lose their Paradise.'

'True, doctor!' . . But the Nurse, agreeing, smiled
As she looked down on mother and on child.
'How Death creates! Which was the false, the true,
This sculptured beauty—or the girl you knew?'
She bent to smooth a strand of sunbright hair:
'She might be—what? A young nun spent with prayer.'

The Floating Barque

(*From the Ukrainian*)

A BARQUE is floating, water-sodden:
(With a glub, glub, glub, glub,
Dashing waves go klup, klup,
Gurgling waves go glub, glub.)
Comes a Cossack to a maiden:
(With a thump, thud, thump, thud,
Stamping feet, go thud, thud,
Jingling heels go thud, thud.)

Floats the skiff, though well-nigh sunken:
Boast not, pretty maiden
Of your beads that glitter!
Boast not, handsome Cossack,
Of your locks so curly!
Soon your necklet you'll be selling
To buy him tobacco!
Soon your ringlets you'll be shearing
To buy her new garments!

Floats the skiff, though almost sunken:
Love's a craft that's tricky;
Do not overturn it.
Floating, sinking, floating, sinking,
Love's a craft that's tricky!

The Widow
(*Ukrainian*)

OI! beneath the wooden hill-top
There a widow flax was gleaning,
Stooping, gleaning, toil nigh over,
To herself Hai! she was thinking:

'If I only had a husband
I would take such good care of him!
In expensive clothes I'd dress him,
Wine and honey he'd be drinking.'

There was Wasyl long grass mowing—
In good sooth he heard her singing.
Down his scythe went in the grasses,
And he hied him to his mother.

'Mother, let me wed that widow!
How we'd drink and how we'd dance then,
And be dressed in gold and silver;
We would be so happy always.'

'Nay, my son, thou shalt not have her!
Weaves she spells like unto witches—
Something strange befell her husband,
His fate would be thine, my young one.'

Khustina—The Kerchief

(*From the Ukrainian of Fedkovich*)

[It is the custom among Ukrainian maidens to embroider such a kerchief for the betrothal, and then it is bound upon the arm or worn in some noticeable way on the man's person.]

THE sun was drowning in the ocean's brim
Red, red as blood;
And in the crimson flood
A young girl sewed a handkerchief with gold.

Embroidering in gold with stitches fine—
Like lilies white
Her cheeks will look to-night,
Like pure-white lilies washed with tears.

And as she sewed she pressed it to her heart;
Then, weeping sore,
She opened wide the door:
'Strong wind, my Eagle, take this on your wings!'

'Strong as the Dunai swiftly onward flows,
O Wind so free
Deliver this for me
Where now he serves, yea, where the heart well knows!

'He in the Uhlans' ranks is fighting now—
Go, Golden One,
From sun to sun
Float on the wind until that place you find!

'And, Golden One, when you shall hear one call
Even as a dove,
Rest, for my love,
My loved one will be waiting there below!

'He has a bay horse, and his weapons are
Shining as gold.
Wind, free and bold,
Fall to his heart as the rose petals fall!

'If sleeping, wake him not; and if—O God!—
If slain he lie,
For your good-bye
O Golden One, cover his sweet dead face!'

Tim, the Fairy

(*Ontario Pioneer Irish*)

THE little shrivelled and humpbacked creature!
A changeling, shure! And they fed him right
When they gave him food on the end of a shovel.
I'd have taken a lilac twig and laced him,
And him gibberin' there like a little imp.

They sold his knitting, they taught him weaving,
His darning was fine enough for a queen;
Folks treasured hooked rugs his fingers knotted;
'Twas something to see, and they came to see him,
And brought sick lambs, that they'd get a 'cure.'

Wisha, will he spin and weave for the fairies?
They like good workers. And he was that.
Belike if his mother had kept him idle? . .
But it's no good talking of things that's past.

For at last, wan day, they called and beckoned. . .
His mother found him, and thought him asleep—
Lard save us! And Tim there *away* two hours,
Slippin' down a bit in his barrel-chair,
With the quarest smile on his wizened face!

The Violin Calls

(*A superstition of the Old Irish in Canada*)

CLOUDS in the sky at twilight,
Storm in the air, and cries. . .
'Fiddler, play for the dying,
Play as the old man dies!

'Call up the hosts of the fairies;
They will escort old Tim.
See how they gather, the phantom
Gray wings enfolding him!'

'*Bold on the moor stood the fairies,*
Bold and undaunted.' The song,
Piercing and sweet on the fiddle,
Draws him along and along.

Rain-beat and crashing of thunder,
Sighing of chords faint and low,
To Ireland, on cloud-riven pinions
The Dead and the Fairies go.

Annie Charlotte Dalton

MRS DALTON is chiefly engaged in surveying and charting those regions of experience behind civilization in which man's roots are buried and through which he has struck upwards at the dictates of evolution. Her longest and most ambitious poem which gives its title to the book is a vigorously versified argument on behalf of 'the larger hope' and in proof of the contention that man has not only risen from the slough but outstripped the ape to a very considerable degree. Two stanzas may be quoted as typical both of style and argument:—

'Though in the market-place our brother stole,
Or, on the bridge did levy unjust toll,
Hail not the market folk, nor beat the drum,
Think through what bedlam you and he have come' . .
'We build our little life by hour, by day;
God wakes—and winks a million years away;
He will have patience though ten thousand years
Have brought us still no further than our fears.'

The same absorption in man's relation to nature. . . is apparent in her shorter lyrics.—The Times Literary Supplement, London, England, May 22, 1924.

ANNIE CHARLOTTE DALTON was born at Birkby, Huddersfield, England, December 9, 1865, and is the second daughter of John and S. Elizabeth Armitage. When twelve months old she was adopted by her grandparents James and Hannah Stoney. Unfailing sympathy and encouragement on the part of Mr Stoney, started Mrs. Dalton at an early age on a literary career. Frail and partially deaf, she found literary adventures invaluable in combating the monotony otherwise inevitable. . . Mrs Dalton was educated privately. Poems and stories appeared at various times in the press of her native town, until marriage brought new occupation. On October 13, 1891, she was married to Mr Willie Dalton well known in Huddersfield for his share in building up The Victorian Order of Nurses and other things of public utility. He is now a business man in Vancouver, B.C., where he and his family came to reside in 1904. Both Mr and Mrs Dalton are collectors of antiques and objects d'art. Their only daughter is the wife of Mr Sydney Dunn Scott. . . All of Mrs Dalton's work of any moment has been written in Canada. Short articles, book-reviews, poems, Christmas Carols and children's stories, were published from time to time in magazines or newspapers; also various small collections of poems, mostly for private circulation. Her first book *The Marriage of Music* was published in Vancouver in 1910. In 1915 a second and revised edition was published in England. Her latest book, *Flame and Adventure,* was issued in Toronto in 1924.

The Robin's Egg

THE drenched earth has a warm, sweet radiance all her own;
The wakening chestnut flings upon the air
Her crumpled loveliness of leaf.
Lovely and brief,
The daffodil stands deep
In arabis full-blown—
There, early honey gatherers come.
Gold dawns along the spare,
Sleek buds of leopard's bane,
Beneath the autumn-planted dog-wood still asleep;

Lovely and vain,
The slim, young plum
Flaunts her white bridal veil
Beyond the garden pale.
Fallen, fallen amongst the daffodils,
A robin's egg half-crushed—
Bluer than any sky could be,
Blue with a tense divinity
As if some god had brushed,
Impatiently, a jewel from his hand—
Ah! who shall understand
This radiant mystery?
A moment, and the beauty of our garden has rushed
Away; my heart with some strange rapture fills—
This rapture of this robin's blue
Holds all my soul in thrall,
As if I heard and knew
Some strange, sweet, foreign call;
As if I saw and knew
Some secret in the robin's precious blue.
This scrap of jelly which should be,
Potentially,
A singing robin in our tree—
I sorrow for its tiny life, but still,
Intoxicating, leaps the thrill
That ravishes, that satisfies my soul,
Soothes me, and makes me whole—
So strangely are we made! If I could tell
Whence this pure rapture, this dumb spell—
So strangely are we made that I must know
Why this small thing doth move me so;
Why, for an amulet, I fain would beg
The turquoise of some robin's egg.

Incantations

O DOG-WOOD tree,
Be kind to me,
For I have loved you so;
And now beneath your branches, see,
I pray for you to grow.

No more the woods
May see your buds,
Your tender buds grow green—
Shut not so tight their purple hoods,
Nor fret for what hath been.

O dog-wood tree,
How pleasantly
Your sisters, strong and fair,
Have lit their ruddy twigs for me
With silver wicks in air.

Each wick will soon,
A silver moon,
Above green cloudlings shine;
Give, too, your beauty's wonted boon,
Nor longer so repine.

If I should pray
For you each day,
Would not your sorrow heal?
For flowers and trees, the wise men say,
Can hear and see and feel.

Then hear my prayer—
A spring so fair
Must mourn for you grown dull,
With all those branches stark and bare,
That were so beautiful.

O wilful tree,
Come back to me!
'Tis dark where you would go—
Even now beneath lorn branches, see,
I pray for you to grow.

II

Welcome, cloud!
The thirsty flowers are calling you,
Are wooing you;
The thirsty flowers are weary of dew—
Cloud, be not so proud,
Welcome to our garden, cloud!

Welcome, cloud!
The trees are waving hands to you,
Beckoning hands to you—
You are big with rain, you are overdue;
Cloud, be not so proud,
Welcome to our garden, cloud!

Welcome, cloud!
The fainting sparrows chirp to you,
Look up to you;
The listless robins sigh 'Adieu! Adieu!'
Cloud, be not so proud,
Come into our garden, cloud!

Wild Larkspur

MAKE me Thy warden
Of beautiful words;
They sing in my garden
Like love-dreaming birds.
The birds and their runnel
Of rapture I see;
No mole in his tunnel
Could silenter be—
To me.

I look into the face
Of this wild larkspur,
And see a vision
A holy place.
I hear in colour, curve and petal,
All songs that ever were,
With nought of sweet precision,
Or rote of chorister;

Nor string, nor reed, nor metal
Could weave such gossamer.
Not to be told, or tempted
To strangling theme or form,
This flower-music, law exempted,
Doth take my heart by storm;
And, hearing thus Thy melody,
O God, I am possessed with Thee!

Flame and Adventure

(*Concluding Verses*)

AH, in the long procession of our life,
What wanton wisdom, reedy wit went rife!
'All things are new—all things their course have run,'
And 'there is nothing new beneath the sun.'

Our laboured air-ships through the cirrus glide—
Time leaped the world in one tremendous stride,
When first the reptile sprang into the air,
And tried his clumsy, scale-like pinions there.

This rude begetter of the skylark's song,
The eagle's strength, the gaily-painted throng,
Hung on the jungle bough, his raucous note
Re-prophesying harmonies remote.

Shall we not prophesy? Shall we not rise
In some great age, exulting, to the skies?
We have come far—have we not far to go?
Wonder shall yet out-wonder All we know.

The world has wakened from its saurian sleep,
And spirit calls to spirit o'er the deep;
God! Thou hast come with us through blood and crime,
We live—perpetual heirs of hope and time!

Our love, our reverent love of Thee must grow;
We, also, are becoming gods to know
More, and yet more of Thee, to understand
Faintly, the pregnant purpose of Thy Hand.

We ask Thee not for quietness and rest,
But for the ecstasy of endless quest,
That Chief Adventure, questing for the truth,
That radiant wholesomeness, immortal youth.

Ah, how we went in fear of Thee! but now
Gone are the phantoms, humours of the slough;
No antique judge upon his throne we see—
Life shall be pleasant journeying with Thee!

Journeying with Thee—what height we dare not dare?
Tramps inescapable, fearless, we fare!
On fin, on foot, on wing, Creation goes.
And where? Comrades with Thee, who cares? Who knows?

Lyon Sharman

ONLY a poet could have written that charming little song ('Brasses'). It is characteristic of Mrs Sharman at her best—her love of colour, her feeling for music, and a certain exoticism that runs through the whole book. . . Indeed, her spiritual home seems to be Asia rather than America. The majority of her poems deal with China, and even those that do not, have about them something of the richness of the Orient. The imagery and beauty of the verse has a certain richness not often found in the efforts of our poets. . . This lovely little book, for it is most tastefully printed and decorated, strikes a new note in Canadian poetry. Mrs Sharman tells us in a brief note that she has partly created her own China. Though some of the poems are based on legends of Hangchow, other legends and pictures are entirely the product of her own imagination. The poetess has been remarkably successful in giving them a feeling of folklore.—Fred Jacob, in 'The Mail and Empire,' Toronto, Sept. 26, 1925.

LYON SHARMAN, author of *The Sea-Wall,* published in 1925, and of a small volume of stories and sketches, entitled *Bamboo: Tales of the Orient-Born,* is the wife of Henry Burton Sharman, Ph.D., of Toronto. . . She was born in the beautiful and historic city of Hangchow, in Chekiang province, China, daughter of Reverend and Mrs David N. Lyon. Her parents went to China as missionaries at a time when it was regarded as a heroic adventure. . . The first seven years of her life were spent in Hangchow, where she absorbed much of her environment, never since forgotten.

She went to college in Ohio, where she graduated B.A. at Wooster in 1894. Two years later she married. . . While her husband was doing graduate work at the University of Chicago Mrs Sharman studied there also and in 1906 received the degree of Ph.D. in one Department, while it was being conferred upon her husband in another.

For some years thereafter Mrs Sharman was one of the book-reviewers for the weekly Literary Supplement of the *Chicago Evening Post.* This was good discipline and practice in writing, but she did not develop verse as a form of expression until after she went to live in Winnipeg in 1910. In a letter she says: 'Practically all my verse has been written either in Winnipeg or Toronto.'

The unique character of this author's poems at once attracts and charms the reader. It is poetry that one can reread without abatement of interest.

Brasses

BRASS that makes no sound,
But sings a song
Of yellow all day long—
Sunshine on Manchurian plains,
Ripening northern grains,
Peking palace-roofs with yellow tiles,
And yellow rivers sulking miles and miles
From yellow mountains to a yellow sea.
Brass that makes no sound,
Sing on to me!

The Great Tides

TWICE a day
The sprites come and play
Along the shore;
At new and full moon
The demons charge in a wedged platoon
With a threatening roar.

Wildly they dash
With a cruel-sounding crash
In heavy ranks;
Up the river they run
Shaking their spear-points in the sun
At the happy banks.

Twice a year
The people melt with fear!
The Dragon-king
Leads his wolfish pack
Pounding in a wild attack,
Thundering!

Dashes the tide,
Flooding far and wide
The fertile land,
Killing the fruit and grain,
Strewing the cultivated plain
With salty sand.

At human woes
The Dragon laughs, and goes
Back to his place.
He rules his deep-sea clan,
And doles to trouble-haunted man
A half-year's grace.

The Building of the Sea-Wall

TOOLS must tap in the quarry,
There is breaking and crushing of rocks,
The mason chips with his hammer,
Fashioning great stone blocks.

Heavy is the hang of the crushed stone,
  Bending the pole that lifts,
As the coolies take up the baskets
  Carrying in many shifts.
Heo-hoy . . heo-hoy . . heo-hoy!
  Each road and passable street
Hears the rhythmic reply of their chantey,
  And the slap of their sandalled feet.

The hills are aswarm with woodcutters
  Taking the clean tall shafts;
And men who are bred to the river
  Must pole them down in rafts.

Tar-boilers paint them over
  Against the deep-sea rot;
Pile-drivers heave and plant them
  Like a fence for a cottage plot.

The fishermen help the coolies
  Carrying the rubble in creels;
And the masons throw in the mortar
  To bind as it congeals.

And all the while the stone-cutters
  Are building at ebb of the tide
A granite face toward the ocean
  Of hewn blocks long and wide.

Heavy is the hang of the cut-stone,
  Bending the pole that lifts,
As the coolies fetch and carry,
  Working in many shifts.
Heo-hoy . . Heo-hoy . . Heo-hoy!
  Each road and passable street
Hears the rhythmic reply of their chantey
  And the slap of their sandalled feet.

The Dragon's Warning

"IS a tide a thing of a day?
  In light and darkness tides shall play,
With keen fingers searching out
Weak spots for the rout

Of your tall pride!'
The angry Dragon cried.

'Boast not of something done!
As long as tides shall run,
Patrols must walk the wall and keep
Watch incessant while you wake and sleep.
You must shoulder care,
And bend your backs to repair.
The cost shall be taxes paid.
On your children's children you have laid
A burden and task
They had no part to ask.
When you are gone to the dead,
They, forgetting your dread,
May omit some caution or care;
Then beware! Beware!'

The Dragon Sees His Advantage

"THERE'S a leak in the sea-wall five miles out!'
The vegetable vendors suggest a doubt;
The market buzzes with whispered dread;
As the buyers scatter, fear is spread;
Men blame the patrol, and exchange their views
Of neglect impossible to excuse,
For this is the month of the autumn tides,
When the Dragon himself shoreward rides.

While the city gossips and sorts the blame,
The Dragon takes his turn at the game.
The leak once made needs little enlarging;
With the force of the Water-dragon's charging
It opened out; the salt flood bursts;
The farms are covered, and the people accurst.

The Dragon laughing approaches the city;
What knows he of human pity?
Running his long tongue up the fosse,
He licks the city-wall's lichen and moss;
Then takes his bold course up the river.
As if in panic the moored boats quiver.

Bursts on the Prince musing in the garden
A sound that makes his sinews harden;
Taut of nerve he springs to his feet;
Where the orchard slope and the river meet,
Three plum trees fall as the bank is bitten
By the merciless Dragon, who laughs to have smitten
Trees set there by the great Prince Chien
Whom the people praised with a mighty pæan.

A Ballad of a Famous Fisherman

GREAT was Chuang in the kingdom of Ku—
Both hated and held in esteem;
But he left the court to go fishing alone
On the bank of a muddy stream.

Chuang, knowing much of men and guile,
Preferred the fishing instead;
For who may play at ruling men
Without risk of losing his head?

One day the king sent envoys forth
From his royal retinue,
Inviting Chuang to return and be
First at the court of Ku.

To those who bore the king's message
He spoke this pointed word:
'In the king's ancestral temple hall
There's a tortoise, I have heard—

'A sacred thing, three thousand years dead,
Preserved in a lacquered chest:
It stands on the top of the carved altar,
And is worshipped with the best.

'Would the tortoise prefer, should you think,
To be dead in the chest and revered,
Or alive and wagging a sluggish tail
In the water-reeds, mud-besmeared?'

'Alive,' they cry with one accord.
Chuang plied his fishing-rod;
'You may say to the king, I am happier here
Wagging my tail in the mud.'

Constance Lindsay Skinner

MISS SKINNER'S poems are so original and picturesque, so free from conventionality, that they give her a unique place among our poets . . . Of a group of them John Galsworthy wrote, 'After reading them, one feels that sophistication is the ruin of poetry; one almost feels that civilization, as we practise it, is the death of beauty'. . . . Constance Lindsay Skinner was born and brought up in the wilds of Northern British Columbia where her father, Robert James Skinner, was a Hudson's Bay Company Factor. . . . At the age of sixteen she began contributing short stories to newspapers. The following year an article of hers appeared in the 'Canadian Magazine.' Then followed eight years of newspaper work in Los Angeles and Chicago. . . . In her ancestral families are a number of notables. On her father's side, the Cyriac Skinner to whom Milton addressed two of his sonnets, and the novelist, Charles Reade; on her mother's, Lady Anne Lindsay, author of 'Auld Robin Gray" and Sir David Lindsay, literary man and friend of John Knox. . . . Miss Skinner has recently published a Canadian novel, 'The Search Relentless.'—Editor

Song of the Search

I DESCEND through the forest alone.
Rose-flushed are the willows, stark and a-quiver,
In the warm sudden grasp of Spring;
Like a woman when her lover has suddenly, swiftly taken her.
I hear the secret rustle of the little leaves,
Waiting to be born.
The air is a wind of love
From the wings of eagles mating—
O eagles, my sky is dark with your wings!
The hills and the waters pity me,
The pine trees reproach me.
The little moss whispers under my feet,
'Son of Earth, Brother,
Why comest thou hither alone?'

Oh, the wolf has his mate on the mountain—
Where art thou, Spring-daughter?
I tremble with love as the reeds by the river,
I burn as the dusk in the red-tented west,
I call thee aloud as the deer calls the doe,
I await thee as hills wait the morning,
I desire thee as eagles the storm;
I yearn to thy breast as night to the sea,
I claim thee as the silence claims the stars.
O Earth, Earth, great Earth,
Mate of God and mother of me,
Say, where is she, the Bearer of Morning,
My Bringer of Song?
Love in me waits to be born.
Where is She, the Woman?

One of the $100 prize group in *Poetry,* Chicago, 1914. Printed also in *British Review.*

Song of the Long River

(*Swiya's Songs Beside Running Water, No.* 2)

ALL day my songs
Sang beside the River,
Sang on my lips like my lover's kiss.
I asked no more.
'Tell me, how long, Sky, how long is the River
That flows on and on yet stays forever,
Bearing my songs oh whither, whither?'

I said only:—
'When the starry wampum is offered,
When the twilight smoke signals
That the Woman, Swiya, camps beneath the willows
And her tent of willows,
Red spring willows,
Is open—is open,—is open.
Will he come, the Man of Arrows,
Like a white hawk skimming
Down the circling path of waters,
Down the tide
Of the silver singing River—
That winds—and winding, beckons—
Like a low-hung girdle round the hills?'

I said only:—
'Come! When the day is darkening,
Come, Swift and Wounding One, to my lips.
Where the two crimson wings,
The wings of my flying songs, are folded!
The flesh of my songs is sweeter, O Wounding One,
Than wild turkeys;
Softer than feathers is Swiya's breast, swelling with love.
Moor thy white canoe
By the running River
Till lily-picker Dawn shall pluck it
From the black-tipped clustering bull-rushes of night.
Leave the shallower tide
Of the silver singing River, for the deeper flowing;
Leap to the still-winged silence of thy mate!'

When the starry wampum is offered,
When the twilight smoke signals
That the Woman, Swiya, camps beneath the willows;
And her tent of willows,
Red spring willows,
Is open—is open—open—!

Won $100 prize offered by The *Lyric West* Magazine, 1924.

Song of Cradle-Making

THOU hast stirred!
When I lifted thy little cradle,
The little cradle I am making for thee,
I felt thee!
The face of the beach smiled,
I heard the pine trees singing,
In the White Sea the Dawn-Eagle dipped his wing.
Oh, never have I seen so much light
Through thy father's doorway!

(Wast thou pleased with thy little cradle?)

Last night I said: 'When the child comes,
If it is a Son—
I will trim his cradle with shells;
And proudly I will bear him in his rich cradle
Past the doors of barren women.
All, all, shall see my Little Chief
In his rich cradle!'

That was last night:—
Last night thou hadst not stirred!

Oh, I know not if thou be son—
Strong Chief, Great Fisher, Law-of-Woman,
As thy father is;
Or only Sorrow-Woman, Patient Serving Hands,
Like thy Mother.
I only know I love thee,—
Thou Little One under my heart!
For thou *didst* move; and every part of me trembled.

I will trim thy cradle with *many* shells,
And with cedar-fringes;
Thou shalt have goose-feathers on thy blanket!
I will bear thee in my hands along the beach,
Singing—as the sea sings,
Because the little mouths of sand
Are ever at her breast.
Oh, Mother-face of the Sea, how thou dost smile—
And I have wondered at thy smiling!
Aiihi! Thy little feet—
I felt them press me!
Lightly, lightly
I hear them coming:
Like little brown leaves running over the earth—
Little running leaves, wind-hastened,
On the sudden Autumn trails!
Earth loves the little running feet of leaves,

(Thy little feet!)

O K'antsamiqala'soe, our Praised One,
Let there be no more barren women!
May thou bring no tears, my child,
When I bear thee in thy rich cradle
By the chanting sea-paths where the women labour.

Thou hast stirred!

Oh, haste, haste, little feet—
Little brown feet lightly running
Down the trail of the hundred days!
The wind is white with rocking bird-cradles;
Day is in the eyes of the Sea.
Ah! never have I seen so much light
Through thy father's doorway.

NOTE.—'K'antsamiqala'soē: God, literally 'our Supreme or Highest Praised One.' The language is that of a British Columbian coast tribe. C.L.S. . . The above poem won first prize, 21 guineas contest, offered by *London Bookman*, 1913.

The Wild Woman's Lullaby

WHAT shall I sing to thee, babe on my back?
Song of the Eagle that mates with the storm!
Hi-i-ri-i-ki! Ri-eek!
The wild gale is weeping, driven before him
To his nest on the black lone mast of the night;
Swinging, swinging, far out, high out, over the sea!
Hi-i-ri-i-ki! Ri-eek!
Thy father is Eagle-Go-High, chief of thy tribe:
Fiercest in war, wisest in council, swiftest in hunting,
Harshest and fondest in the tent of his woman;
He is my mate!

What shall I sing to thee, Babe on my back?
Song of the wind that is wanton forever!
Fleeing forever, luring and weeping, laughing and weeping forever;

Calling forever—calling—for the chase of swift wings,
For the drive and the smite of wild wings,
For the fold of strong wings,
For the sleep in warm wings,
Oo-o-roo-o-rrr-uffff-oo! Thy mother is Storm-Dancer, daughter of Winds;

What art thou, Little Chiefling, babe of my heart?
The star that I plucked from the mast of the night,
When the wings of thy father outstrove me!
Hi-i-ri-i-ki! Ri-eek!
Eagle-Go-High, this is thy son,—
He falls asleep, smiling,
To the scream of thy nesting-call.
Hi-i-ri-i-ki! Ri-i-ki! Ri-eek!

Published in *Scribner's* Christmas Number, 1916, with full page colour plate by N. C Wyeth.

Tom MacInnes

TOM MacINNES' gusto is unique in Canadian poetry. Life runs rich in his lines, which, for all their exuberance, candour, wit and jocosity, are not merely always skilful technically, but often attain exceptional delicacy or luxuriance of beauty. As an artist he ranks with our best men in range, versatility and finish, while his combined vigour and originality of thought and expression are without parallel in our literature. His distinctive verse forms, which are improvements upon medieval French models, produce an effect of quaintness without loss of strength or hint of affectation. The flexibility of his rhythms is amazing. He is a man's poet, writing with virility and brave independence of high, far adventures, and near, mean vexations. But amid the freshness, humour and whimsicality of his poems, one is constantly reminded of his fundamentally religious outlook; and the key to his splendid heterodoxy is that he has adopted the Eastern philosophy without its ideal of escape through atrophy—substituting instead a faith in action, the noble doctrine of salvation through drinking deep of the cup of experience.—William Arthur Deacon of 'Saturday Night', Toronto.

THOMAS ROBERT EDWARD MacINNES is a son of the late Hon. T. R. McInnes, M.D., Senator, and subsequently Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia. He was born at Dresden, Ontario, Oct. 29th, 1867; was educated at the public and high Schools, and at University College; and graduated in 1889 from the University of Toronto, with the degree of B.A. In December of the latter year, he married Laura, second daughter of Dr John Hostetter, Toronto; and shortly afterwards registered as a student-at-law. He was called to the Bar in 1893.

In 1896-7 Mr MacInnes was Secretary of the Behring Sea Claims Commission; and for the balance of the latter year was a member of the Yukon special police and customs force at Skagway. In 1898-1900, he was private secretary to his father, the Lieutenant-Governor; and in 1901, officiated as secretary of the British Columbia Salmon Fisheries Commission. In 1907, Mr MacInnes was specially commissioned by the Dominion Government to investigate 'Anti-Oriental Riots' in British Columbia, and his secret report was forwarded to the Imperial Government and acted upon. Two years later, he was commissioned to make a report on Indian title to land in Canada. In 1910, he drew up the Canadian Immigration Act, the Anti-Opium Act, and the Dominion Northwest Water Power Regulations.

MacInnes has long been interested in China, and it was due to his initiative that the old wall around Canton was torn down to make a road-bed for motor-buses or an electric tramway.

MacInnes has published five books of verse: *Lonesome Bar and Other Poems,* 1909; *In Amber Lands,* 1910; *The Rhymes of a Rounder,* 1913; *The Fool of Joy,* 1918; and *The Complete Poems,* 1923. *'Lonesome Bar,'* a lengthy poem, is a thrilling description of tragic life in the Klondyke, in the early days of the rush for gold.

Originality, constructive imagination, felicitous fancy and delightful humour (if sometimes grim), combined with philosophic subtlety, much experience of life, and skilled artistry, are the outstanding qualities of this poet.

Mr Loftus MacInnes of Ottawa, a young poet of promise, is his son.

Ballade of Youth Remaining

PARDON if I ravel rhyme
  Out of my head disorderly!
Forgetting how the rats of time
  Are nibbling at the bones of me!
  But while upon my legs I'm free
Out in the sunlight I intend
  To dine with God prodigiously:
Youth is a splendid thing to spend!

Here's to the man who travels still
  In the light of young discoveries!
Here's to the fellow of lusty will,
  Who drives along and hardly sees
  For glamour of great realities
The doom of age! This line I send
  To all who sing hot litanies:
Youth is a splendid thing to spend!

But 'tis not all a matter of years:
  'Tis a way of living handily
In a game with Life, while yet appears
  A glory near of victory;
  With ventures high, and gallantry
Twinkling 'round the nearest bend
  Where damsels and fine dangers be:
Youth is a splendid thing to spend!

Fellows, come and ride with me
  Swiftly now to the edge of the end,
Holding the Stars of Joy in fee!—
  Youth is a splendid thing to spend!

Ballade of the Mystic and the Mud

IF I from universal mud
  By chance malign came bubbling
Uncouthly into flesh and blood,
  Ugly, futile, struggling,
  All in mud again to bring—
Why then at the heart of me
  What is this that needs must sing?
There is no end to mystery.

If I, with reverence, would read
  Upon the mud God's autograph,
And find instead a wormy screed,
  With never a sign on my behalf
  To light my coming epitaph—
Why then at the heart of me
  What is this that needs must laugh?
There is no end to mystery.

If I, a mere automaton
  In a brief and paltry play,
Am but a group of atoms drawn
  Powerless upon my way
  To mud again, as savants say—
Why then at the heart of me
  What is this that needs must pray?
There is no end to mystery.

Brother, kneel intuitive
  To a stone if you will, or a carven tree!
And sing and laugh and pray—and live!
  There is no end to mystery.

Mirelle of the Good Bed

THERE'S nothing so good as a good bed
  When a body is over and done with day!
I'd like a place to lay my head
  In a clean room, unfrequented
And dark, unless for a moon-ray.

O, Angel of Dreams, without delay
  Then let me from this World be gone!
Within a temple I would pray
Where golden odours float alway
  Onward to oblivion.

Or haply may I be withdrawn
  From pain and care and manners mean
Into some fairy tower whereon
The glim, bejewelled gonfalon
  Of blue enchantery is seen!

But a lady I know might come between
  Laughing, and lead me far astray
On the flowery edge of a wild ravine
Where wild cascades of waters green
  Flash in the pleasant light of May.

Thus let me dream the night away,
  Or slumber dreamless with the dead!
Life may resume, but now I say,
Being too weary of the day,
  There's nothing so good as a good bed!

Nirvana

DOWN the ages comes a sound grown dark
  With unremembered meaning. Many heard
  Fall from the lips of One illumed a word
Whose doubtful gospel seemed to quench all spark
Of separate love and joy, with promise stark,
  If from their patient hearts still undeterred
  They rooted all desire—the boon conferred
Should be to pass from Life without a mark.

Old devotees, dream on! Old scholars nod
  Over the meaning of the Indian sage!
  But I, awakening in a later age,
Choose not the deserts where His saints have trod,
  Nor cleave to ancient rites or holy page,
Singing on my careless way to God.

White Magic

CANDOUR may be devilish,
  And truth untimely open hell:
Better pretend the thing you wish;
Anon you may, if you wish and wish,
  Achieve a miracle.

Once an ugly truth I saw,
  And I hid it with a lie:
Cunning, for I knew the law,
I covered it, and smothered it,
  And killed it with a lie:
No man there was that knew of it,
  And many days went by.

Lo, something fair hath risen like
A lily from the sod!
And the lie is now the truth of it,
Become the splendid truth of it—
Glory be to God!

Amber Lands

IN a luminous valley once I awoke
To the amber sound of lutes;
And I ate of the bread of the Romany folk,
With elvish herbs and savoury roots,
And I drank of the innocent wines
Made by their maidens from mandarin fruits
Pluckt from low-lying luxurious vines
In the somnolent heart of the valley.

And the Romany folk have a simple creed:
To make with their hands whatever they need,
And to live and be kind in the Sun:
To be one with the good brown Earth, and eat
Good things the Sun hath shone upon
Till they be ripe and sweet:
And watch the flocks meanwhile that feed
In the blue up-lands of the valley.

And aptly enough they sow and spin
In manner of antique industry,
And metals they mould and various glass
And motley pottery,
Taught by priests of a gentle class
In league with pale high Powers,
For whom they have builded singular towers
In a grove of cypress trees,—
Towers of granite and bronze, wherein
Magic they make and medicine,
Or busied with their dim auguries
The hollows of space and cycles immense
They measure with intricate instruments.

But I mind how more it pleasured me
In the drowsy grass for hours and hours

To lie with the faintly conscious flowers,
  Far up on the slope of the valley;
Or run with the younger Romany folk,
  So handsome and sturdy they be,
At play in a forest of maple and oak,
  A-romping healthily—
A-romping unkempt and all at their ease,
And kindly under the kindly trees
Doing whatever and ever they please
Consistent with courtesy.
O in youth I sailed unusual seas,
And still I recall me lands like these,
Where they do whatever they please, dear Lord,
  Whatever and ever they please!

II

Roaming I met the gentle maid
Whom forest-folk and hunters call
The Chatelaine of Ronzival.
'Twas under a cliff in the everglade
Where the icy waters bubble forth;
In velvet green was she arrayed
After the fashion of the North:
O gentle maid, for thy heart's ease
Venture with me far over the seas!

There is a room in Ronzival
Rich with bronze, and panelled all
  In oak grown dull with time:
About the lancet windows there
  Masses of ivy climb:
And some few roses, fair, O fair,
Wave in the Northern summer air!

The Sun was sinking thro' the pines,
While I was guest of the Chatelaine;
Ruddily in slanting lines
Thro' each lancet window-pane
It lit the panelled inner wall
Of that room in Ronzival,
With its bronze and quaint designs

And stilted things armorial:
O gentle maid, for thy heart's ease,
Venture with me far over the seas!

At table by a window-seat
The gentle maid sat long with me,
And shyly of her courtesy
  She bade me drink and eat;
Out of a hammered silver dish
She chose me cakes and comfits fine,
From a flagon twisted dragonish
  She poured me amber wine.

O gentle maid, our game is played,
The dragon is calling, calling!—
While over the cliffs in the everglade
  The lonely waters falling
Blanch at the sound, and shiver afraid,—
  Aye, 'tis the dragon calling!

With chilling breath and bitter rime
Cometh soon the winter-time:
Ah, see how she hath grown so frail,
Her form so slight, her face so pale!
I fear the gnomes of Niffelheim
  Will take her craftily,
And in a vault with marble stayed,
Where long-forgotten saints have prayed,
Her delicate body will be laid,
  Covered with greenery:
While down the ragged silver steep
Where the gnomish waters creep
Somnolent, sonorous, deep,
  With her ancient friends
Lost to thee her soul shall sleep
  Till the legend ends!
Nay, gentle maid, for thy heart's ease,
Venture with me far over the seas,
And we shall go free of their wizard hands,
Away and away in the amber lands!

III

From Mozambique I sought Zambar
  On board an old felucca:
And nigh the Mosque in the Moon Bazaar
  I got me a chanted hookah:
Its outer bowl was all inscribed
With golden arabesqueries,
And cryptic formules founded on
The amorous songs of Solomon,
  Or Paynim mysteries.
But the learned Moulah whom I bribed
  Gave me no meaning of these:
Only, observing the courtesies,
To me he showed, while the fire in it glowed,
  A manner of taking my ease;
From the worry of life, with its folly and strife,
  A marvellous good surcease.

And the years have come, and the years have flown,
  But the hookah still hath power;
And many a scintillating hour
I win in the midst of miseries,
Smoking aright in the manner unknown,
  With suitable ceremonies.

And haply, if someone understands,
  And shares the hour with me,
As once I mind at Joloban,
Tala Tavern, Joloban,
Where I met the scholar man,
  With his sister Zulie,
As then, if someone understands,
  And shares the hour with me,
We talk of ships and caravans,
  And all the valorous merchantry
Of purple seas and yellow sands
  Beyond Crim-Tartary.

IV

I have my chanted hookah still,
But now, when its fragrant bowl I fill,
And its dreamful smoke I draw and blow,
Watching it go—slow—so—
Round and round the carbuncle glow—
O then I remember things like these,
How in youth I sailed unusual seas,
  And I would a-roving go.
I have my chanted hookah still,
But the core of the world has not been seen,
And lands unknown yet lie between
  The roots of Ygdrasil.
And what of that garden Hesperides,
  Forgotten this long, long while?
And the palmy cliffs of Hy-Brasil
  And good Saint Brendan's Isle?
And they tell in Arabian histories
Of venturings to ravish me,
And delectable zones of heathenry
  Down under the Lost Indies!
But now I would know of their verity,
  And to what each tale alludes,
So I will again to the solitudes,
  And the winds I will be loving,
And leave these weary latitudes
  And for the love of God go roving:
While yet the soul of me understands
  The ways that lead to amber lands—
A vagabond here if you please, among these,
  With my unheeded song,
But a rover by right thro' amber lands—
Thro' the amber light of amber lands
  That I have loved so long—so long!

Annie Campbell Huestis

MISS HUESTIS was but a small child, not yet in her teens, when Charles G. D. Roberts sent her first poem to the 'New York Independent.' It was accepted and paid for. She was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia—the youngest of a family of six—a daughter of Mr and Mrs Martin Bent Huestis. On her father's side, she is of United Empire Loyalist descent, and on her mother's, of English and Irish descent with several distinguished ancestors. After attendance at public and high schools, Miss Huestis continued her studies at the Sacred Heart Convent. For years Miss Huestis has contributed descriptive articles to newspapers, and numerous poems and short stories to well-known magazines. In a critique written in 1916, *E. W. Thomson said in part: 'Her poems evince a lovely meditativeness, a spirit sensitive to beauty and to sorrow, consolation, spiritual gladness. They have spontaneity, originality, distinction: novelty in theme and turn: clearly springing from a peculiar inspiration. Invariably, Miss Huestis employs simple, natural diction, never straining for preciosity, and never failing to express perfectly her meaning and designed incantation.'*—Editor

The Will-o'-the-Wisp

THE Will-o'-the-Wisp is out on the marsh,
And all alone he goes:
There's not a sight of his glimmering light
From break of day to close;
But all night long, from dusk till dawn,
He drifts where the night wind blows.

The Will-o'-the-Wisp, he has no roof,
Yet he seeks not hut nor hall;
He will not wait for a friendly foot,
But starts if a shadow fall;
And never a voice can make him turn,
But the far off winds that call.

The twilight covers the dreaming hills,
The evening dews begin;
There's none to care that he wanders there,
There's none to call him in;
And all the night, with his lonely light,
He goes where the mists have been.

From firelit window and open doors,
The roads have golden bars;
And round and round the world is bound
By a girdle of radiant stars;
But I watch to-night for a fleeting light
That a moment makes or mars.

Flit, flit, with the hurrying hours,
In shadow and mist and dew;
Will-o'-the-Wisp, O Will-o'-the-Wisp,
I would I could follow you,
With your elfin light for a lantern bright
The bogs and the marshes through!

O Will-o'-the-Wisp, in silver dusk
Who'd wish for golden dawn?
In purple night, with stars a-light,
Who'd dream of noontide gone?
Who would not stray by the glimmering way
Your wandering feet are drawn?

The dawn comes over the silent hills,
And calls to the winds of morn;
The stars grow pale, and the sun cries, 'Hail!'
To the shadowy fields forlorn;
And good-bye, good-bye, to the Will-o'-the-Wisp,
Who dies when the day is born!

Aldaran

ALDARAN, who loved to sing,
Here lieth dead.
All the glory of the Spring,
All its birds and blossoming,
Near his still bed,
Cannot waken him again,
Cannot lure to hill and plain
Aldaran, the singer,
Who is dead.

Homeward through the early dusk
Idly he would stray,
Through the woodland dim and still
Harp in hand and heart athrill,
Singing on his way,—
Singing 'neath a dark'ning sky
To the birds their lullaby;
To the owls a plaintive note,
Mournful, from his happy throat;
To the brooks, in lighter tone,
Merry music like their own;
To the dreaming fields a tune
Like the wind of afternoon
When it drifts through sunlit spaces
Cooling weary flower faces;
To the wee folk in their beds
Gentle croons for sleepy heads;
And to every timid thing,
Hushed and hidden, he would sing,
Till it crept in wonder sweet,
Fear forgetting, to his feet.
It was so he charmed them, singing,

Bird and beast and man,
Yet no voice can ever waken
Sleeping Aldaran.

Aldaran, who loved to sing,
Here lieth still.
Let the bird upon the bough,
Near where he is sleeping now,
Call if it will.
Never voice of bird or man
Shall awaken Aldaran.
Hushed he lies, whose happy throat
Woke the wood with silver note,
Stirred the slumbering hills, and then
Charmed them all to sleep again.
Hushed he lies, as if content
With the silent way he went,
But the winds come seeking him,
Through the forest to and fro,
In the twilight strange and dim,
Calling, calling as they go.
'Must you lie in silence ever,
Gentle Singer?' cries the river.
And the birds from hill to hill,
Seem to wait and listen still.

'Aldaran, O Aldaran,
Haste thee back, the day is sped!'
So the wind and twilight calleth,
Wild and wistful, near his bed,—
Aldaran, the Singer,
Who is dead!'

It was in the purple dusk
Of a golden day,
Through the woodland that he loved,
Home he made his way.
Here he lay awhile to dream
In the forest dim,
And the bank beside the stream
Was a couch for him;

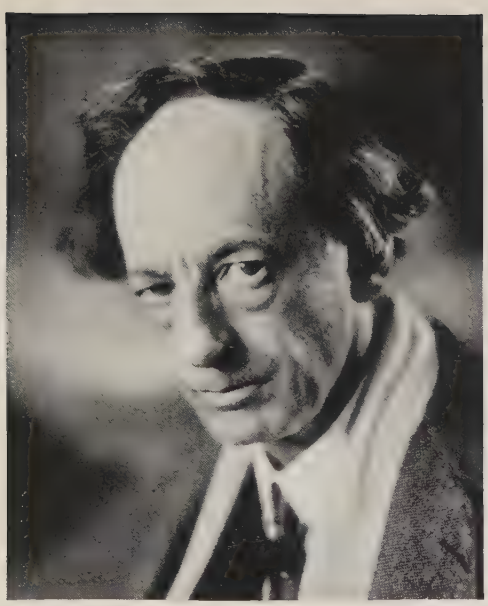
Kind above him bent the willow,
And the low moss was his pillow,
  And his wall the thicket grim.
One by one, the quiet sky
Lit its candles pure and high
Till their light shone swift and far,
Like a smile, from star to star,
And the wind was like a prayer
Chanted in the silence there.
  It was so, while he lay sleeping,
    Hushed, a weary man,
  Death came through the darkness creeping
    Unto Aldaran.

Like an enemy it came,
  Through the shade it crept,
With a footstep swift and drear,
In the shadows drawing near,
  Softly, while he slept.
Laid a hand upon his eyes,
  That they might not see the Spring,
Laid a seal upon his lips,
  That they might not sing.

Wept the wind, with voice of fear,
'Wake thee, danger lurketh near!'
Cried the flying owl, 'O follow!'
Hurrying through the silent hollow.
And its shadow weird and grey
Seemed to beckon him away.
So they pled with him, the while
In the woodland that he knew,
Aldaran, with fearless smile,
Lay asleep mid flowers and dew.
What to watch or dread had he,
Who had known no enemy?
Yet, from shadow into light,
Flashed a dagger fierce and bright,
Unto shadow drew again,
False and shamed with crimson stain,

And the grasses trembling near
Felt a step that fled in fear.
Never troubled word he spake,
  Never cry of grief or pain,
But in wonder strove to wake,
  Stirred, and sighed, and slept again.
Flowers in that piteous place
Bent to screen his paling face,
And the dark, with touch that blest,
Hid the wound upon his breast.
  In the friendly wood that knew him,
    Sweet with fern and flower,
  So it was that Death came to him,
    In his trusting hour.

Aldaran who loved to sing
  Here lieth low,
Not again his heart shall spring,
At the time of blossoming.—
  Ah, who can know?
Still at dusk and break of day
Some can hear him on his way,—
Aldaran, the vanished one,
Walking hidden in the sun,
Moving mistlike by the streams
When the early twilight dreams,
Speeding on his quiet way,
Never seen, by night or day,
But in pity drawing near
To the help of those who fear,
To the beds of those who die,
Singing their last lullaby,
Singing still, when they are far
Where the mist and silence are,
Singing softly still, that they
May not fear the unknown way.
  So to those whose day is sped,
    In the hour lone and dread,
  Cometh Aldaran, the Singer,
    Who is dead.



Lionel Haweis

LIONEL HAWEIS is distinguished among Canadian poets by two things chiefly—his extraordinary range and his intimate understanding of the older cultures of the world, both Asiatic and European. His range embraces almost everything from the epigram and the short lyric ('Little Lanterns,' 1923-24), to the poetic drama and the narrative poem. His cultural background gives to everything he writes a depth unusual in the literature of this continent. It is, perhaps, in consequence of this, too, that he is the only poet who has ever succeeded in translating into words the essential features of the North American Indian soul. ('Tsoqalem', 1918). His predilections, however, are Oriental and the bulkiest part of his work consists of poems based upon the old epic and religious literature of India and Ceylon. These, however, are unfortunately never likely to command a large public, because the chief means of expression is the highly concentrated, symbolic metaphor of the East—an artistic convention little understood elsewhere except by Orientalists. Of these poems may be mentioned in particular 'The Rose of Persia' (1921). Thorlief Larsen, B.A., Professor of English, University of British Columbia.

LIONEL HAWEIS is a cultured and talented Englishman who migrated from Ceylon to Vancouver in 1907. He had been a planter in the former country for some time, and while there his poetic muse became imbued with the spirit of the far East. This is clearly shown in *The Rose of Persia* (1921) and other poems. . . For years Mr Haweis has been on the library staff of the University of British Columbia,—fortunate employment indeed for a poet with his interpretative and distinctive gifts. . . Mr. Haweis was born in 1870, eldest son of Rev. H. R. Haweis, M.A., and his wife, a daughter of the artist, Thomas Musgrove Joy. . . Both of his parents were authors.

Lionel Haweis has writen the greatest ballad in Canadian literature: *Tsoqalem, The Cowichan Monster,* a weird Indian tale, first printed in prose in the 'Report upon the Native Tribes of the South Eastern Portion of Vancouver Island, by Charles Hill-Tout, F.R.S.C., published in the Proceedings of the Royal Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland, London.' . . It is a poem of 861 lines divided into ten cantos. In a Foreword to this ballad Mr Hill-Tout says in part: 'When one considers what a rich mine of literary wealth lies embedded in the folk tales and legends of the native tribes of this continent, one is surprised so little use has been made of them for poetic themes. . . The story which forms the subject of Mr Haweis' poem appears to have some foundation in fact. Tsoqalem, according to the Indians, was a real historic character, a member of the Cowichan tribe, a Vancouver Island division of that linguistic group of Salish stock, known to us under the term Halkomalem, whose habitat is and was the Lower Fraser Valley. Mr Haweis has used the poet's license freely, but he has been eminently successful in maintaining the true Indian atmosphere, and the story gains an added interest by his poetic presentation of it. Some of the passages are extremely fresh and beautiful. . .'

So impressed am I by the originality, strength and beauty of this ballad (There are some unpleasant details, as Tsoqalem was a monster) that I am quoting three cantos, and no other verse that he has written, to represent and illustrate the genius of this author.

Canto III

How the chief, intent upon reforming Tsoqalem, begins his good work upon the boy; of the ceremonial he employed and the instant power of the 'medicine'; and of the love, through pity of the ordeal, aroused in a girl's breast.

AND so the wrinkled squaw began
To end what I've begun,—
This squaw, who was no other than
The mother of the one
Whom Qaiyakwetsten, medicine-man,
Betook him for a son.

And this he did because he saw
As in the mother's eyes,
That Power which passed all mortal law—
The Power that never dies.

Nobly he dreamed to use this Power
To serve a noble aim. . .
Alack! it was an evil hour
He lent the brat a name!

. . . . .

Tsoqalem—wild, as I have said—
The forest was his home;
And where a bear had made his bed
He killed the bear, and dwelt instead
Hence was he wont to roam,
Hunting the food whereon he fed
Of salmon-grease and berry-bread,
And here at night he laid his head,
And dreamed of honey-comb.

For oft the folk would see him creep
Around the Lodge at eve,
Who thought of naught but food and sleep—
The food that he could thieve.

And so he grew both great and strong,
And left the child behind;
But knew no thing of right nor wrong,
According to his kind.

That now the sacrificial plan
  Which he alone could know—
He, Qaiyakwetsten, medicine-man,
Recalled, and caught him as he ran,
  Nor would he let him go.

Saying, 'My boy, and art thou here?'
  He looked into his eyes;
'Though nothing love, yet nothing fear,
  And I will make thee wise . .

'Tsoqalem—hark! Go fetch me now
  A bramble full of thorn,
To do according to the vow
  I made when thou wert born.'

Tsoqalem grinned, and presently
  Tore up a thorny strand,
Clawing upon it savagely,
Yet brought obedient as could be,
A bramble of the blackberry,
  And gave it in his hand

And this he looped into a fan,
  And bound the ends in place,
For thus, according to his plan,
Did Qaiyakwetsten, medicine-man,
  Who thrust it in his face!

Four times—four times he flayed his face
  Therewith across the eyes;
Four times he spoke the words of grace
  He knew would make him wise.

And though that savage folk and grim
  Full-hardened were to woe;
Yet some were there could pity him
  Who saw the red blood flow.

Of these was one soft-featured maid
  Who watched him play his part,
And called him cheer; and all was said
  In pity of her heart.

The which Tsoqalem heard and saw,
  Despite the rosy flood . .
Alack! that she were moved to draw
  That awful smile of blood!

And then away—away he fled
  And sheltered in the glade;
Within his cave he laid his head,
  And dreamed—he loved a maid!

Canto IV

How Tsoqalem awakes to a human appreciation of things good; how intuitively he enters upon 'animistic meditation,' and of the regeneration which takes place within him.

WITH the first sun he walked; and here
  At arm's length was a fawn,
Which gazed upon him without fear.
He strung his bow—but lo! 'twas clear
He had no mind to kill the deer;
For lo! again he had the cheer
  Of joyfulness at dawn.

He stood awhile . . What strangest thing
  Had happened in the night?—
Then he bethought him of the sting
  Of brambles in his sight.

But yet he saw as plain—nay, more;
  He saw that all around
Good things and great were arching o'er
  The good things of the ground.

Above the brakes the lofty trees,
  Above the trees the sky;
His senses freshened in the breeze,
  And gladdened in his eye.

And he was glad to be alive,
  And glad to let things live;
As glad to be allowed to strive,
Sunward as they,—the more they strive,
  As they the more to give.

The mists were melting in the wood . .
  The fogs within his heart
Faded before that growing good
  Which is the nobler part.

And, looking inwardly, he saw
  The vision of a maid
In token of the cheerful law
  Of smiling unafraid.

He learned to hope; his spirit burned
  The brighter for a tear,—
Which fell the instant that he learned
  That other law, of fear . .

The fear that's love . . She loved him!—him
  Whose nature was so base?—
Whose very smile how tense and grim
  Upon his wounded face?

To wash, to purge, to purify—
  These things he now must do;
And all the while his seeing eye
Grew wide as heaven to descry
  The truth of all things true.

And as with honour kindness came
  To sweeten every thought,
He learned how grievous was the shame
  That brings them all to naught;
And, dreaming thus, a mystic flame
Of sylvan magic breathed a Name
  He knew not that he sought.

Yet how should Indian misdeem
  His shame?—as prone he sank
Plunging his face into the gleam
Of waters there, and of that stream
  Of absolution drank.

Anon he rose in strength, and helved
  Bone of the mountain-sheep,

Wherewith beside the stream he delved
A hole both wide and deep,
And deftly banked it where it shelved,
And watched the waters seep.

And reared a sylvan pyramid
Of boughs against the sun
Above the pool; and all he did
Was true and thoroughly done.

From sticks he carried in his hair
Of cotton-wood and brier,
He rubbed a spark and blew a flare,
Flushing the pool with boulders there
He baked beneath a fire.

Thus walled and roofed about with fir,
He sat him down therein
To purify his soul, and stir
The ashes of his sin.

Canto V

How Tsoqalem falls into the dream-trance of spiritual rejuvenation; and of the passion which possesses him at the appearance of the girl, whose sympathy and affection have constrained her to seek him out.

"TWAS eve . . Athwart his foliage-heaped
Embrasure, all the glare
Of curious day that came and peeped
At last discerned him there.

He rose and stretched him on the bank,
And all the long night through
Familiar spirits, rank on rank,
Possessed his soul, painting the blank
Perfervid hours, and rose and sank
In ghostly retinue.

And all the night he naked lay
Beside the babbling stream,
The moon cast down her silver ray
And purged him with the beam.

That so he waked—all thought withdrawn
Of sickness or dismay;

Invoked, the Spirit of the Dawn
  Turned all his Night to Day.

And then—as well it might behoove—
  That happened in his sight
Which proved, if any sight could prove,
  The World was full of Light.

For lo! surpassing all denial
  Of all that only seems,—
There stood the Maiden of his Trial,
  The Virgin of his Dreams!

At half-a-cast she stared amazed
  To find him where he stood,
Tracked down as though the trail were blazed
  Athwart the tangled wood;
And lo! she knew, as well she gazed,
  Tsoqalem was grown good.

And he, Tsoqalem, dared not move
  For awe of such a sight,
Which proved—if any sight could prove—
  The World so full of Light.

And much he marvelled that the maid
  Should seek him in this wise;
And more that all for which he prayed
  Should come in such a guise;
But most that there should be betrayed
Heart-secrets in the eyes.

Wonderful love, sprung from a dumb
  Reluctance to depart! . .
She stayed to love, who erst had come
  In pity of her heart.

And as in Light the lovers stood
  Entreating not in vain,
What gentle commune sweet and good
  Then passed between these twain
I shall not tell, and if I could
  I would not tell again.

Alan Sullivan

EDGAR ALAN SULLIVAN is the eldest son of the late Bishop of Algoma, the Right Reverend Edward Sullivan, who was of Irish birth, and Frances Mary Renaud, a native of Scotland. He was born in St. George's Rectory, Montreal, Nov. 29, 1868. *Educated for an electrical and mining engineer, he practised his profession for years. For eighteen months he was assistant engineer in the Clergue enterprises at Sault Ste. Marie, and later was engaged for several years in the Lake of the Woods district as a mining engineer. . . His literary bent, however, was too strong to be permanently resisted. He is the author of 'I Believe That,' 'The Passing of Oul-I-But and Others Tales,' 'Blantyre: Alien,' 'The Inner Door,' 'The Rapids,' and of numerous poems and short stories net yet published in book form . . . Mr Sullivan married Bessie Salisbury, daughter of Mr George H. Hees of Toronto, in* 1900. *. . Some years ago the family moved to England, where the parents wished to educate their children. . . Alan Sullivan has written some good verse, but fiction-writing has enthralled him more.*—Editor

Suppliant

GRANT me, dear Lord, the alchemy of toil,
Clean days of labour, dreamless nights of rest,
And that which shall my weariness assoil,
The sanctuary of one beloved breast:

Laughter of children, hope and thankful tears,
Knowledge to yield, with valour to defend,
A faith immutable, and stedfast years
That move unvexed to their mysterious end.

Brébeuf and Lalemant

CAME Jean Brébeuf from Rennes, in Normandy,
To preach the written word in Sainte Marie—
The Ajax of the Jesuit enterprise:
Huge, dominant and bold—augustly wise.
The zealot's flame deep in the hot brown eyes
That glowed with strange and holy whisperings,
And searched the stars, and caught angelic wings
Beating through visions of mysterious things.
Once, in the sky, a cross and martyr's crown
Hung o'er the squalor of the Huron town.
And spectres, armed with javelin and sword,
Foreshadowed the dread army of the Lord;
But, onward through the forest, to his fate
Marched the great priest, unawed by Huron hate:
In every scourge he glimpsed the sacred Tree
And the dear Master of his embassy.

'Twas in St. Louis, where the Hurons lay,
Screened from the blue sweep of the Georgian Bay,
That the frail brother Lalemant, and Brébeuf,
Built a strange sanctuary, whose trembling wall
Was birchen bark, on whose long, curving roof
Lay tawny skins. A spirit seemed to call
In supplication through the holy place
For some strong mercy on the untamed race

That, naked, sat in this thrice wondrous room;
And, peering through the incense-burdened gloom,
Stared at the altar, where the black-robes bent
O'er the bright vessels of their sacrament.

Till, on the grim and memorable day,
When, to the Host, they bade their converts pray,
There flashed a gasping runner through the wood:
'The Iroquois! The Iroquois!' he cried.
As fire that stings the forest into blood
And drives red gales of ruin far and wide,
So frenzied fear ran riot, in a flood
That surged convulsive. But the great priest stood
Like a strong tower, when fretted billows race
Tumultuously about its massy base:
'Courage, my children, through the flame I see
The dear white Christ, whose long sought sons are ye.'

Then suddenly from out the wood there rose
The shouting of innumerable foes,
And waves of painted warriors from the glade
Swept yelping, through the tottering palisade.
Were devils ere so murderous as men
In whose brown breasts those devils breathed again,
When agony the shuddering sky assailed,
When age and youth in choking anguish wailed?
Torn from the breast, the child was cleft in twain,
The mother shrieked, then fell among the slain;
Age had no power to swerve the dripping knife,
Youth gained but torture as the end of life,
The wounded perished in the bursting flame
That left St. Louis but a woeful name.
But 'midst the dead and dying moved the priest,
Closing dead eyes, speeding the soul released;
'*Absolvo te*'—to trembling lips the word
Descended from the Hurons' new found Lord.
And, ere the night took pity on the dead,
Brébeuf and Lalemant in chains were led;
And one, the giant of Normandy, was bound

To a great stake; when staring boldly round
With ardent gaze, he saw the convert throng
Captive. 'Have courage! It will not be long;
Torture is but salvation's earthly price.
To-day we meet the Christ in Paradise.'

O heart of iron, O strange supernal zeal,
That braves the fire, the torture and the steel!
O torn and shrinking flesh that yet can find
The crown of thorns mysteriously entwined!
O sightless orbs that still their Lord discern,
Howe'er the coals their blackened sockets burn.

Thus sped the Jesuit's triumphant soul.
And Lalemant, ere the rising of the sun,
Achieved through torment his far-shining goal.
And all the Huron missions, one by one,
Were driven by the Iroquois like spray
That strong winds snatch and swiftly whirl away.

Sleep, Lalemant! Brébeuf, a long surcease!
Still moves your martyr's spirit through the glade;
Still mourns the northern forest, when the peace
And benediction of the twilight shade
Awakens in the dark memorial pines
A velvet-footed, cedar-scented breeze,
That whispers where the green and knotted vines
Enmesh the cloistered colonnade of trees.

[There exists no more fascinating record of courage and endurance than that bequeathed to Canada by the Jesuit Fathers. It excites both our pride and our wonder. Foremost in the van of these great pioneers came Brébeuf and Lalemant the first Canadian martyrs. Who can read without emotion of their dauntless lives, their marvellous and perilous journeys, and the terrible death that overtook them in 1649, when captured on the shores of Lake Huron by the merciless Iroquois?—Author's Note.]

John McCrae

'*IN FLANDERS FIELDS*' *first appeared in 'Punch', December* 8, 1915. . . *The piece bore no signature.* . . . *I wrote to John McCrae, accusing him of the authorship* . . . *I quoted him another piece of his own verse, 'The Night Cometh'.* . . *It was a form upon which he had worked for years and made his own. No other medium could have so well conveyed the thought.* . . *The poem consists of thirteen lines in iambic tetrameter and two lines of two iambics each. There are two rhymes only, since the short lines must be considered blank.* . . *The rhymes are vocalized. Consonant endings would spoil the whole effect.* . . . *The theme has three phases: the first a calm, a deadly calm, opening statement in five lines; the second in four lines, an explanation, a regret, a reiteration of the first; the third, without preliminary crescendo, breaking out into passionate adjuration in vivid metaphor, a poignant appeal which is at once a blessing and a curse. In the closing line is a satisfying return to the first phase,—and the thing is done.*—Sir Andrew Macphail in 'An Essay in Character.'

JOHN McCRAE was the second son of Lieut.-Col. David McCrae of Guelph, who in spite of his advanced years raised and trained a field battery and took it overseas. His son, John, was already doing his duty at the Front as a Medical Officer. . . John was born Nov. 30, 1872,—his mother the second daughter of Rev John Eckford, a graduate of the University of Edinburgh, who emigrated with his two daughters from Scotland to Upper Canada in 1851, and took up pioneer farming in Bruce county.

John McCrae entered the University of Toronto in the Fall of 1888 with a scholarship for 'general proficiency.' He was in his sixteenth year. Six years later he graduated with honours in the Department of Natural Science,—two severe illnesses having retarded his progress. He then registered as a medical student, and in 1898, graduated with a gold medal, and with a scholarship in physiology and pathology. After practising for two years in General Hospitals he went to McGill University as fellow in pathology, and patholigist to the Montreal General Hospital . . Later he became a lecturer in McGill University, and assistant physician to the Royal Victoria Hospital. . . He passed the examination for membership in the Royal College of Physicians, London. . . As the years passed he won considerable distinction as a writer on medical subjects; and in 1914, was elected a member of the Association of American Physicians.

McCrae's charming personality made him a social figure much sought after. He was one of Earl Grey's party on the long journey *via* Winnipeg, Nelson River, York Factory, Hudson's Bay etc.

Lieut.-Col. John McCrae served at the Front until his death from 'double pneumonia with massive cerebral infection,' January 28, 1918. He was about to receive the signal honour of appointment as Consulting Physician to the British Armies in France.

The same year, McCrae's editor and biographer, Sir Andrew Macphail, selected for publication but 29 short poems,—474 lines in all. It is a small sheaf to pass on to posterity, but its golden quality gives it permanent value. 'An Essay in Character' fills over two-thirds of the volume. It includes comprehensive biographical data and copies of many valuable letters,—mostly written to his mother.

In Flanders Fields

IN Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie,
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

The Anxious Dead

O GUNS, fall silent till the dead men hear
Above their heads the legions pressing on:
(These fought their fight in time of bitter fear,
And died not knowing how the day had gone.)

O flashing muzzles, pause, and let them see
The coming dawn that streaks the sky afar;
Then let your mighty chorus witness be
To them, and Cæsar, that we still make war.

Tell them, O guns, that we have heard their call,
That we have sworn, and will not turn aside,
That we will onward till we win or fall,
That we will keep the faith for which they died.

Bid them be patient, and some day, anon,
They shall feel earth enwrapt in silence deep;
Shall greet, in wonderment, the quiet dawn,
And in content may turn them to their sleep.

The *Spectator*, London, England.

The Night Cometh

COMETH the night. The wind falls low,
The trees swing slowly to and fro:
Around the church the headstones grey
Cluster, like children strayed away
But found again, and folded so.

No chiding look doth she bestow:
If she is glad, they cannot know;
If ill or well they spend their day,
Cometh the night.

Singing or sad, intent they go;
They do not see the shadows grow;
'There yet is time,' they lightly say,
'Before our work aside we lay';
Their task is but half-done, and lo!
Cometh the night.

University Magazine, 1913.

The Pilgrims

AN uphill path, sun-gleams between the showers,
Where every beam that broke the leaden sky
Lit other hills with fairer ways than ours;
Some clustered graves where half our memories lie;
And one grim Shadow creeping ever nigh:
And this was Life.

Wherein we did another's burden seek,
The tired feet we helped upon the road,
The hand we gave the weary and the weak,
The miles we lightened one another's load,
When, faint to falling, onward yet we strode:
This too was Life.

Till, at the upland, as we turned to go
Amid fair meadows, dusky in the night,
The mists fell back upon the road below;
Broke on our tired eyes the western light;
The very graves were for a moment bright:
And this was Death.

University Magazine, 1915.

Richard Scrace

'RICHARD SCRACE' is the pen-name of Mrs J. B. Williamson, formerly of Guelph, Ontario, now of London, England. Mrs Williamson is a native Canadian, with Guelph as her birthplace. . . Her father was Charles John Buckland who with his wife emigrated from Bodiam on the border of Kent and Sussex, England, to Upper Canada, in the eighteen-thirties. Ill-health caused him to move to California, where eight of the early years of Mrs Williamson's girlhood were spent. . . One member of her father's family, William Trevelyan Buckland, Dean of Westminster, was honoured by a tablet and bust in Westminster Abbey. . . Her great grandfather on her mother's side, John Sanders, was a charter member of 'The Royal Society of Artists.' . . Mrs Williamson's mother was born at Bath; and water-colours by John Sanders may be seen in the Art Gallery there. . . Her great grandmother was a 'Scrace'. . . Mrs Williamson has a daughter and three sons. . . 'Richard Scrace' owes much to her heritage from a distinguished ancestry. Her poetry is marked by good taste, originality and artistic expression.—Editor

At the Place of the Roman Baths

I HAVE come down to the garden
Of the wide spreading cedar:
The great limbs stretch out,
Make an archway over the road,—
The dark green boughs are the roof
Of a pavilion of dreams.

I watch the man, grey-haired, silent,
Whetting his blade:
Mowing with slow tedious movements,
Cutting a swath,
Resting; then mowing again.

I shall watch for the men and the chariots:
They come from as far off as the Tor,
They will come from beyond the hill where Arthur lies.
The men of the fens will come out and stare,
Eyeing the dark Romans with their soft robes,
Shapely sandals, circlets of gold:
The dust of their wheels is as smoke
The trappings of their horses shine as stars;
They pass by to the pillared pool,
In the somnolent water
Resting, in body and soul:
In dreaming rest to lie,
Slaves to minister to them,
Bringing rare unguents
When from the water they step out,
To be wrapped in fair linens,
Swathed in white woolens,
Spun by the Roman maidens,
Then shall they go swiftly to Diana's temple,
Make oblation, and pray the goddess
For all gracious gifts
Of victory, in love and war.

. . . . . .

I watch the man, grey-haired and silent,
Mowing:
Wiping the scythe blade with fresh cut grass;
Then. mowing again.

The Auction

"THE Auction?' No, I did not go,
I took the longer way to town:
Next day the place was still and bare,
The red flag had been taken down:
A tattered wisp of paper blew
About the porch, as though it knew
No thrifty spirit lingered there.

'The Auction?' No, I'd rather go
A mile around than saunter by,
With home-like things strewn everywhere
And looted by the appraising eye:
The tea pot, with its handle bent,
The bowl, of spice, still redolent:
The spoon that stirred good Christmas fare.

'A fancy?' No, I would forego
The few poor pence of dubious gain,
Than strip an altar where was laid
Such sacrifice of joy and pain.
I think almost, that I should hear
A voice within, to bid me fear
To break a symbol God has made.

The Gypsies

I SAW them chase the Gypsies
Out of the little town,
And it made me think of autumn leaves,
Red and yellow and brown.

Their yellow eardrops dangled
Like flowers in country lanes,
And beads like wild fruit, red and blue,
Hung round their necks in chains.

And like an autumn sunset
Their scarlet flounces flared;
To left and right their bright eyes roved
Like birds by hunters scared.

The constable strode proudly,
The idle ones turned round,

But they could not follow the wild folk
Whither they were bound.

I think they had a pateran
Of leaf and feather and stone,
This handful of bright-eyed wild things
Like leaves from a wild tree blown.

They are gathered in some green hollow
And laughing now and then;
The Gypsy folk in Arcady,
They laugh at wiser men.

A Masque of Souls

MY soul is a ship adventuring day and night:
My soul would be adventuring in strange seas,
Wresting from the islands their purple mysteries,
Taking their treasure tokens and reading their signs aright:
My Master, lift
The veil of baffling cloud, nor let me drift
But come with splendid tumult into port,—
Not of dead calm, the sport.

My soul is a smouldering fire and none draw near:
My soul is a spent brand, fallen aside;
Other fuel is laid, with red life leaping wide,
Calling on the prisoned spark to join its cheer.
A breath I crave
From some free spirit to let loose the slave!
Better the swift, the upward flaming way
Than ease of ashen gray.

My soul is like the stranger at a feast:
Silent I stand and see the good wine flow,
Unurged I stay; men care not, if I go
When Day, more kind, shows welcome in the East.
O grant to me
To give and know the thrill of Comrady
By some slight song they heard in former years
Winning unwonted tears.

Theodore Goodridge Roberts

THANKS to the 'Independent,' late of New York, I became a published poet soon after my eleventh birthday; and between the date of that glorious occasion and my vigorous thirties I wrote verses with unflagging ardour, until I had brightened a page or two of every noteworthy magazine—with several exceptions; and as a result of all this, in the last sixteen years I have attempted six times to gather up enough of my poetic efforts to make a book. Six times I have failed. At no one time could I lay my hands on more than a score of my poems; at no time was I satisfied with as many as ten of them; and always stray lines and rare refrains awoke in my memory and suggested that my best efforts had been lost, thus begetting a sense of bereavement and futility. . . But now I have thought of a new way. . . From time to time, I shall issue for my friends six or seven pieces, as I retrieve them from old magazines, anthologies and the bottoms of trunks. . . —The Author

THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS, as a poet and novelist, is not the least great of a distinguished family. His poetry has strength and originality and is very much worth while.

It has been pointed out that he is a man's poet; he is also a man's novelist. His many novels of adventure and romance have wide popularity. These are a few of the best known: *Hemming, the Adventurer; Brothers of Peril; The Red Feathers; A Cavalier of Virginia; A Captain of Raleigh's; The Wasp;* and *The Toll of the Tides.*

Mr Roberts was born in Fredericton, New Brunswick, July 7th, 1877. He is the youngest of four brothers of which Charles G. D. Roberts (*q.v.*) is the eldest. His education was received at the Fredericton Collegiate School, and at the University of New Brunswick, but he did not complete the University course.

In November, 1903, he married Frances Seymore Allen, daughter of the Rev. Thomas Allen. Since their marriage they have lived in Barbados, England, France, and much of the time in and near Fredericton, N.B.

Captain Theodore Goodridge Roberts served at the Front during the Great War as 'Assistant Canadian Eye-Witness.'

A booklet of his poems was published recently for private circulation.

The Maid

THUNDER of riotous hoofs over the quaking sod;
Clash of reeking squadrons, steel-capped, iron-shod;
The White Maid, and the white horse, and the flapping banner of God.

Black hearts riding for money; red hearts riding for fame;
The maid who rides for France and the king who rides for shame.
Gentlemen, fools and a saint, riding in Christ's high name!

Dust to dust it is written . . Wind-scattered are lance and bow.
Dust, the Cross of St. George and dust the banner of snow.
Dust are the bones of the king and dust the shafts of the foe.

Forgotten, the young knight's valour. Forgotten, the captain's skill.
Forgiven, the fear and the hate and the mailed hands raised to kill.
Blown dust are the shields that crashed and the arrows that cried so shrill.

A dream of echoes and ghosts and dust forever a-blow:
A story from some old book, that battle of Long Ago . .
Shadows, the poor French King and the might of his English Foe:
Shadows, the charging knights and the archers standing arow·
But a flame in my heart and my eyes, the Maid with the banner of snow.

The Hamadryad

WAS it the wind I heard starting the leaves athrill?
A wind in the golden birch, when the rest of the wood was still.
Was it the wing of a bird, high up in that leafy place,
That gleamed so white to my eye, like the mask of a peering face?

The round moon washed the forest an indescribable blue—
The blue of the unfound rose, the colour of dreams come true—
And there in the elfin radiance, deep in the elfin land,
Drunk with the elfin hour, my fingers enclosed her hand.

She led me by the aisles of azure and floating ramparts of sleep
To a castle of hammered silver set in a magic keep.
She led me beyond remembrance of toil and failure and fame,
Back to the glory of youth and the longing that has no name.

Was it the wind I heard, starting the leaves athrill?
A wind in the golden birch when the rest of the wood was still.
Was it a wing agleam, or her breast, in that leafy place,
When I opened my eyes to the dawn and felt the dew on my face?

The Blind Sailor

'STRIKE me blind!' we swore.
God, and I was stricken!
I have seen the morning fade
And noonday thicken.

Be merciful, O God, that I have named in vain.
I am blind in the eyes; but spare the gleam in my brain.
Though my footsteps falter, let my soul still sight
The things that were my life before you hid the light.

Little things were they, Lord, too small to be denied:
The green of roadstead waters, where the tired ships ride,
Bark and brig and barkentine, blown from near and far,
Safe inside the spouting reef and the sobbing bar.

Leave to me my pictures, Lord, leave my memories bright:
The twisted palms are clashing, and the sand is white.
The shore-boats crowd around us, the skipper's gig is manned,
The nutmegs spice the little wind that baffles off the land.

The negro girls are singing in the fields of cane,
The lizards dart on that white path I'll not walk again,
The opal blinds melt up at dawn, the crimson blinds flare down,
And white against the mountains flash the street-lamps of the town.

Leave to me my pictures, Lord, spare my mind to see
The shimmer of the water and the shadow of the tree,
The cables roaring down, the gray sails swiftly furled,
A riding-light ablink in some far corner of the world.

Leave to me my pictures, Lord: the islands and the main,
The little things a sailorman must out to see again;
The beggars in the market-place, the oxen in the streets,
The bitter, black tobacco and the women selling sweets.

I have fed my vision, Lord; now I pray to hold
The blue and gray and silver, the green and brown and gold.
I have filled my heart, Lord; now I pray to keep
The laughter and the colour through this unlifting sleep.

'Strike me blind!' we swore.
God, and I am blind!
But leave me still, O Lord,
The pictures in my mind!

The Lost Shipmate

SOMEWHERE he failed me, somewhere he slipped away—
Youth, in his ignorant faith and his bright array.
The tides go out; the tides come flooding in;
Still the old years die and the new begin;
But Youth? —
Somewhere we lost each other, last year or yesterday.

Somewhere he failed me. Down at the harbour-side
I waited for him a-little, where the anchored argosies ride.
I thought he came—the steady 'trade' blew free—
I thought he came—'twas but the shadow of me!
And Youth? —
Somewhere he turned and left me, about the turn of the tide.

Perhaps I shall find him. It may be he waits for me,
Sipping those wines we knew, beside some tropic sea;
The tides still serve, and I am out and away
To search the spicy harbours of yesterday
For Youth,
Where the lamps of the town are yellow beyond the lamps on the quay.

Somewhere he failed me, somewhere he slipped away—
Youth, in his ignorant heart and his bright array.
Was it in Bados? God, I would pay to know!
Was it on Spanish Hill, where the roses blow?
Ah, Youth!
Shall I hear your laughter to-morrow, in painted Olivio?

Somewhere I failed him. Somewhere I let him depart—
Youth, who would only sleep for the morn's fresh start.
The tides slipped out, the tides washed out and in,
And Youth and I rejoiced in their wastrel din.
Ah, Youth!
Shall I find you south of the Gulf?—or are you dead in my heart?

Fiddler's Green

'At a place called Fiddler's Green, there do all honest Mariners take their pleasure after death; and there are Admirals with their dear Ladies, and Captains of lost voyages with the Sweethearts of their youth, and tarry-handed Sailormen, singing in cottage gardens.'

NEVER again shall we beat out to sea
In rain and mist and sleet like bitter tears,
And watch the harbour beacons fade, a-lee,
And people all the sea-room with our fears.
Our toil is done. No more, no more do we
Square the slow yards and stagger on the sea.

No more for us the white and windless day,
Undimmed, unshadowed, where the weed drifts by,
And leaden fish pass, rolling, at their play,
And changeless suns slide up a changeless sky.
Our watch is done; and never more shall we
Whistle the wind across an empty sea.

Cities we saw—white wall and glinting dome—
And palm-fringed islands dreaming on the blue.
To us more fair the kindly sights of home—
The climbing street, the window shining true.
Our voyage is done: and never more shall we
Reef the harsh topsails on a tossing sea.

Wonders we knew and beauty in far ports;
Laughter and peril 'round the swinging deep;
The wrath of God; the pomp of painted courts . .
The rocks sprang black!—*And we awoke from sleep.*
Our task is done, and never more shall we
Square the slow yards and stagger on the sea.

Here are the hearts we love, the lips we know,
The hands of seafarers who came before.
The eyes that wept for me a night ago
Are laughing now that we shall part no more.
All grief is done; and never more shall we
Make sail at dawning for the luring sea.

Archibald MacMechan

ARCHIBALD M'KELLAR MacMECHAN, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S.C., is Professor of English Language and Literature, Dalhousie College, Halifax. He was born in Ontario, June 21, 1862, *eldest son of Rev. John MacMechan, and Mary Jean, eldest daughter of Hon. Archibald M'Kellar. His higher education was received at Hamilton Collegiate Institute, University of Toronto (B.A.,* 1884, *in Modern Languages) and at Johns Hopkins University (Ph.D.,* 1889). *Before taking post-graduate work he taught for one year in the Galt Collegiate Institute. . . In* 1889, *Dr MacMechan married Edith May, eldest daughter of David Colin Cowan. . . This prominent educator is a well-known critic and author. For nineteen years he has reviewed books for 'The Standard' Montreal. His chief publications are: 'Heroes and Hero-Worship', 'Nova Scotia Archives, II and III', 'The Porter of Bagdad', 'Nova Scotia Under English Rule', 'The Life of a Little Cottage', 'The Winning of Responsible Government', 'Nova Scotia Chap-books', 'Old Province Tales' and 'Headwaters of Canadian Literature'. . . The ballads here quoted are so good, it is to be hoped that Dr MacMechan will continue as a balladist.*—Editor

The Ballad of the 'Rover'

COME all you jolly sailor lads, that love the cannon's roar,
Your good ship on the briny wave, your lass and glass ashore,
How Nova Scotia's sons can fight you presently shall hear,
And of gallant captain Godfrey in the Rover privateer.

She was a brig of Liverpool, of just a hundred tons;
She bore a crew of fifty-five, and mounted fourteen guns:
When south against King George's foes she first began to steer,
A smarter craft ne'er floated than the Rover privateer.

Five months our luck held good all up and down the Spanish Main;
And many a prize we overhauled and sent to port again;
Until the Spaniards laid their plans with us to interfere,
And stop the merry cruising of the Rover privateer.

The year was eighteen hundred, September tenth the day,
As off Cape Blanco in a calm all motionless we lay,
When the schooner Santa Ritta and three gunboats did appear,
Asweeping down to finish off the Rover privateer.

With muskets and with pistols we engaged them as they came,
Till they closed in port and starboard, to play the boarding game;
Then we manned the sweeps, and spun her round without a thought of fear,
And raked the Santa Ritta from the Rover privateer.

At once we spun her back again; the gunboats were too close;
But our gunners they were ready, and they gave the Dons their dose.
They kept their distance after that and soon away did sheer,
And left the Santa Ritta to the Rover privateer.

We fought her for three glasses, and then we went aboard,
Our gallant captain heading us with pistol and with sword;
It did not take us very long her bloody deck to clear,
And down came the Spanish colours to the Rover privateer.

We brought our prizes safe to port—we never lost a man;
There never was a luckier cruise since cruising first began;
We fought and beat four Spaniards—now did you ever hear
The like of Captain Godfrey and the Rover privateer?

The Ballad of 'La Tribune'

AS long as men for fellow men face death and falter not,
As long as daring deeds are kept in memory unforgot,
As long as corpses on the shore by any sea are strewn,
Shall be told the wreck and rescue of the frigate La Tribune.

'Twas seventeen ninety-seven, and November twenty-third,
When La Tribune with all sail set, as straight as flies the bird,
Sped swift to port in Halifax. The wind blew fair from south,
And no one thought of danger, as she neared the harbour-mouth.

It was the master's greed and pride that cast the ship away;
He would not take a pilot on: he wanted pilot's pay;
He boasted he could bring her into harbour safe and sound,
And on the outer Thrum Cap shoals he ran her hard aground.

Save one for signals, all her guns were lightened in the sea,
And made a reef of iron, on the granite, on her lee.
'Twas useless; they must wait the tide. And all that afternoon,
The minute-gun spoke grimly the distress of La Tribune.

They wait as, with the rising gale, the flood tide faster runs,
And the good ship rolls and breaks her bones on her own tumbled guns.
Still no one dreams, as swiftly fades the winter's day in night,
Not ten of all her hardy crew shall see to-morrow's light.

At last she floated with the tide, and in the dark she drove,
A swaling hulk, before the storm, away to Herring Cove,
And when the dragging anchor held, and hope revived again,
She sank, and carried down with her well-nigh three hundred men.

Some fifty reached the rigging, and by the watch-fire's blaze,
All night the men of Herring Cove stood helplessly to gaze
At clinging wretches torn away from their frail hold to die,
Till only eight were left to see the bitter morning sky.

They did not venture out at night, nor yet at dawning day;
They said thro' such a welter never boat could make her way.
And none were found so hardy to affront those breakers wild,
Till the men were shamed to action by the daring of a child.

An alien fisher 'prentice, he would not stand idly by
While life and strength were in him, and watch those sailors die.
He told to none his purpose, no one guessed what it might be,
Till they saw him rowing down the Cove towards the open sea.

With every sinew starting he slowly fights his way
To where the masts stand quivering against the yeasty spray.
In the drenched rigging where they cling, there were but two alone
Able to stir; the rest hung numb and sodden to the bone.

And in their hour of rescue, the twain their lives forego,
And lower two senseless comrades to the rocking ark below;
They stay behind and watch the overladen boat to shore,
Where the boy lands his precious freight, and seaward turns once more.

A second time he starts alone in rescue to the wrack,
But his boyish strength is broken and the billows sweep him back.
But he has not spent himself in vain; at length a boat is manned;
And soon the last faint sailor is safe upon the land.

Twelve fathom deep by Herring Cove that frigate's timbers lie,
To foul the careless inshore nets, as they go drifting by;
And to this day men tell the tale, and name the Tribune Shoal,
But no one knows the name or fate of that young hero soul.

William T. Allison

W. T. ALLISON, M.A., Ph.D., Assistant Professor in the English Department in the University of Manitoba, was born at Unionville, Ontario, December 20, 1874. He prepared for matriculation in the Harbord Collegiate Institute, Toronto, and was the founder and first editor of 'The Harbord Review'. His undergraduate work was taken at University College, and in due course he was granted an M.A. degree by the University of Toronto. Shortly afterwards he entered Yale as a divinity student, and subsequently was minister for five years of a Presbyterian Church in Stayner, Ontario. He then returned to Yale for a postgraduate course in English and in three years was granted a Ph.D. Appointment as Professor of English in Wesley College, Winnipeg, followed, and after serving with distinction for ten years, he joined the staff of the University of Manitoba. During the current year, Dr Allison, is National President of the 'Canadian Authors Association'. For years he has been active with his pen, and now writes critical reviews and articles for four Western dailies. He also gives numerous talks on literature, many of them broadcasted by radio. In 1909, Dr Allison published 'The Amber Army,' a book of verse of good quality.—Editor

The Return to Nature

JUST for a day I fled the town,
The rout, the worry and the din,
The crowded mart, the gilded sin,
And speech of purse-proud rogue and clown.

For one brief day that cloudless sky,
The trees, the flowers, were my delight;
The things that pleased my childish sight
Swam once again into my eye.

I found a solace in the wind,
The unseen organ of the world,
Dispensing music that was whirled
O'er Iran's plains time out of mind.

The same tempestuous melodies
And deepest dirges low of tone,
That seemed supernal wrath or moan
To Goths afoot for southern seas.

Grown hard with city sleighs and moil,
I learned to humbly bow once more
Upon old Nature's temple floor,
The dear brown earth, the kindly soil.

I felt the peace which Nature gives
To him who contemplates her face,
Who metes by her all time and space,
The littleness in which he lives.

For what of splendour or of fame
Can vaunt itself beneath the sun?
The race of myriads is run,
But Nature's face is e'er the same.

The secret craft of Memphian priest,
The grace of Athens, thews of Rome,
Sidonian triremes turning home,
The mellow wonder of the East,—

Who shall see them restored again?
The memory of their pride and shame
Held by the learned few, their name
Strange to the mass of modern men!

Along the great white roads of Time,
In spite of pomp and sneering lust,
Life's caravans are blown to dust,
And only Nature moves sublime.

The Canadian Pine

A KEEN, sweet fragrance lies along the air,
The odour of the tall Canadian pine:
How soft the sunbeams on his needles shine,
And where the snow has left the forest bare,
He spreads his russet carpet everywhere.
High in his swaying top the crooning wind
Eases his stormy soul,—time out of mind
He sought his ancient, steadfast solace there.

And so I find beneath the sturdy pine,
The spirit of the north, the blessed peace
That calms this easy-troubled soul of mine,
And gives to discontent a sure surcease.
In all the north I love the pine the best,
Emblem of strength, simplicity and rest.

Cartier Arrives at Stadacona

AT Stadacona half the sky
Was crimsoned with the sunset's dye;
The river streaked with gold,
The broad St. Lawrence, in the pride
Of countless forests by his tide,
Out to the ocean rolled.

They stood on Stadacona's steep
And gazed towards the boundless deep,
Did Donnacona's braves;
In awe they looked, these savage men,
To where within their piercing ken
White wings flew o'er the waves.

In wonderment they peered, and still
The sea's strange pinions came, until

They flung full on the view.
Then Donnacona, he, the wise,
Said these were spirits from the skies
Sent by the Manitou.

The night crouched in the flapping sails,
The wind roared down the forest trails,
The river dirged amain.
And Donnacona dreamed that night
The world through all the year was white,—
In sleep he sobbed for pain.

Hymeneal Chant of an Algonquin Maiden

(An exact translation of a French prose version of the original)

YES, I love you;
Warrior so noble and tall,
Straight as the pine,
Yours is a courage divine
From the Master of Life,
The good Manitou.

Yes, I love you;
For I can see your clear heart,
Heart now mine own.
Pure are its veins as the zone
Of first sunlight which flames
Adown on the dew.

Yes, I love you,
Brave one, with words ever kind,
Sweet as the sap
Filling with sugar earth's lap
From the maples in spring
When flowers are new.

Yes, I love you;
Beam on me, heart, for your face
Seemeth a leaf
Trembling in air; oh, my chief,
So enchanting and gay,
Be mine the years through!

Gertrude MacGregor Moffatt

IT is not her recollections of Oxford. . . . which strikes us most in these verses. Mrs Moffatt is an intensely subjective poet. Doubtless memory often supplies the image to illustrate the thought, but it is as records of spiritual dilemmas, regrets, defeats, and victories that these poems deserve attention. Something of the gnomic grace of Mary Coleridge is blended in them, with a devotional impulse reminiscent of George Herbert. The note is subdued. A sense, to quote her own words, that 'something is broken at the heart of me,' pervades the book. And yet underlying this there is the subtle gaiety of one who has put herself into harmony with the life, which exacts its due of suffering. It is this mystical conviction which enables Mrs Moffatt to give significance to those small things with which her verse is preoccupied, and particularly to those moments in the relationship of men and women which seem insignificant until a poet kindles them from within. Her style is as natural and unassuming as it is apt to her purpose. . .
—The Times Literary Supplement, London, England, December 4th, 1924.

GERTRUDE MacGREGOR MOFFATT was born at Stratford, Ontario, on the 13th of May, 1884, the second daughter of Rev. Daniel Arthur MacGregor and his wife, Augusta J. Hull. Both parents died while their three daughters were quite young, and the latter were brought up in the home of their maternal grandparents, at Princeton, Oxford County. . . Their paternal grandparents were immigrants in their youth, from Glen Lyon, Scotland, who settled in the Ottawa Valley.

Shortly before his death, the Rev. D. A. MacGregor, an able scholar and educator, was appointed Principal of the Toronto Baptist College.

Gertrude MacGregor received her academic training at Moulton College, Toronto, (three years) and at McMaster University (one year). . . In 1909 she married Mr Thomas E. Moffat, a teacher, (at present Principal of the Tweed High School) and as the years passed, became the mother of seven children. . . She died in the General Hospital, Ottawa, October 8th, 1923.

In 1924 Mrs Moffat's poems were collected and published under the title, *A Book of Verses,* with an Introduction by Prof. B. K. Sandwell, M.A., of Queen's University.

Lyric

I WANT to be where all is very still.
I do not want to hear a cricket, even;
Nor a least bird-song, from the thicket, even;
Nor any stir of wind, along the hill.

I should not mind, if very far away,
A village church-bell might be softly ringing;
Some sense of unsought absolution bringing,
Not urging me with any need to pray.

I want you near me, reading in some book;
Not heeding me; but just your shadow stealing
Along my sight with some cool sense of healing;
And waking not the stillness with a look.

I want to lie with eyelids folded down,
As half asleep, though never fully sleeping,
Watching the long, slow shadows downward creeping,
To gather in the quiet little town.

All Night I Heard

ALL night I heard the singing rain,
On early leaf and apple-bloom,
Like fragrance of a low refrain,
The lyric of a faint perfume.

And through my dreams it seemed to me
A sweet confusion all night long,
Of music falling fragrantly,
And flowers that opened in a song.

Brief as the Snow

YOUR radiance was the little light you had,
More than your face could hold;
Such star-like, silvery shining as unfurls
A daisy's heart of gold.

It was the bird-like music of your throat:
Your laughter that outran,
Tinkling and goldenly through your bright day,
The smile your lips began.

It was the lightness of your dancing feet
That brooked not to be slow;
The lifted, milk-white gesture of your arms,
While your feet danced below.

You were like light. It seemed no shadow must
Follow, where you would pass.
Ah, but your radiance was brief as the snow,
Fallen among the grass!

Genius

IT was the flame
For which men builded high
Altars; and piled the dry
Faggots. And then it came,
As lightning, suddenly,
Kindling a sodden tree.

It was the seed
Men nurtured rich in mould,
And cherished from the cold,
But heedless of their heed,

Wild-sown, by ways obscure,
It flowered upon the moor.

It was the child
Men hoped for from their schools,
Taught in their prudent rules,
Shielded, and undefiled.
But wayward, and divine,
From out some lintel low,
Or hectic tavern glow,
He came, bearing the sign.

The Pine

ALL is erased; leaving this slendering pine
Alone, like a fine etching on the sky.
The air, even, a rare sublimity,
A nothingness, against which to define
One tree. No cloud is there; nor even yet
A star. Only the waning amber light,
Reluctant to resign unto the night
This signal hour, whereon one thought was set.

So does it please God, setting at His will
All things aside, to lift a lowly flower
To be the symbol of some glorious hour;
Or to call in a shepherd from his hill,
To be a king; or to exalt this pine
Against the sky, minaret-like, and fine.

Out of My Want

OUT of my thorn, and tangle of flowering weed,
Like a beggar-girl by the road, I will make me a crown.
I will take me a flute for my song, from the hollow reed,—
Out of my want, a crown, and a song from a wild reed blown.

Out of my tears, I will string me an ornament;
From my long tears, a necklet or rosary.
Ah, dear-bought tears from the nights with my sorrow spent,
Out of my want, with my tears will I jewel me.

Out of the love that once was mine, in a dream,
Out of a hollow reed, and poet's art,
Out of my want, I will make me a song that shall seem
Sweeter than lips on my lips, and beating heart at my heart.

Father Dollard

IN all Father Dollard's poetry there is a wealth of beauty and a perfection of skill, seldom met with outside the pages of great composers. To this beauty and skill are added a refinement of lofty thought and an aptitude and delicacy of expression that, at once, charm and delight the reader. But it is when he sings of his own native land—of Ireland—that the voice of his song touches the core of our hearts. Here, in his moments of highest inspiration, his paths are in the land.—The Very Rev. W. R. Harris, LL.D.

The poems of Father Dollard have long been appreciated for their high literary quality, spirituality and Celtic insight. To the scholarly touch of the classicist he adds the magic and vision of the true Celt. Born under the shadow of Slieve-na-mon, dreamful of mystical lore, Father Dollard was early inspired by the beauty and charm and tender melancholy of his native land. Though with a versatile pen he touches many themes, his supreme gift is that of an Irish lyrist.—Lindsay Crawford, of 'The Globe,' Toronto, 1916.

THE Rev. James B. Dollard is parish Priest of St. Monica's church, North Toronto. He was born at Mooncoin, County Kilkenny, Ireland, August 30th, 1872, the youngest son in a large family, whose parents were Michael and Anastasia (Quinn) Dollard.

After taking the course in Classics at Kilkenny College, he sailed in 1890 for New Brunswick, where his brother, the Rev. William Dollard, was Parish Priest of St. Stephen, and his maternal uncle, the Rev. James Quinn, was Vicar-General of the Diocese of St. John. Another relative, the late Archbishop Walsh, was then in Toronto and young Dollard decided to study for the priesthood in his Archdiocese. He took the course in Philosophy and Theology at the Grand Seminary of Montreal and received from Laval University the degrees of Bachelor of Theology and Bachelor of Canon Law. The same University conferred on him in 1916, the honorary degree of Litt.D.

Father Dollard was ordained to the priesthood in December, 1896. He served as a curate in St. Helen's Church, and St. Mary's Church, Toronto, and prior to his present charge, was, for nine years, Parish Priest of Uptergrove, Ontario, where he built a new church and presbytery.

His first book of verse, *Irish Mist and Sunshine,* was published in 1902, and his second, entitled *Poems,* in 1910. Since then have appeared a volume of selected poems, *Irish Lyrics and Ballads,* 1917, and *The Bells of Old Quebec and Other Poems,* 1920.

Dr Dollard is also author of a volume of short stories, entitled *The Gaels of Moondharrig.*

In a lecture on 'The War and the Poets,' delivered in Toronto, 1916, the late Joyce Kilmer, then poetry editor of the *Literary Digest,* declared that Father Dollard's sonnet was the best poem that had appeared on the death of Rupert Brooke.

The Dollards are descended from an old Norman family who went to England with William, the Conqueror, and later to Ireland with the first English invaders. A grand-uncle of our poet, the Right Rev. William Dollard, was the first Roman Catholic Bishop of New Brunswick.

Rupert Brooke

SLAIN by the arrows of Apollo, lo,
The well-belovèd of the Muses lies
On Lemnos' Isle 'neath blue and classic skies,
And hears th' Ægean waters ebb and flow!
How strange his beauteous soul should choose to go
Out from its body in this hallowed place,
Where Poesy and Art's undying grace
Still breathe, and pipes of Pan still murmur low!
Here shall he rest untroubled, knowing well
That faithful hearts shall hold his memory dear,
Moved to affection weak words cannot tell
By his short, splendid life that knew no fear;
Belovèd of the gods, the gods have ta'en
Their Ganymede, by bright Apollo slain!

The Haunted Hazel

ADOWN a quiet glen where the gowan-berries glisten
And the linnet, shyest bird of all, his wild note warbles free;
Where the scented woodbine-blossoms, o'er the brooklet, bend to listen,
There stands upon a mossy bank, a white-hazel tree.

Oh! fair it is to view, when the zephyr rustles lightly,
And warm sunlight glances back from polished bole and branch;
For then like wavelets on a rill the pendent leaves flash brightly,
And daisies nod in concert, round the column straight and staunch.

But when the day is ended, and the solemn moon is shining,
And shadows grim and ghostly, fall on grove and glen and lea,
Then godless elves their fairy paths with glow-worm lamps are lining,
And potent spells of magic bind this white-hazel tree!

For from their gorgeous palaces the fairy bands come stealing,
To dance in sportive circles on the never bending moss;

And the velvet-soft caressing of their finger-touches healing,
Brings to the sere white-hazel bark again its youthful gloss.
And round and round they skip and glide, in strange fantastic measure,
To weird, unhallowed melodies of fairy minstrelsy,
Yet mortal ear may never hear those sounds of elfin pleasure,
And no whisper of its secrets gives the white-hazel tree!
But should the peasant wander nigh that baleful bower, unthinking,
And sudden feel the chilling of the haunted hazel's shade,
A nameless horror seizes on his spirit, bowed and shrinking,
And making oft the Holy Sign, he hurries home dismayed.
For maid that treads the path of doom beneath the hazel's shadow,
Shall be the bride of Death, they say, before a month has flown;
And laughing swain, in pride of strength, who crossed at eve the meadow,
Shall moulder 'neath the matted moss, ere yet that mead is mown!
So, in the solemn hours of night the fairies dance unharmed,
Till thro' gray dawn the haggard moon her waning span doth dree,
Then from the blessèd sunbeam flies the evil power that charmed,
And fairy spell is lifted from the white-hazel tree!

The Fairy Harpers

AS I walked the heights of Meelin on a tranquil autumn day,
The fairy host came stealing o'er the distant moorland gray.
I heard like sweet bells ringing,
Or a grove of linnets singing,
And the haunting, wailful music that the fairy harpers play!
Like thunder of deep waters when vast-heaving billows break,
Like soughing of the forest when ten thousand branches shake,
Like moaning of the wind,
When the night falls bleak and blind,
So wild and weird the melodies the fairy minstrels make.

The sunbeams flecked the valley, and the cloud-shades ranged
the hill,
The thistle-down scarce drifted in the air so calm and still.
But along the slopes of Meelin
Came the ghostly music pealing,
With sad and fitful cadences that set my soul a-thrill!

Then wan and wistful grew the sky o'er Meelin's summit
lone,
And weeping for the days gone by, my heart grew cold as
stone,
For I heard loved voices calling
Beyond the sunlight falling
On Meelin's mournful mountain where the magic harps make
moan!

At Dead o' the Night, Alanna

AT dead o' the night, alanna, I wake and see you there,
Your little head on the pillow, with tossed and tangled
hair;
I am your mother, acushla, and you are my heart's own boy,
And wealth o' the world I'd barter to shield you from annoy.

At dead o' the night, alanna, the heart o' the world is still,
But sobbing o' fairy music comes down the haunted hill;
The march o' the fairy armies troubles the peace o' the air,
Blest angels shelter my darling for power of a mother's pray'r!

At dead o' the night, alanna, the sleepless Banshee moans,
Wailing for sin and sorrow, by the Cairn's crumbling stones,
At dead o' the night, alanna, I ask of our God above,
To shield you from sin and sorrow, and cherish you in His
love.

At dead o' the night, alanna, I wonder o'er and o'er,
Shall you part from our holy Ireland, to die on a stranger
shore?
You'll break my heart in the leaving like many a mother I
know—
Just God look down upon Erin and lift her at last from woe!

At dead o' the night, alanna, I see you in future years,
Grand in your strength, and noble, facing the wide world fears;

Though down in the mossy churchyard my bones be under the sod,
My spirit shall watch you, darling, till you come to your rest in God!

Ballad of the Banshee

BACK thro' the hills I hurried home,
Ever my boding soul would say:
'Mother and sister bid thee come,
Long, too long has been thy stay.'

Stars shone out, but the moon was pale,
Touched by a black cloud's ragged rim,
Sudden I heard the Banshee's wail
Where Malmor's war-tower rises grim.

Quickly I strode across the slope,
Passed the grove and the Fairy Mound
(Gloomy the moat where blind owls mope)
Scarcely breathing, I glanced around.

Mother of mercy! there she sat,
A woman clad in a snow-white shroud,
Streamed her hair to the damp moss-mat,
White the face on her bosom bowed!

'Spirit of Woe' I eager cried,
'Tell me none that I love has gone,
Cold is the grave'—my accents died—
The Banshee lifted her face so wan.

Pale and wan as the waning moon,
Seen when the sun-spears herald dawn.
Ceased all sudden her dreary croon,
Full on my own her wild eyes shone,

Burned and seared my inmost soul.
(When shall sorrow depart from me?)
Black-winged terror upon me stole,
Blindly gaping, I turned to flee!

Back by the grove and haunted mound,
O'er the lone road I know not how,

Hearkened afar my baying hound
Home at last at the low hill's brow!

Lone the cottage—the door flung wide,
Four lights burned—oh, sight of dread!
Breathing a prayer, I rushed inside,
'Mercy, God!' 'twas my mother, dead!

Dead and white as the fallen leaf,
(Kneeling, my sister prayed near by),
Wild as I wrestled with my grief,
Far and faint came the Banshee's cry!

The Passing of the Sidhe

THERE is weeping on Cnoc-Aulin and on hoary Slieve-na-mon,
There's a weary wind careering over haggard Knocknaree;
By the broken mound of Almhin
Sad as death the voices calling,
Calling ever, wailing ever, for the passing of the Sidhe.

Where the hunting-call of Ossian waked the woods of Glen-na-mar,
Where the Fianna's hoarse cheering silenced noisy Assaroe,
Like the homing swallows meeting,
Like a beaten host retreating,
Hear them sobbing as they hurry from the hills they used to know!

There's a haunted hazel standing on a grim and gloomy scaur,
Tossing ceaselessly its branches like a keener o'er the dead;
Deep around it press the masses
Of the Sluagh-shee* that passes
To the moan of fairy music timing well their muffled tread.

Came a wail of mortal anguish o'er the night-enshrouded sea,
Sudden death o'ertook the agèd while the infant cried in fear,
And the dreamers on their pillows
Heard the beat of bursting billows,
And the rumble and the rhythm of an army passing near.

*Pronounced Slua Shee—The Fairy Army.

They have left the unbelieving—past and gone their gentle sway,
Lonely now the rath enchanted, eerie glen and wild crannoge;
But the sad winds, unforgetting,
Call them back with poignant fretting,
Snatching songs of elfin sorrow from the streams of Tir-na-n'Og.

Ould Kilkinny

I'M sick o' New York City an' the roarin' o' the thrains
That rowl above the blessèd roofs an' undernaith the dhrains;
Wid dust an' smoke an' divilmint I'm moidhered head an' brains,
An' I thinkin' o' the skies of ould Kilkinny!

Bad luck to Owen Morahan that sint the passage-note
'Tis he's the cause, the omadhaun, I ever tuk the boat;
'Tis he's the cause I'm weepin' here, a dhrayman on a float,
When I should be savin' hay in ould Kilkinny!

The sorra bit o' grassy field from morn till night I see,
Nor e'er a lark or linnet—not to mind a weeshy bee!
Och! an' honest Irish mountain now would lift the heart o' me,—
Will I ever see the hills of ould Kilkinny?

The rattle on the pavement-blocks is fit to make you cry,
A hundhert snortin' carriages like fire an' brimstone fly;
Tin thousant people tearin' wild, black sthrangers pass me by,
An' to think I left me frinds in ould Kilkinny!

'Tis well me lovin' parents all are in their coffin-shrouds,
'Twould break their hearts to see their boy half-smothered in these crowds,
Wid buildin's all around that high they're berrid in the clouds,
When the little cot would suit him in Kilkinny!

Bad luck to Owen Morahan, if I'd the passage back,
'Tis shortly I'd be home agin across the ocean thrack;
I'd not delay in Queenstown, an' I'd fly through Ballyhack,
For to greet the neighbours kind in ould Kilkinny!

Laura E. McCully

MISS McCULLY'S poetry is enriched by classical illustrations, and expressed in forceful and melodious language. Her imagination relates us to the universe and to humanity. Wordsworth found new lessons in the fields and woods, and taught them; Lanier made trees, flowers and clouds our intimate friends; when we read Miss McCully's nature poems we are not conscious of the moralizing of the poet, we are in the glens ourselves listening to the bird-songs or pine psalms, or on the hill-top looking at the afterglow, with the purity, the glory, the growth spirit and the transforming beauty of nature flowing into our lives. In a few flaming lines her stories reveal the love, the despair and the ultimately triumphant faith of humanity. With tender pathos she unveils the evils of social and industrial conditions, and in clear tones arouses each soul, and makes it conscious of the splendour of the better conditions ahead, and thrills it with the determination to achieve for justice, freedom and truth.—JAMES L. HUGHES, LL.D.

MISS LAURA ELIZABETH McCULLY, M.A., was born in Toronto, and with the exception of one academic year in the United States, and a few months in Ottawa, she lived all her life in this city.

She was a grand niece of the late Hon. John McCully, of Truro, Nova Scotia, one of the Fathers of Confederation; and was the daughter of Samuel Edward McCully, M.D., and Helen (Fitzgibbon) McCully. Her father was of Manx descent, and her mother, who is still living, is a descendant of the late James McBride, of Halton county, Ontario, farmer and magistrate, who was one of the successful pioneers of the province.

Miss McCully was educated at Deer Park Public School, Jarvis St. Collegiate Institute, and University College. Throughout her University course she stood high in the class lists, and graduated in 1909 with first-class honours in English, History, French and German. She was particularly attracted to the ancient Anglo-Saxon language and her written theses on this branch of study, together with the recommendation of her teacher, Professor David Keyes, M.A., procured for her a Fellowship in Yale College. In this Institution she studied during the academic year, 1909-10.

Miss McCully was proficient in athletics; and was an ardent advocate of the rights of women, political, professional and industrial. She had firm belief that this century would fully establish equality of sex and of racial responsibility.

She began her poetical career by winning in her teens several prizes offered by the Young People's Corner of the *Mail and Empire*.

Her first book of verse, *Mary Magdalene and Other Poems*, was published in 1914. It was well received and apparently the author had a future of distinction as a writer. But about three years later her health began to fail from the effects of a disease which terminated fatally, July 7th, 1924.

In the Fall of 1916, I met Miss McCully several times. She was tall and handsome and had an attractive personality. In discussion she was keen and aggressive and unquestionably able. She had been labouring in a munitions factory shortly before.

Our Little Sister

WEEP, little shrinking spirits of the woods,
Hang down your fair, green faces, all ye leaves,
And dews be heavy on the year's firstborn,—
Yea, weep as rain, all ye that breathe of spring,
To-day I passed her in the city streets!

Surely the kind brown earth must pity her,
Nursing its young so safely at the breast,
All the great winds that no man may defile
Compassionate her, and the bending trees
Happy in fruitfulness and blest with song!

But where her feet are set of all God made
No stone remains; and wearing childhood's face
Fixed in an awful lethargy and calm,
Defiled, defiling, yet accusing not,
Avenged upon her race, she passes on.

Canoe Song at Twilight

DOWN in the west the shadows rest,
Little grey wave, sing low, sing low!
With a rhythmic sweep o'er the gloomy deep
Into the dusk of the night we go,
And the paddles dip and lift and slip,
And the drops fall back with a pattering drip;
The wigwams deep of the spirits of sleep
Are pitched in the gloom on the headland steep.
Wake not their silence as you go,
Little grey wave, sing low, sing low!

From your porch on high where the clouds go by,
Little white moon, look down, look down!
'Neath night's shut lid the stars are hid,
And the last late bird to his nest has flown.
The slow waves glide and sink and slide
And rise in ripples along the side;
The loons call low in the marsh below,
Night weaves about us her magic slow,—
Ere the last faint gleam in our wake be gone,
Little white moon, look down, look down!

A Ballad of the Lakes

MY love she went a-sailing
Ere yet the day was done,
And a wind blew up, and a wind blew up,
Straight out of the setting sun.

I sat on a rock a-fishing
Where flashes the bronze-black fin
And the eddies swirl and suck and curl
When the river tide comes in.

She hailed me from the headland
And I saw the brown sail swing
Till the rope ran tight and it lifted light
As the sweep of a wild duck's wing.

'O where go ye a-sailing,
For the day will soon be done,
And see the shroud of shifting cloud
That's following up the sun?'

'It's off I am to the eastward,
To the rim of the world away,
Ply sail and oar for the far-off shore
And none shall bid me stay.'

So she sailed away to the eastward
To the far horizon's rim,
Where rosy kissed through a veil of mist
The line of the shore lay dim.

And the sun sank down the marshes,
In a field of flame he rolled,
The heaving track from the boat slipped back
Like a path of molten gold.

Each little wave seemed smiling,
Lips curled in a rosy bow,
Like a babe asleep on the breast of the deep
That rocked it to and fro.

And I sat on my rock a-fishing
While further down the west
The sun sank slow to his bed below
In the marshes' swaying breast.

Sudden a white owl hooted
From his nest in the pine hard by,
And a whip-poor-will sent an answer shrill
From the depths of the flaming sky.

I looked away to the westward
And there I saw it stand,
A cloud pure white and small and bright
As the palm of an opened hand.

One leap to the jutting headland,—
Like a blow it stung my face,
The cap of wind with the threat behind
Of the squall that comes apace.

Out on the lake there widened
A wreathing ring of black,
And the spreading cloud like an out-flung shroud
Promised the coming wrack.

The waves rose white and frothing,
With a hiss like a rattlesnake
That glides at night past the lantern's light
On the path through a slimy brake.

Have you seen the inland waters
When the black squall rides the wave?
For it comes like light and there is no flight,
And you call on God to save,

As I, one breath, 'Save, save her!'
And I plunged in the driving roar,
For my light canoe pierced through and through
Lay high on the rocky shore.

Clean stroke, long breath, poised body,
They laugh at your manhood's pride,
The billows that seethe and drive in your teeth
When the breath cramps in your side.

A quarter-mile to the headland?
  Ten miles of boiling hell!
Blind, choked and stung, bruised, tossed and flung
  In a world that heaved and fell.

But once, from the crest of a comber
  The gleam of a distant sail,
As slight a thing as a butterfly's wing
  Tossed into the teeth of the gale.

On, on! Is your blood turned water?
  Shall a straining muscle's pain,
Though it snap like tow, speak louder now
  Than the cry of heart and brain?

In my ears the roar of thunder,
  In my eyes a spray blood-red,
But once I sank, lost wind and drank,
  And something snapped in my head.

Do you know the way of the waters
  When their sudden wrath is o'er?
Rubbish and wrack they cast safe back,
  And they cast me on the shore.

Do you know the way of the waters,
  The hungry, restless wave?
They take for toll a living soul
  And no man knows the grave.

Then search no more by the marshes
  Where the moon stands up so white,
Has never a bird through the silence stirred
  All the long, bright summer night.

Then seek no more by the river
  Where the water lilies gleam,
So pale and still, so ghostly chill
  Like a dead face in a dream,

For the eyes may ache with seeking,
  They may search till they see no more,
And the heart grow old and the pulse beat cold
  Ere my love comes back to shore.

Wilson MacDonald

WHO is Wilson MacDonald? Only the records of palingenesis can reveal that secret, but I fancy that he has wandered from the lost Etruscan paradise and brought with him many of the arts and mysteries that glorified that ancient people. . . That he is a genius I have no doubt whatever. His many-sided nature is outside the range of our ordinary garden varieties. Anyone of his gifts would make a man remarkable. . . Wilson MacDonald is a master of free verse and of lyric also. He has invented new verse forms which compel the ear by their harmony and the novel chyme of the rhyme. He has shown that if he writes free verse it is not for lack of facility in metrical art. . . Wilson MacDonald is nowhere so impassioned as when he lifts his voice as the prophet of truth to his age. He would 'ring in the Christ that is to be,' and in that Spirit he has wrought marvels. . . Into 'Whist-Whee' he has crowded all the loveliness and all the loneliness of childhood, and the poem is filled with the infinite yearning of the seeking to save that which was lost. . . —Albert E. S. Smythe in his Introduction to 'The Song of the Prairie Land,' 1918.

WILSON MacDONALD was born at Cheapside, Ontario, son of Alexander MacDonald, a native of Scotland, and a local merchant and Baptist preacher, and Annie, a native Canadian, daughter of Rev. William Pugsley. . . . He received his academic training at Cheapside and Port Dover Public Schools, Woodstock College and Mcmaster University. . . . In early life he decided to be a poet; and his first published poem, appeared in *The Globe,* Toronto, in 1898. . . . When he passed the Entrance Examination he had the distinction to stand first in the province.

For encouraging him to high attainment, Wilson MacDonald holds in grateful remembrance his parents; William Henry Smith, Principal of Port Dover Public School; and Theodore Harding Rand.

In 1902, he went to England on a horse-boat and remained there for months. . . . This trip inspired his most realistic and gripping narrative poem (not yet published), *The Undertow.* . . . His first sale of a literary production was made at that time in London.

On his return from London, he worked for a while in a bank and then went to the United States where he travelled for a year. . . . In a letter he says: 'I made $10,000 out of bread and pie patents, which gave me my start as a writer. The residue was stolen from me shortly after. I gave up a lucrative position in the United States and returned to Canada where I went through many years of poverty.'

Mr MacDonald has lived in every province of Canada but Prince Edward Island, and has visited twenty States of the Union. And he has sailed the Labrador Coast, and on the Pacific Coast from Mexico to near Alaska. . . . He has been a dweller and dreamer in the wilds of Ontario and of British Columbia.

Wilson MacDonald has had poems accepted by *The London Mercury, Scribner's Magazine* and *Contemporary Verse,* and has published *The Song of the Prairie Land* (1918) with several editions since, and *The Miracle Songs of Jesus* (1921 and 1923). . . . Since he became a citizen of Toronto, about eight years ago, where his genius soon received inspiring encouragement, he has written much verse of unusual excellence and has won wide recognition.

Whist-Whee

'WHIST-WHEE!'
Little brown Dee
Peers from her shelter
Of bush and of tree.
Her time she is biding
To leap from her hiding.
And she says unto me:
'Don't look this way, big man, or they'll see
You are looking at me:
Please, please look out at the sea:
Whist-whee!'

And I walked up the sands,
And three little rebels took hold of my hands;
And they said: 'Do you know
Where a little brown maid,
In a little brown plaid,
Did go?'
And I lied and said: 'No.'
And they scampered away
Like young squirrels at play;
And looked all over and under the rocks
For a glimpse of brown frocks.
And I heard a quick cry
From the shade of the tree
Saying to me—
Yes, saying to me:
'You're a dear, you're a dear.'

And I said 'Whist-whee;
The rebels are all returning for thee.'
And she hugged to the tree.

'Whist-whee,' just two little words:
But I heard them to-day in the song of the birds.
And the waters all sang as I walked by the sea:
'Whist-whee, whist-whee.'
And I looked behind bush and I looked behind tree:
And the birds still were there and the busy song bee.
But little brown Dee,

With her solemn 'Whist-whee,'
Spake not unto me.

And over the hills I went,
And a gentle mound
I found,
Lying like some fairy's lost pillow upon the ground.
And I knelt on my knee
And wrote on the sand,
With a sorrowing hand:
'Little brown Dee
Sleeps here by the sea:
All ye who pass
Whist-whee!'

The Cry of the Song Children

SAY not I write to a metre's measure
Who gather my words in flood.
Say not I write for the lilting's pleasure,
For lo! my ink is blood.
O, if these lines could show my passion:
Look is the blood not rich and red!
I will pour it out till my soul is ashen
And my grief lies dead.

I am a fragment of restless wind
Against the peak of a mountain broken.
My heart is oft with the snow entwined
And wears as a sweet token,
Wherever I move, or ever I run,
The sting of the frost and the kiss of the sun
To show that I favour no pilgrim more
Than the next who knocks at my cheerful door.

As a woman, athirst for an infant's cry,
Rocks her thin arms to the cooing air
And croons a Lydian lullaby
To soothe the child of her own despair,
So I go out on the hills at night
And rock my arms with a sad delight;
Rock them long

For the children of song
Which my barren page is athirst to bear.

The souls of these unborn crowd me round
And call to be clad
In the mystical, glad
Body of sound.
I am coming, I cry, to release you all.
The roses are red
On the sea-brown wall;
But the roses come and the roses fall;
And the children call,
And the children call;
But I am asearch for bread.
A wisp is here and a wisp is there;
A long day's march in the blinding dust,
And I gain the form of a fleeting crust
To lessen an hour's despair.

And I cry to God:
Shall my blood be shed
And my years be trampled away in the sod
For bread, for bread!
O, softly I cry, nor chide my fate.
But the rose hangs red
Far over the beautiful garden gate,
And the children wait.

I am Caneo;
And my skin is brown from the comrade sun.
And my heart is a cluster of grapes; each one
Ripe and ready to flow together
In the channel sweet of a purple song.
And the unborn children around me throng.

I will fill the air
With their floating hair,
I said.
And I rose when the morn was a film of grey
And moiled in a garden where love lay dead.
And the children called and I answered 'Yea,
I come'; but the beckoning wisp of bread

Called me away, away.
And the children mourned as I lay in sleep;
When the night was deep
I could hear them weep.

This is the poet's Hell; to know
How fair his unborn wildly crying
To stand at night in the wind flow,
As the last light is dying;
To call to his children and find
His voice is a broken chord
That is weary from calling all day in the wind:
'This hour's bread, O Lord.'

Come little flaxen-haired,
Throat-bared,
Sun-brown-imp who hath called me long,
Here is your life in a song.
Dance here on this page, and never
To the last forever
Need you to call again.
I stole this hour to give you birth; the rain
Let down your hair.

The sky's
Deepest dyes
Tinctured your eyes.
Dear little flaxen-haired,
Throat-bared, wild,
Sun-browned child
Here is your life in a song undefiled.

The morn is a film of lovely gray;
And the rose is blown from a crimson thread;
But I am over the hills, and away
For Bread.

The Miracle Songs of Jesus

JESUS, the poet of Galilee,
Fashioned the light in His lyric hands,
And held it up for all men to see:
The Publican and the Pharisee,

The merchant rich and the robber bands
On the outcast fringe of Galilee.
But the learned men all sneered at Him;
And the gay young fellows jeered at Him;
And only a fisherman fool or two
Looked up at the Light with its liquid hue
And drank its beauty of red and blue.

Jesus, the poet of Galilee,
Sang that the weary might be free;
Sang of the lilies—how their glory
Shamed the best at a king's command;
Sang His truths in a lyric story
Even the poor could understand.
And the wise men heard and they tried to scan
The rhymes of the poet Son-of-Man.
But, every time that He sang, they found
Some cherished rule of their pedant school
Was killed in his poem's strange, new sound.

And Jesus, the poet, grew sick at heart
And fled from the halls where learning kills;
And took His verse from the fear of art
To the bold delight of the rain-washed hills.
And the songs He sang to the desert sea
Were far too sweet for the ears of men;
But the gray-white dunes of Galilee
Have blown with a fairer flower since then.

A learned group of dons will gloat
At a fool's last word in a high priest's throat.
But the song of God in a Carpenter's saw
Could never hold wise men in awe.
And whenever Christ, the bard, would sing
They lost His truth in a hammer's ring.
The wilderness called with her silent lure:
'O poet of thoughtless Nazareth
Come out to me with your starry breath.'
And His white reed yearned for the moon-chilled sands
Where the frayed flowers cure

With their gypsy hands.
But he turned His face
From the silent place,
With the comrade stars above,
As we all have done,
As we all have done
From a maid we dare not love.

And the silent desert called again:
'O poet of thoughtless Nazareth,
Come out to me with your fragrant breath,
And walk with me in the moon's white rain.'
But a blind man's stick on a hollow stone,
As it slowly tapped through a distant city,
And a broken woman's hopeless moan
Called out to Him with a deeper tone;
And the heart of the Lord was pity.

And back to the town the poet came,
And took His feet to the temple's hall,
And heard the boast of a man named Saul;
And He heard Saul mock,
In a fiery tongue,
The sweetest songs which His heart had sung.
But Jesus of Nazareth, then and there,
Could scarce forbear
From a fond embrace,
Knowing the beauty the man should wear
At another time, in another place.

The critics were many in Jesus' day;
And His songs were scorned by the caustic pen.
He did not write in the Grecian way;
And He knew not how to preach or pray
In a way approved of men.
His themes were bad by the Roman chart,
And his metres all were wrong;
For all the High Priests had their art,
And He had only His song.

How few of the people cared to hear
The Poet blow on His starry reeds;
So He took His gift from the soul's high sphere—
The miracle song that few would hear—
And lowered His power,
In a hopeless hour,
And made men cower
At His miracle deeds.

A miracle deed is a simple thing
To a miracle song or a miracle truth.
Yet they marvelled not that a song could bring
To the veins of Time the world's lost youth.
And two were gathered and sometimes three
To hear the poet of Galilee.
But the mob swept down like leaves in a storm
When they heard the miracle man would perform.

And the lame men walked and the blind men saw;
And the dead men breathed by a strange, new law.
But they were few to the far-flung throng
Who saw and breathed through the poet's song.
When they sat and fed on the fish and bread
Five thousand men was an easy count;
And the deed was done;
But to-morrow's sun
Will still bring throngs to the Pulpit-Mount.

And I am sure that John or Mary
Cared not a whit when He walked the sea.
But I am sure that they loved to tarry
And hear the Poet of Galilee.
And of the throng that around Him pressed
'Twas John and Mary that He loved best.

And when the Poet sat down, to choose
The men to take to the world His news,
He sought no men who had held their dishes
To catch His gift of the loaves and fishes.
But He chose them out of the purer throngs
Who came to hear His miracle songs.

And when at last He went up a Hill,
To seal His songs with the seal of Death,
Whose were the hands that were raised to kill
This brave young poet of Nazareth?
The man who thrust at His side I find
Was a man who saw Him heal the blind,
And the men who fed on the fish and bread
Were cheering the deed in the ranks behind.
But in a group which had drawn apart,
To pour their tears for His broken heart,
Were the ones who heard
His miracle word.

If all the miracle deeds of Christ
Had proven birth in a womb of lies
My spirit would still with Him keep tryst
With faith as deep as the sun-washed skies.
But why should I doubt so simple a thing
As a miracle deed from a man who could sing
A miracle song that sheds its power
In a pure, white light to the world's last hour.

The temple bells ring out to-day
And the Pharisees pray
In their ancient way.
And the lips of the preachers love to tarry
On the virgin birth and the miracle deed;
But the temple bells I shall not heed;
For I am going with John and Mary
Out on the hills with the slender throngs
Who love to hear the Miracle Songs.

Jesse Edgar Middleton

JESSE EDGAR MIDDLETON was born, Nov. 3rd, 1872, in the township of Pilkington, Wellington county, Ont. His father, the late Rev. E. Middleton, was of English birth and his mother, Margaret Agar, a native Canadian. . . The future poet, humorist and historian had the advantage of the Methodist Itinerancy in meeting many types of humanity. He was educated at the Strathroy Collegiate Institute, and at Dutton High School. For three years he taught a public school, then became a proof-reader in a publishing house in Cleveland, Ohio. From this he retired to enter Journalism in Quebec city. Later he became music critic on the staff of the 'Mail and Empire', Toronto; and subsequently served for years on 'The News', Toronto. . . Mr Middleton is the author and editor of 'The Municipality of Toronto: A History', and is now engaged on a similar history of the province of Ontario. His book of virile poems, 'Sea Dogs and Men at Arms,' published during the Great War, was well received by the critics. . . In 1899, he married Miss Bessie A. Jackson of London, Ontario, and has one son.
—Editor

The Canadian

I NEVER saw the cliffs of snow,
The Channel billows tipped with cream,
The restless, eddying tides that flow
About the Island of my dream.
I never saw the English downs
Upon an April day,
The quiet, old Cathedral towns,
The hedgerows white with may.

And still the name of England
Which tyrants laugh to scorn
Can thrill my soul. It is to me
A very bugle-horn.

A thousand leagues from Plymouth shore,
In broader lands I saw the light.
I never heard the cannon roar
Or saw a mark of England's might;
Save that my people lived in peace,
Bronzed in the harvest sun,
And thought that tyranny would cease,
That battle-days were done.

And still the flag of England
Streamed on a friendly breeze,
And twice two hundred ships of war
Went surging through the seas.

I heard Polonius declaim
About the new, the golden age,
When Force would be the mark of shame
And men would curb their murderous rage.
'Beat out your swords to pruning hooks,'
He shouted to the folk.
But I—I read my history books
And marvelled as he spoke.

For it was glorious England,
The Mother of the Free,
Who loosed that foolish tongue, but sent
Her Admirals to sea.

And liberty and love were ours,
  Home, and a brood of lusty sons,
The long, North sunlight and the flow'rs.
  How could we think about the guns,
The searchlights on a wintry cloud,
  The seaman, stern and bold,
Since we were hurrying with the crowd
  To rake the hills for gold?

But it was glorious England
  Who scanned the threatening morn—
To me the very name of her
  Is like a bugle-horn.

The Ballad of Jack Monroe

OH, this is the tale of Jack Monroe,
With arm of iron and fist of brass,
Who fought a Champion long ago!
  (The glittering years! How swift they pass!)
And his back was broad and his eyes were bright
And his soul was square and his spirit light.

He tramped far over the mossy rocks,
  The rocks which bloom into Cobalt rose,
Where the geese go past in their arrow flocks,
  Where the spruce sings soft as the Norther blows,
Where the Polar Torches illume the sky
And the misty lakes of the forest lie.

He came one day to the mining town
  Across the lake in his bark canoe.
He filed his claims and they wrote them down
  And plotted them all, and put them through.
Then they spoke to him by the veriest chance,
Of the bloody war on the plains of France.

'A war?' he said, with a questing eye.
  'Is England in it?' They answered, 'Yes.'
Then Jack Monroe raised his head on high
  And answered: 'It's up to me, I guess.
I have a sister. She gets my coin.
Make out my will. I'm a-goin' to join.'

And thus it was that old Jack Monroe
  Brought deeds and papers, a goodly store,
To the claim Recorder the miners know
  And saw them behind a good steel door,
And signed his will, and remarked: 'So long!
I was always stuck on the bugle's song.'

For he said: 'It's Duty, and nothing less,'
  And his lips were tight and his smile was grim,
'So put me down for the Privates' mess.
  The King is calling, and I'm for him.
And what are the odds if I don't come back?
They named me after the Union Jack!'

And so he signed with the 'Princess Pats.'
  You saw the beautiful regiment start
With the saucy swing and the rakish hats
  And the love of a Girl in every heart.
And this is the story miners tell
Of a fighting-man who set out for Hell.

For Dominion Day

NOT for the lakes of glancing blue
  I love this land of mine,
Not for the dark Laurentian streams
  Be-rimmed with spruce and pine,
Not for the blushing winter peaks
  Where snows forever shine!

Rich are the fields; but not for gold
  Of wheat or dazzling ore,
And not for silver fisheries
  My land would I adore.
(Could I forget my lady's kiss
  To count her worldly store?)

Nay, were my land a wilderness,
  Still here would I abide.
It is the soul of Canada
That lifts my head in pride,
Mother of half-a-million men
  Who Tyranny defied.

Alfred Gordon

ALFRED GORDON, author of 'Poems' (1916) *and 'Vimy Ridge and Other Poems'* (1918), *was born in London, England, in* 1888. *He was educated in a private school, and at Finsbury Technical College, where he studied for three years and graduated in Mechanical Engineering. . . In* 1908, *Mr Gordon came out to Canada on the steamer, Corinthian, to assist in certain boiler tests. . . In* 1910 *he decided to emigrate to this country, accompanied by his mother, and become a Canadian citizen. He settled in Montreal and has lived there since. . . In* 1916, *he started 'The Canadian Spectator and Bookman' with himself as Editor, but after a few numbers, he was forced, because of lack of capital, to relinquish the enterprise. . . When stirred by impassioned feeling Mr Gordon writes good verse, but his talent as a literary critic may prove to be greater. No cliché or other fault can escape him, and he writes pure, vigorous prose. His contention that the form, or the artistry, is more important than the content of a poem, is the opposite to that held by the late Wilfred Campbell.*—Editor

Dedication

THERE was a time in boyhood, ere life ceased
To hold a miracle in every hour,
We saw a City shining in the East
That drew us towards it with a magic power.

I saw its spires in glittering array,
And called you to me, while, with shaded sight,
We looked and wondered how far off it lay.
And looked again along the roadway white.

I told you how right fair it was, and you,
Half-willing only, placed your hand in mine—
'T was but a mirage—aye, that all men knew,
But yet none mortal ever might divine.

And now the whole width of the Atlantic main
Divides the fortune of our temporal ways;
Perhaps we shall not meet on earth again
Except in memories of those bygone days.

With strengthened vision you, maybe, have wrought
The consummation of that early dream,
Whilst I, too certain in Youth's pride, am brought
To cry the passing of its transient gleam.

Indeed, I think now that I did not see
The Eternal City of man's endless quest—
'T was Art, not Life, that first awakened me,
Though, once awakened, I might never rest.

I saw the beauty, first, of Form alone;
To Knowledge, not to Wisdom, I aspired:
But hardly even God to Youth makes known
The things 'more excellent' of Him required.

Who were the captains of my early song?
Swinburne and Dowson, Symons, Oscar Wilde:
Sensuous or violent, but seldom strong;
By them unconsciously I was beguiled.

Yet it was natural I should mistake
Their loves and lutes and towers of ivory
For that Adventure which the soul must make
Or else for ever ignominious be.

And, at the root, the difference is not great;
'T is but a strangeness more profound I seek:
The Boy's romance, to him, is filled with Fate,
Although his elders of it lightly speak.

So here, inversely, and from time to time,
Is told, dear friend, my pilgrimage since then—
From decoration and embroidered rhyme
To some poor reading of the minds of men.

I sometimes ponder if each soul that wins
An entrance to the far-off gates thereof,
May make atonement for a spirit's sins,
If once it dwelt with it, on earth, in love.

I wonder if those hours, though so long past,
When we in word and deed went hand in hand,
Will be a sacrament, and, at the last,
Together in that City we shall stand?

Innocence

IF I could see, as once, my face
In this clear pool of limpid rain,
My smiles like sunbeams there would chase,
And I would laugh and laugh again.

I'd strip me of my clothes and mark
My naked body mirrored there;
But I'd not blush though I were stark,
Or even think my limbs were fair.

Like some great boy let out from school,
The water through my hands I'd run;
I'd swim and dive till I were cool,
Then dry me in the air and sun.

I'd lie there happy as a king,
With eyes of wonder at the sky,
And if a maiden wandering
Upon my innocence should spy—

If she as I were fresh and sweet,
She'd loose her kirtle and her hair,
And run to me with glee-sped feet,
As artless as a passing air.

Or were she old and cold and wise,
And stained with this world's purity,
She'd hide and look and lose her eyes
Like Peeping Tom of Coventry.

But ah! 'Tis I am stained, alack!
And madness drives me to this glade;
And my own eyes at me look back
With looks that make me half afraid.

My hair is tangled like an ape's,
My cheeks are hollow like a hag's,
My shame some wretched raiment drapes
That hangs in holes and fluttering rags.

No rapturous pulse makes me to slip
These rags, and laugh and dive and swim,
For through each rent and tattered strip
I see some kinked and crooked limb.

My sad, mad eyes are riveted
By their reflection, and they burn,
Till like Medusa's horrid head,
My flesh and blood to stone they turn.

And if some maid on me should stray,
With artless glance she would not run
With loosened dress and hair, to play
Like children laughing in the sun.

Or she with this world's ways were wise,
And from some leafy bower might see,
She would not hide with curious eyes,
And tempt her lewd virginity.

She'd fly with only half a glance,
Pursued by shapes of speechless dread,
Though thorn and brier her breasts should lance,
And all the roses be more red.

A hideous laugh would pierce the air,
Succeeded by as hideous peace,
Whilst I that awful image there
Would see till Time itself should cease!

Robert W. Service

THE reason of the popularity of this poetry may be summed up almost in a word—it pictures human life. For, after all, nature worship or classic lore, ethics or obstruse philosophy, grows stale and flat when used continually as the basis of literary emotions, but every human being, who has not become a conventionalized fossil, always will be moved by the passions and moods of the surging, restless, primitive, even animal spirit of humanity that permeates Service's poems . . . These poems must not be regarded as typically Canadian—they crystallize a phase of Canadian life, but it is a phase which has become Canadian by accident of circumstances. . . The rhythm of the poems has an irresistible sweep; no training in the technique of versification is necessary to catch the movement—it carries one away; and the plain, forcible language grips the attention and holds it, while short, vivid, insistent epithets hammer themselves deeply into one's mind. . . Service is no mere imitator; his themes are his own and poetic form in any case is governed largely by the subject matter. . . —Donald G. French, in the 'Globe Magazine.'

ROBERT W. SERVICE is not a native Canadian poet. He was born in Lancashire, England, in 1876, and when six years of age moved to Scotland with his parents. He was educated in the city of Glasgow, his higher education being received in the Hillhead High School, and in the University of Glasgow.

At the age of twenty, Service came to Canada and made his way westward from city to city, until he arrived at Victoria, B.C. The next five years he wandered back and forth on the Pacific coast. Finally he became a clerk in the Canadian Bank of Commerce at Victoria, and subsequently was stationed at other branches in Vancouver; later at Kamloops and at White Horse in the Yukon District. . . It was in White Horse that most of the poems published in *Songs of a Sourdough* were written. This volume appeared in 1907 and in a few weeks the author was famous. He has given us since, *Ballads of a Cheechako, The Trail of* '98, a novel, *Rhymes of a Rolling Stone, The Pretender,* a novel, *Rhymes of a Red Cross Man, Ballads of a Bohemian,* and *The Roughneck.*

The Montreal *Witness* dubbed Service 'The Kipling of the Arctic World,' and it was soon discovered that Kipling was his favourite author. Said he:

Kipling comes first with me. He is the greatest of modern writers to my mind. In the poem, 'The Law of the Yukon,' they say I've had in mind his 'Red Gods.' I only wish I could write in his class. Of course, there is the Kipling idea, the Kipling method in his poem, and its a jolly good method.

Service has made the following references to his poems:

I don't believe in pretty language and verbal felicities, but in getting as close down as I can to the primal facts of life,—getting down to the bedrock of things. . . My idea of verse writing is to write something the everyday workingman can read and approve, the man who, as a rule, fights shy of verse or rhyme. I prefer to write something that comes within the scope of his own experience and grips him with a sense of reality.

In recent years, Service has dwelt in Europe—most of the time in Paris. He is married to a French girl, whom he met in a romantic way. He also 'did his bit' in the Great War by driving a motor ambulance, and by the contribution of gripping ballads.

Little Moccasins

COME out, O Little Moccasins, and frolic on the snow!
Come out, O tiny beaded feet, and twinkle in the light!
I'll play the old Red River reel, you used to love it so:
Awake, O Little Moccasins, and dance for me to-night!

Your hair was all a gleamy gold, your eyes a cornflower blue;
Your cheeks were pink as tinted shells, you stepped light as a fawn;
Your mouth was like a coral bud, with seed pearls peeping through;
As gladdening as Spring you were, as radiant as dawn.

Come out, O Little Moccasins! I'll play so soft and low,
The songs you loved, the old heart-songs that in my mem'ry ring;
O child, I want to hear you now beside the camp-fire glow,
With all your heart a-throbbing in the simple words you sing!

For there were only you and I, and you were all to me;
And round us were the barren lands, but little did we fear;
Of all God's happy, happy folks the happiest were we . .
(Oh, call her, poor old fiddle mine, and maybe she will hear!)

Your mother was a half-breed Cree, but you were white all through;
And I your father was—but, well, that's neither here nor there;
I only know, my little Queen, that all my world was you,
And now that world can end to-night, and I will never care.

For there's a tiny wooden cross that pricks up through the snow:
(Poor Little Moccasins! you're tired, and so you lie at rest.)
And there's a grey-haired, weary man beside the camp-fire glow:
(O fiddle mine! the tears to-night are drumming on your breast.)

The Law of the Yukon

THIS is the law of the Yukon, and ever she makes it plain:
'Send not your foolish and feeble; send me your strong and your sane
Strong for the red rage of battle; sane, for I harry them sore;
Send me men girt for the combat, men who are grit to the core;
Swift as the panther in triumph, fierce as the bear in defeat,
Sired of a bulldog parent, steeled in the furnace heat.
Send me the best of your breeding, lend me your chosen ones;
Them will I take to my bosom, them will I call my sons;
Them will I gild with my treasure, them will I glut with my meat;
But the others—the misfits, the failures—I trample under my feet.
Dissolute, damned and despairful, crippled and palsied and slain,
Ye would send me the spawn of your gutters—Go! take back your spawn again.

'Wild and wide are my borders, stern as death is my sway;
From my ruthless throne I have ruled alone for a million years and a day;
Hugging my mighty treasure, waiting for man to come:
Till he swept like a turbid torrent, and after him swept—the scum.
The pallid pimp of the dead-line, the enervate of the pen,
One by one I weeded them out, for all that I sought was—Men.
One by one I dismayed them, frighting them sore with my glooms;
One by one I betrayed them unto my manifold dooms.
Drowned them like rats in my rivers, starved them like curs on my plains,
Rotted the flesh that was left them, poisoned the blood in their veins;
Burst with my winter upon them, searing forever their sight,

Lashed them with fungus-white faces, whimpering wild in the night;
Staggering blind through the storm-whirl, stumbling mad through the snow,
Frozen stiff in the ice pack, brittle and bent like a bow;
Featureless, formless, forsaken, scented by wolves in their flight,
Left for the wind to make music through ribs that are glittering white;
Gnawing the black crust of failure, searching the pit of despair,
Crooking the toe in the trigger, trying to patter a prayer;
Going outside with an escort, raving with lips all afoam;
Writing a cheque for a million, drivelling feebly of home;
Lost like a louse in the burning . . or else in the tented town
Seeking a drunkard's solace, sinking and sinking down;
Steeped in the slime at the bottom, dead to a decent world,
Lost 'mid the human flotsam, far on the frontier hurled;
In the camp at the bend of the river, with its dozen saloons aglare,
Its gambling dens a-riot, its gramophones all ablare;
Crimped with the crimes of a city, sin-ridden and bridled with lies,
In the hush of my mountained vastness, in the flush of my midnight skies.
Plague-spots, yet tools of my purpose, so natheless I suffer them thrive,
Crushing my Weak in their clutches, that only my Strong may survive.

'But the others, the men of my mettle, the men who would 'stablish my fame,
Unto its ultimate issue, winning me honour, not shame;
Searching my uttermost valleys, fighting each step as they go,
Shooting the wrath of my rapids, sealing my ramparts of snow;
Ripping the guts of my mountains, looting the beds of my creeks,
Them will I take to my bosom, and speak as a mother speaks.

I am the land that listens, I am the land that broods;
Steeped in eternal beauty, crystalline waters and woods.

Long have I waited lonely, shunned as a thing accurst,
Monstrous, moody, pathetic, the last of the lands and the first;
Visioning camp-fires at twilight, sad with a longing forlorn,
Feeling my womb o'er-pregnant with the seed of cities unborn.
Wild and wide are my borders, stern as death is my sway,
And I wait for the men who will win me—and I will not be won in a day;
And I will not be won by weaklings, subtile, suave and mild,
But by men with the hearts of vikings and the simple faith of a child;
Desperate, strong and resistless, unthrottled by fear or defeat,
Them will I gild with my treasure, them will I glut with my meat.

'Lofty I stand from each sister land, patient and wearily wise,
With the weight of a world of sadness in my quiet, passionless eyes;
Dreaming alone of a people, dreaming alone of a day,
When men shall not rape my riches, and curse me and go away;
Making a bawd of my bounty, fouling the hand that gave—
Till I rise in my wrath and I sweep on their path and I stamp them into a grave.
Dreaming of men who will bless me, of women esteeming me good,
Of children born in my borders, of radiant motherhood,
Of cities leaping to stature, of fame like a flag unfurled,
As I pour the tide of my riches in the eager lap of the world.'

This is the Law of the Yukon, that only the Strong shall thrive;
That surely the Weak shall perish, and only the Fit survive;
Dissolute, damned and despairful, crippled and palsied and slain,
This is the Will of the Yukon,—Lo! how she makes it plain!

Arthur S. Bourinot

ARTHUR STANLEY BOURINOT, B.A., was born in Ottawa, October 3, 1893, of native Canadian parents, the late Sir John Bourinot, K.C.M.G., and Isabelle Cameron, a daughter of the late John Cameron of Toronto. His education was received in the public school, the Ottawa Collegiate Institute, and in University College, Toronto. After his return from the Great War, where he rose to the rank of Captain, he attended Osgoode Hall, Toronto, and since 1920 has been practising law in the city of Ottawa. . . In April 1920, he married Nora, youngest daughter of Colonel Sir Percy Sherwood, K.C.M.G. and Lady Sherwood; and they have one daughter—Suzette. . . Mr Bourinot is the author of four books of verse: 'Laurentian Lyrics and Other Poems' (1915), *'Poems'* (1921), *'Lyrics from the Hills'* (1923),—*all containing poems of such quality as to lead the critic to expect in time a richer harvest. . . 'To the Ottawa' was quoted by 'The Literary Digest,' and 'The Canadian Ski Song' has had numerous reproductions.*—Editor

To the Ottawa

GREAT river flowing broad and free
Around our city's rock-hemmed base,
O road that marches to the sea,
In powerful, rhythmic, pulsing pace,
I hear your voice majestically
Above the strife of creed and place
Chanting a nation's minstrelsy,
O lyric singer of our race!

Bold voyageurs have braved your stream,
Le Caron, Champlain, Vérendrye,
Discoverers driven by the dream,
A pathway to Pacific's sky:
Immortally your paddles gleam,
In unison you sing cry
Old chansons and the waters seem
Faint echoes when your voices die.

Where Champlain stood and watched below
The Chaudiere's cauldron seethe and boil
A city stands, where long ago
The settler cleared and tilled the soil.
The falls are harnessed and their flow
Turns the wheels in their endless toil:
By night the factory chimneys glow
And vomit flames that writhe and coil.

Upon the cliffs the towers and spires,
Like legendary dream come true,
Limned in the sunset's lingering fires
Lift faint outlines towards the blue.
The city sleeps that from our sires
Visions and dreams in beauty grew,
Fulfilment of their best desires,
The city sleeps in sabled hue.

Great river flowing broad and free,
Around our country's massive heart,
O silver artery of the sea,
Singing great songs as you depart,
Chant us your mighty minstrelsy

Until your songs of wonder start
Our dreams of immortality,
Our country to a greater part.

Canadian Ski Song

THE hills lie white and silent sleeping in the snow,
The trail lies tracked before us, tramped by other skis,
The sky is blue above us, urging us to go
And glide the mantled meadows, breast the upland breeze.

The Sumac cones glow crimson, red against the white,
A Blue-Jay blue and brilliant screams across the trail,
The snow beneath us crunches, faster grows our flight,
As swiftly o'er the waters glide the ships full-sail.

The energy of freedom fills the veins with fire,
The heart beats fast untrammeled, free as clouds that race
We climb and glide the uplands, found the heart's desire,
The rush of air around us, the wind against the face.

The iron hills surround us, solemn in their sleep,
The susurrus of swishing skis fills the atmosphere,
As rhythmically gliding, swift where slopes are steep
We rush the narrow speedway, dropping sudden, sheer.

The ancient and eternal lure of snow and hill,
Now calls and ever will call, stir out lethargy,
Until we glide the ski-trail free of heart and will,
Free of the earth's great uplands, free as the winds are free.

Enchantment

GLORY of sunrise and sunset,
Glory of night and the dawn,
Glorious flood of the moonlight
Washing with silver the lawn,
These have bound me and chained me,
Held my heart in the hills
These will envelop, surround me,
Hold my heart when it stills.

Wonder of birches at twilight,
Wonder of lights that enmesh,
Wondrous coolth of the waters
Caressing the swimmer's flesh,
These have conquered me, won me,

Held my heart all the years,
To these I will go on departure
Burying bodily fears.

Beauty of light on the waters,
Beauty of hills in their strength,
Beauty of wind on the corn-fields
Rippling length on length,
These are the things I cleave to,
These will endure to the end;
Beauty, the quest of the ages,
Waits where the lost roads wend.

Plash and dip of my paddle,
Cadenced, the hills above,
Glory of stars at evening
Glory of you, O my love,
You have conquered me, won me,
Held my heart all the years,
Together we'll walk till the ending
Buries our bodily fears.

To Suzette

MY little daughter's eyes are blue
And large and round and look at you
In baby wonderment, surmise
As though they saw the world in you
And looked beyond and through and through
Gazing with saucer-like surprise
At such big beings with old eyes.
I think God took the blue, blue skies
To make so blue my baby's eyes.

Sometimes they sparkle with delight,
And twinkle like twin stars at night
For life is but the rattle's ring
And joy a plaything placed in sight
To sparkle in the summer light,
And parents but the ones who bring
Necessities and sometimes sing.
I think God took a blue bird's wing
Such blue into her eyes to bring.

Bernard Freeman Trotter

THIS promising young poet was born in Toronto, June 16, 1890; *and was killed in France, May* 7, 1917, *while serving as a Transport Officer. . . His father was the Rev. Thomas Trotter, a Professor in McMaster University, and the maiden name of his mother was Ellen M. Freeman. . . He was educated at Horton Collegiate Academy, Wolfville, Nova Scotia; at Woodstock College, Ontario; and at McMaster University, Toronto, (B.A.,* 1915). . . *Throughout his youth he was physically frail, but succeeded in March,* 1916, *in qualifying for a commission in the Imperial Army. . . As a student he was brilliant, especially in English literature, and he looked forward to a career as a writer. But duty called him to the Front. . . In the Introduction to Bernard Freeman Trotter's published book of poems, 'A Canadian Twilight,' written by Prof. Walter S. W. McLay of McMaster University, are these words: 'He was a true poet, dowered with love of beauty and a quick sense of her manifold apparitions, and possessed of a native gift for the expression of poetic thought and feeling in musical rhythms. . . Those who knew him best may be pardoned if they link him in their thought with Rupert Brooke and Alan Seeger.'*—Editor

The Poplars

O, A LUSH green English meadow—it's there that I would lie—
A skylark singing overhead, scarce present to the eye,
And a row of wind-blown poplars against an English sky.

The elm is aspiration, and death is in the yew,
And beauty dwells in every tree from Lapland to Peru;
But there's magic in the poplars when the wind goes through.

When the wind goes through the poplars and blows them silver white,
The wonder of the universe is flashed before my sight:
I see immortal visions: I know a god's delight.

I catch the secret rhythm that steals along the earth,
That swells the bud, and splits the burr, and gives the oak its girth.
That mocks the blight and canker with its eternal birth.

It wakes in me the savour of old forgotten things,
Before 'reality' had marred the child's imaginings:
I can believe in fairies—I see their shimmering wings.

I see the clear vision of that untainted prime,
Before the fool's bells jangled in and Elfland ceased to chime,
That sin and pain and sorrow are but a pantomime—

A dance of leaves in ether, of leaves threadbare and sere,
From whose decaying husks at last what glory shall appear
When the white winter angel leads in the happier year.

And so I sing the poplars; and when I come to die
I will not look for jasper walls, but cast about my eye
For a row of wind-blown poplars against an English sky.

The Road to Tartary

O ARAB! much I fear thou at Mecca's shrine wilt never be,
For the road that thou art going is the road to Tartary,—
Sa'di.

I left the dusty travelled road the proper people tread—
Like solemn sheep they troop along, Tradition at their head;

I went by meadow, stream, and wood; I wandered at my will;
And in my wayward ears a cry of warning echoed still:
'Beware! beware!'—an old refrain they chanted after me—
'The road that thou art going is the road to Tartary.'

I clambered over dawn-lit hills—the dew was on my feet;
I crossed the sullen pass at night in wind and rain and sleet;
I followed trains of errant thought through heaven and earth and hell,
And thence I seemed to hear again that unctuous farewell,
For there I dreamed the little fiends were pointing all at me:
'The road that thou art going is the road to Tartary.'

From all the pious wrangling sects I set my spirit free:
I own no creed but God and Love and Immortality.
Their dogmas and their disciplines are dust and smoke and cloud;
They cannot see my sunlit way; and still they cry aloud,
From church, conventicle, and street, that warning old to me:
'The road that thou art going is the road to Tartary.'

I found a woman God had made, the blind world tossed aside—
It had not dreamed the greatness hid in poverty and pride.
I left the world to walk with her and talk with her and learn
The secret things of happiness—and will I now return
To that blind, prudish world that shrugs and lifts its brows at me:
'The road that thou art going is the road to Tartary'?

Nay; we will go together, Love—we two to greet the sun.
There are more roads than one to heaven, perhaps more heavens than one.
Here on the lonely heights we see things hid from those who tread
Like sheep the dusty trodden way, Tradition at their head.
We sense the common goal of all—in Mecca we shall be,
Though the road that we are going seem the road to Tartary.

Harper's Magazine, 1915.

Smoke

II

I BUILT for myself a lodge in a fringe of the forest.
With joy I laboured—the joy of the builder, the home-maker,—
Building a dream with the sills and the joists and the rafters:
Oh, the smell of the sweet wood, and the triumph-song of the hammer!
And last of all I gathered flat stones from the lakeside,
And split them, and fitted them, filling the spaces with mortar,
And fashioned a goodly hearth for the friendly fire.
Now for the crowning moment!—the fire is kindled,
The light smoke rises, and eddies, and sucks up the chimney.
Out of doors!—quick!—or lost the supreme satisfaction.
There it comes! puff-puff. . . The birds in the branches were singing,
The sun shone, the breeze fanned the perfume of hay from the meadows,
The lake laughed; all nature insistent was wooing;
Yet I stood, heeding not, while wonder and joy filled my spirit
As I watched the sweet smoke from my hearth curling upward to heaven.

III

Beyond a sky-swept crest of hills
I see a smoke-plume rise;
And who shall tell me if a god
Or devil in it flies?

Does it write black the Curse of Cain,
Portend a bitter wrong?
Or does it from the feet of Love
Float upward like a song?

Of shame, of ruin, and of death
Behold the baleful sign!
Of friendship, faith and goodly cheer—
Who shall the truth divine?

Is there no good without the ill?
No shadow without sun?
What know we yet of false and true,
When all is said and done?

1914

Lloyd Roberts

LLOYD ROBERTS, author and newspaper correspondent, is the eldest son of Charles G. D. Roberts; and because of this, in part, his literary work has been read with much interest. When 'England Over Seas' appeared in 1914, *it was soon discovered that the poet-son was worthy of the distinguished father. There was the same unerring vision and sureness of touch in nature description, and the same fine mastery of words and rhythmic effects. . . Lloyd Roberts was born in Fredericton, N.B., Oct.* 31, 1884. *He was educated in the schools of his native city, and later at Windsor, N.S. At eighteen he broke away from the class-room and began a career of self-directed effort. . . In* 1923, *Mr Roberts published 'The Book of Roberts,' a piece of prose literature which may become a classic. . . He has been twice married,—in* 1908, *to Helen Hope Farquhar Balmain of England (deceased* 1912, *leaving one daughter, Patricia) and in* 1914 *to Leila White of New York state. . . His present home, named 'Low Eaves,' is ideally located on a lake near Ottawa.*
—Editor

Young Blood

THEY took me from the forests and they put me in the town;
They bid me learn the wisdom the wise men have laid down,
To put by my childish ways
And forget my Golden Days,
With my feet upon the ladder that runs up to high renown.

So I would not hear the voices that were calling day and night,
And I would not see the visions that were ever in my sight;
But I mingled with the throngs,
Heard their curses and their songs,
And raised the brimming glass on high to catch the yellow light.

But I was not meant to wander where the wild things never came,
Where the night-time was like day-time and the seasons were the same;
Where the city's sullen roar
Ever surged against my door,
And the only peace was battle and the only goal was fame.

For my blood pulsed hot within me and the prize seemed wondrous small;
And my soul cried out for freedom in a world beyond a wall.
Oh, fame can well be sung
By those no longer young,
By wisdom, age and learning; but youth transcends them all!

So I'll let the spring of life well up and drown the empty quest;
And I'll watch the stars more bright than fame gleam red along the crest;
And taste the driving rain
Between my lips again,
And know that to the blood of youth the open road is best.

With Spring-time in the woodlands will my pulses stir and thrill;
I'll run below the wet young moon where myriad frogs pipe shrill;

I'll forget the world of strife,
Where fame is more than life;
And I'll mate with youth and beauty when the sun is on the hill.

The Fruit-Rancher

HE sees the rosy apples cling like flowers to the bough:
He plucks the purple plums and spills the cherries on the grass;
He wanted peace and silence,—God gives him plenty now—
His feet upon the mountain and his shadow on the pass.

He built himself a cabin from red cedars of his own;
He blasted out the stumps and twitched the boulders from the soil;
And with an axe and chisel he fashioned out a throne
Where he might dine in grandeur off the first fruits of his toil.

His orchard is a treasure-house alive with song and sun,
Where currants ripe as rubies gleam and golden pippins glow;
His servants are the wind and rain whose work is never done,
Till winter rends the scarlet roof and banks the halls with snow.

He shouts across the valley, and the ranges answer back;
His brushwood smoke at evening lifts a column to the moon;
And dim beyond the distance where the Kootenai snakes black,
He hears the silence shattered by the laughter of the loon.

Miss Pixie

DID you ever meet Miss Pixie of the Spruces?
Did you ever glimpse her mocking elfin-face?
Did you ever hear her calling while the whip-poor-wills were calling,
And slipped your pack and taken up the chase?

Her feet are clad in moccasins and beads.
Her dress? Oh, next to nothing! Though undressed,
Her slender arms are circled round with vine
And dusky locks cling close about her breast.

Red berries droop below each pointed ear;
Her nut-brown legs are criss-crossed white with scratches;
Her merry laughter sifts among the pines;
Her eager face gleams pale from milk-weed patches.

And though I never yet have reached her hand—
God knows I've tried with all my heart's desire;—
One morning just at dawn she caught me sleeping
And with her soft lips touched my soul with fire.

And once when camping near a foaming rip,
Lying wide-eyed beneath the milky stars,
Sudden I heard her voice ring sweet and clear,
Calling my soul beyond the river bars.

Dear, dancing Pixie of the wind and weather,
Aglow with love and merriment and sun,
I chase thee down my dreams, but catch thee never—
God grant I catch thee ere the trail is done!

Did you ever meet Miss Pixie of the Thickets,
Where the scarlet leaves leap tinkling from your feet?
Have you ever heard her calling while a million feet were falling,
And a million lights were crowding all the street?

Husbands Over Seas

EACH morning they sit down to their little bites of bread,
To six warm bowls of porridge and a broken mug or two.
And each simple soul is happy and each hungry mouth is fed—
Then why should she be smiling as the weary-hearted do?

All day the house has echoed to their tiny, treble laughter
(Six little rose-faced cherubs who trip shouting through the day),
Till the candle lights the cradle and runs dark along the rafter—
Then why should she be watching while the long night wastes away?

She tells them how their daddy has sailed out across the seas,
And they'll be going after when the may begins to bloom.

Oh, they clap their hands together as they cluster round her knees—
Then why should she be weeping as they tumble from the room?

The may has bloomed and withered and the haws are clinging red,
The winter winds are talking in the dead ranks of the trees;
And still she tells of daddy as she tucks each tot in bed—
God pity all dear women who have husbands over seas!

The Madness of Winds

ON all the upland pastures the strong winds gallop free,
Trampling down the flowered stalks sleepy in the sun,
Whirl away in blue and gold all their finery,
Till naked crouch the gentle hosts where the winds have run.

Along the rocking hillsides shaggy heads are bent;
Out upon the tawny plains tortured dust leaps high;
The red roof of the sunset is torn away and rent,
And chaos lifts the heavy sea and bends the hollow sky.

The winds are drunk with freedom—the crowded valleys roar;
The madness surges through their veins, and when they gallop out
The black rain follows close behind, the pale sun flees before,
And recklessly across the world goes all the broken rout.

I was striding on the uplands when the host was running mad,
I saw them threshing through the leaves and daisy tops below,
And as their feet came up the hill, my tired heart grew glad—
Till at the music of their throats I knew that I must go.

So the winds are now my brothers, they have joined me to their ranks,
And when their rampant strength wells up and drives them singing forth,
I am with them when they roll the fog across the oily banks,
And tumble out the sleeping bergs that crowd beyond the north.

The woods are drenched with moonlight and every leaf's awake;
The little beads of dew sit white on every twig and blade;
A thousand stars are scattered thick beneath the forest lake;
We pass—with only laughter for the havoc we have made.

There's not a wind that brushes the long bright fields of corn,
Or shrieking, drives the broken wreck beneath a blackened sea;
There's not a wind that draws the rain across the face of morn
That does not rise when I arise and sink again with me.

If I Must

GOD knows there's plenty of earth for all of us!
Then why must we sweat for it, deny for it,
Pray for it, cry for it,
Kill, maim and lie for it,
Struggle and suffer and die for it—
We who are gentle and sane?

Let us respect one another, wherever we are.
Fly your flag, O my brother;
I like its bright colour, whether red, green or yellow;
Your language is queer, but I'll learn it in time;
And you're a dear fellow,
If your laws are not quite so clean as our own:
But then ours need pruning, and thistles have grown.

So I won't spill your blood, for that's not the way
To assist in law-making, whatever some say.
I'll try by example to lead you aright
Out of the shadows and into the light—
If you'll do as much for me.

What! You don't understand?
You refuse my right hand?
You say might is right,
And to live we must fight?
Are we still in such plight?
Poor, blind, stupid fool, so deep in the dust—
Well, hand me the gun—
If I must—if I must!

E. J. Pratt

THIS poetry is marked by keen pictorial values, rich colour, an acute sense of rhythm and imaginative vision. Moreover there is a clear dramatic strain. . . One expects a Newfoundlander to sing to the sea sometimes, but in this volume the sea is identified with mood, with tragedy, with emotions as wide as the world, and as deep as ocean depths. There is in these poems more than a suggestion of the overwhelming power, the relentlessness, the grim surge of the vast Atlantic swell. It is as if the poet had translated the moods of the sea into terms of dramatic expression. There is no suggestion of immature power in this, but rather a convincing impression of a vision clearly seen, a force keenly felt. . . When we consider the range swept, the quality of the poet's work at his best is uncommonly high. It holds vision and it holds truth. Moreover, it is compact of music and of nature's voices speaking in authoritative tones.—S. Morgan-Powell in the Montreal Daily Star, May 5th, 1923.

EDWIN JOHN PRATT, M.A., Ph.D., lecturer in English Literature in Victoria College, Toronto, is a graduate and post-graduate of the University of Toronto. . . He was born in Western Bay, Newfoundland, Feb. 4, 1883, the son of Rev. John Pratt, a Methodist clergyman.

His maternal grandfather, William Knight, was a famous seal captain who commanded one of the first steamers to enter a Newfoundland harbour. As this poet grew up in small fishing villages he is familiar with every phase of the sea and of every activity of coastal fisheries. Hence his book, *Newfoundland Verse,* published in 1923.

Dr Pratt was educated at the Methodist College, St. John's, Newfoundland, and at Victoria College, Toronto. He registered as a student in the latter in 1907, and graduated from the University of Toronto four years later in the Department of Philosophy. . . He was married in 1918 to Miss Viola L. Whitney of Atherley, Ontario. They have one daughter, Mildred Claire.

In 1925, *The London Mercury* accepted and printed a lengthy poem by this author, entitled 'The Witches' Brew', which was subsequently published in book form.

Dr Pratt was Vice-President in 1925-26 of the Toronto Branch of the Canadian Authors Association.

The Ground-Swell

THREE times we heard it calling with a low,
  Insistent note; at ebb-tide on the noon:
  And at the hour of dusk, when the red moon
Was rising and the tide was on the flow;
Then, at the hour of midnight once again,
  Though we had entered in and shut the door
  And drawn the blinds, it crept up from the shore.
And smote upon a bedroom window-pane;
Then passed away as some dull pang that grew
Out of the void before Eternity
  Had fashioned out an edge for human grief;
Before the winds of God had learned to strew
His harvest-sweepings on a winter sea
  To feed the primal hungers of a reef.

Sea Variations

OLD, old is the sea to-day.
A sudden stealth of age
Has torn away
The texture of its youth and grace,
And filched the rose of daybreak from its waters.
Now lines of grey
And dragging vapours on its brow
Heavily are drawn;
And it lies broken as with centuries,
Though yesterday,
Blue-eyed and shadowless as a child's face,
It held the promise of a luminous dawn;
Though through its merry after-hours
It bade the sun to pour
Its flaming mintage on the ocean floor
That by a conjuror's touch was turned
To rarer treasure manifold,
Where jacinth, emerald and sapphire burned—
A fringe around a core of gold . . .
Old, old is the sea to-day,
Forsaken, chill and grey,
And banished is the glory of its waters;
Though through the silent tenure of the night
It bade the sterile moon to multiply
A thousand-fold its undivided light,
Within the nadir of a richer sky;
When every star a thousand cressets glowed
That, caught in wider conflagration, sent
Vast leagues of silver fire wherever flowed
The waters of its shoreless firmament.
But old and grey
Is the sea to-day,
With the morning colours blanched upon its waters.

What hidden soul residing
Within these forms, O sea!
Should, every hour changing,
To Time yet changeless be?
What masks hast thou not worn,

What parts not played,
Thou Prince of all the Revels
In Life's Masquerade?
Light-hearted as a jester,
The motley fits thy mood,
As the gold and the purple,
Thy statelier habitude.

At dawn—
A trumpeter preluding a day's pageant.
At noon—
A dancer weaving new measures around the furrows of ships with white sails.
Later—
A courier with sealed tidings hastening towards the shore.
At sunset—
A dyer steeping colours on a bay.
Again—
A sculptor teasing faces out of the moonlit foam on a reef,
Or carving bric-a-brac upon a beach,
Or fashioning, with age-toiled hands, a grotto out of limestone.
The wind blows—
And a master puts a flute to his lips.
It blows again—
And his fingers take hold of organ stops . . .

Once more, the wind—
And thou dost go on an old familiar way
In tragic fashion,
As a corsair, pursuing his prey
With the lust of passion,
Falls like a burst of hail
On an autumn yield,
Till every reach and gulf and bay
Is left with the stubble of life and sail,
With the face of the waters like unto the face of the field.

Now like a fugitive, who, on the desert sand,
A moment broods upon the life he spilt,

And, with averted gaze,
Circling the dusky ruin of his hand,
Surveys
The Arab measure of his guilt
Before a Presence standing there that calls
His name; in cloud and shadow and in whirlwind reads
The inviolate scripture of the fates;
Then full across the desert speeds,
Until he falls,
Caught by the Avenger near the City Gates;—
So underneath the heavens' lighted scroll,
Ablaze with cryptic tokens of the slain,
Headlong to shore thy spiral waters roll
Swept by the besom of the winds; by rain
And thunder driven in flight
Along the galleries of the night,
Until upon the surge-line locked in strife
With reef and breaker thou art shattered, soon
In fang and sinew to be strewn
Around the cliffs that guard the ports of life.

O wild, tumultuous sea!
Thy waters mock our liturgy,
For thou dost take the threads of faith apart,
Wherewith the cables of our life are spun,
Strand upon strand unravelling;—thou dost hear,
Recited from a tide-wet shore,
Our creeds. Each hope and fear
Filtered from life's confessions—one by one,
Out of the dumb confusions of the heart,
Are spread before thy sight—thou Arch-Inquisitor!
How in a ruthless moment dost thou strip
The veilings from our eyes, and bid us cast
Our glances on a labyrinthine past,
Stirred by a flash that on a wave's white lip
Gleams for an instant, or by some dark sign
Within thy fearful hollows where night flings
Her crape of shadow on a tossing line
Of jetsam, will our years turn back,

To gather from a weed-grown track
A bitter tale of dimmed rememberings.

As to its end the tempest drags
Its way, thou art re-born
To strength of body and beauty of face;
And thou dost cover with a tranquil grace
Those whom the winds had buffeted,
And laid upon the waters—dead.
In darkness dost thou cover them,
As some white-winged mother of the crags,
That daily gathering food
From sea-weed and from tide-wash, brings,
At fall of night, to her rock-nurtured brood
The drowsy silence of her wings.

How like a Pontiff dost thou lie at last,
Impassive, robed at Death's high-unctioned hour
With those grey vestments that the storm,
In the dread legacy of its power,
Around thy level form
Majestically has cast,—
In the pale light of the moon's slow tapers burning;
All-silent in the calm recessional
Of the tide's turning;
All-passionless, though on the distant sands
Where the wreathed lilies of the spray, keen-sifted
By the late winds, are strewn, thy children call,
Their patient hands
In prayer, to thee, uplifted.

Mary Josephine Benson

'MY Pocket Beryl' is (in large part) real, personal and authentic poetry of the present era. . . It contains a score of gems. . . A writer who knows as much about words as that (a reference to her poem, 'Words') knows far too much to make the mistake of throwing away any of their possible values, any of the enhanced power of suggestion, of fascination, of hypnotism almost, that are added when individual words are patterned together in any of the many relationships of formal verse, let it be rhyme, rhythm, assonance or what you will. So we find very little of that carelessness for sound and that unreasonable effort to appeal to the eye which is characteristic of so much 'modern' verse, and a great deal of honest understanding craftsmanship in the forms which have been loved of true English poets these hundreds of years. . . Mrs Benson shows her respect for the words which she loves by always using them in a very rich, apt, vigorous sense, and by always employing them to state a worth-while idea.'—B. K. Sandwell in 'Canadian Bookman', March, 1922.

MARY JOSEPHINE TROTTER was born in Port Hope, Ontario, March 20, 1887, and in her teens was a student in the High School of that town, until she passed the University matriculation examination.

After serving an apprenticeship in journalism in the city of Toronto, she married about a decade ago, Dr H. W. Benson, a practising physician of Port Hope, and has now two sons, Philip Wordsworth and John Bernard.

Mrs Benson's father was the Rev. John E. Trotter, a Baptist clergyman, and a brother of the late Rev. Thomas Trotter, D.D., LL.D., a professor at McMaster University, Toronto, and the father of Bernard Freeman Trotter, whose war lyrics were widely read some years ago. Her mother was Miss Jane Morphy of St. Mary's. . .

My Pocket Beryl, Mary Josephine Benson's published book of poetry, was issued in 1921. The merit of the verse attracted much favourable comment. . . In a letter she writes:

I had a cloudlessly happy childhood with four gay sisters such excellent 'pretenders' that despite the restrictions of a ministerial salary, we mostly lived in castles instead of houses. . . My parents were deeply devoted to books,—particularly my father. I can yet hear his melodious voice reading aloud from *The Pilgrim's Progress, Lady Brassey's Voyage in the Sunbeam, The Arabian Nights* and such tomes of fascination to a group of five enchanted little daughters, two on his knee and the three elder inter-coiled on the lounge like caterpillars. Happy, happy bedtimes in that study! Indeed, it was *Nansen's Farthest North,* first heard in such manner that dropped the seedling, fruition of which you may pluck in *My Pocket Beryl,* in the 'Song of the Aurora', in 'Tongues of Light' as well as in the poem, 'By the Uttermost Gate.'

Words

AS dolphins love the wave and hawks the air
And moths the light and, blindly, moles the earth,
So have I loved the element of Words.
I have disported in their deep-piled sea,
Breasted and breathed their tingling atmosphere,
Singed my befeathered wings in their fierce heat,
Groped God-ward for their fountain when words failed.

I can build palaces with chiselled speech,
With words e'en empty emulate the guile
Of tinkling cymbal and of sounding brass

Which, freighted, shame the music-laden reed
And beggar the mood-mastery of strings.
I've painted with rich language, framed sweet forms.
Words are my bricks, notes, colours, marble, clay!

Canvas and paint are feeble ministers
In Raphael's and Titian's high despite,
And vibrant chords are limited and frail,
Let great Beethoven murmur as he will;
The graven marble's cold though Phidias' hand
Taught fleshly beauty to defy the tomb;
For Shakespeare, Dante, Gœthe, wrought in words!

What harp can wring the spirit like 'farewell'?
What picture speak like 'perish' of the void?
What dazzling image of the sculptor's grace
Beatify like 'beauty,' 'youth,' and 'love'?
Art's mightiest instruments—her more than tools,
To which earth, water, firmament and flame,
World-elements, give place—are sovereign words.

For 'peace' once spoke prevailed upon the sea;
When Hebrew lips breathed 'Mizpah' the wide air
Denied its altitude, its breadth of space;
Hot syllables consumed as at a breath
Belshazzar and his sin-besotten realm;
And when I burrowed Silence toward a Voice,
It rang, 'In the beginning was the Word!'

Heredity and Ego

I WITH the sea-shell sounding heart
Have scarcely seen a boat,
And I who tent on the plain apart
Have sight of hills remote.

Of lordly seas and mountains grand
My blood has sudden sense,
Although I live afar inland—
With sky for recompense.

My father was a sailor free,
My mother from the hills,
And hauntingly they share with me
My desert's joys and ills.

Anon the trackless sea invites,
And now the mountain wall

Has peopled all the waste with sights
I've never viewed at all.
My father rules my errant heart,
Or oft my prairie will
My mother governs, though apart
I dwell from any hill.
And yet the sweeping plain for me
With all its bending sky!
Oh, much I owe heredity,
But also I am I!

Foam of Fancy

IF I were a mermaid clad in scales
I'd spread my fins like Fancy's sails
And making a dart of my joined hands, so,
Down in the green deep swift I'd go—
So swift that the water would flow in streaks
As it chortled along my laughing cheeks
And back would brush my enveloping hair,
A-stream as it blew in the upper air.
I would challenge a dolphin friend of mine
To a race like a gale through the tranquil brine
Till it fumed in our wake like the rim of the rocks
Where the Siren, combing her red-brown locks,
Lures on the sailor with dulcet guile
To wreck his bark on her haunted isle.
I would choose a day that was fit for fun
When the air was bright with a flood of sun
So clear I could lie on a coral bed
And watch through the crystal high o'erhead
The seabirds swimming in vaulted sky,
Careening, veering and sweeping by,
And bulks go over—the hulls of ships—
That the scene would suffer each brief eclipse
As fields are dark when a cloudy fleet
Sails inland over the sun-gold wheat.
The denizens of the sea would stare
And wheel, each one for his watery lair;
But I would bridle a white sea-horse
And mount up, up, in a circling course,
Till I galloped beside some speeding ship

And kept the pace of her triumph trip,
Whilst the passengers leaned, frog-eyed to see
A fable appear like reality.
I'd laugh at their scruples and kiss my hand,
And, haply, I'd ride with them back to land.

Sun-Song

SPLENDOUR is mine and power and loneliness!
Hast thou not seen the gull at noon
With bill like gold and breast like snow
Up, up, through the naked heavens go
To drop light-blinded 'mid the swoon
Of heedless sun-seas soon—too soon?

Splendour is mine and power and loneliness!
Mine is that palette, the seven-ribbed bow,
Alive with colours that change and shine
On gossamer wings, on lakes divine,
On summits ruddy with painted snow,
On cities bathed in my afterglow.

Glory is mine and power and loneliness!
Do I not hold the seasons tight
In leash? Lead on the stars?
Man may have named them Venus, Mars,
Jupiter, Saturn; but I delight
To station each in the curtained night!

Splendour is mine and might and loneliness!
In wrath I scourge and pitiless beat
On the thirsting earth till it cracks and cries,
Till every cistern shrinks and dries
And grass is crisp with fervent heat
And beast and man are spent for meat.

Power is mine, yea, power and loneliness!
But yellow poppies can I unseal
With fingers subtle and sweet and mild;
Caress the limbs of a bathing child
Soft as its mother; gently steal
Through chinks of woe to help and heal.

Splendour is mine and might and loneliness!
So ride I high in glorious might,
Lonely as God who made me great,
Loneliest spirit of all create,

Splendid, exultant, I stalk the height—
First-born son of the Father of Light.
Splendour is mine and power and loneliness!

Song of the Moon-Spirit

MINE is the spirit of mystery,
Of tears and sweet solicitude.
The white moth hidden waits for me
To spend his life in one brief hour
Before that night-blown mystic flower
That dies in daylight rude.

I silver o'er reality.
Hast seen my foam on frail cascades?
My path to heaven upon the sea?
Beheld old ghostly histories
Breathless re-lived 'neath cypress trees
And moonstruck colonnades?

My soul in lovers' balconies
Is breathed in voiceless ecstasy
And philomel among the trees
Declares my spirit to the night—
Kindles in tearful pale moonlight
The song that voices me.

Mine is the spirit of mystery.
With bristling hair and haunted throat
The tense gray wolf-hound bays at me,
High on a rock beside the deep
Dark forest wrapped in restless sleep
He feels my spell remote.

The fugitive of the desert night
Has seen my mantle's grace unfold.
The empty desert is my delight
To people, to whiten, to glorify!
Fierce joy in the wilderness have I
Though men have called me cold!

My slave, the ocean, follows me
Watchful afar what time I turn
His bosom heaving ardently;
But all my countenance must be
Fixed on the Sun eternally.
So do I shine—and yearn!

Frank Oliver Call

THERE has just come to my attention a charming little book which I should like to recommend. Blue Homespun is a collection of only twenty-six sonnets, but for these I would willingly sacrifice the work of many a follower of Chapman. Everything predisposes us in favour of the author; careful and artistic workmanship, numerous cuts appropriate to the text, poems carefully printed in clear type, exquisite verses in the choicest language. Besides this, the cloth binding is like real blue homespun. The frame and the picture rival each other in beauty. . . The whole collection has the perfume of returning spring, of newly-turned furrows, of budding foliage and the rebirth of April. In reading these poems, the one who has lived near to the soil and who has now left it will see again through the mists of time and space many a forgotten scene—an enchanted land to which he would return. Each page stirs the still warm ashes of an extinguished past; the heart is warmed by the evocation of cherished things. . .
—Translated from *Le Devoir* of May 12, 1924.

FRANK OLIVER CALL, M.A., was born of English and Scotch ancestry, at West Brome, province of Quebec, April 11, 1878. He was educated at Stanstead College, and at Bishop's College, Lennoxville (B.A. and M.A.; and later took post-graduate work at McGill, Marburg and Paris. . . Mr Call is Professor of Modern Languages and Librarian in Bishop's College, Lennoxville, lecturing chiefly on English and Comparative Literature,—Canadian Literature included. . . He has contributed poems to Canadian and American magazines, and is represented in various anthologies, and in several High School readers.

The published books of this author are: *In a Belgian Garden* (1916), *Acanthus and Wild Grape* (1920), and *Blue Homespun* (1924). . . He has published short stories also, and articles descriptive of French Canada. . . *Blue Homespun* won a prize of $100 in 1925, in the Literary Competition of the Quebec Legislature.

Professor Call's sonnets on French Canadian Life and Character attract me strongly. He knows his native province thoroughly and loves to portray the habitant and his environment. His artistry is classical in its finish.

Through Arched Windows

I DWELL for a short space in a lofty tower
With four arched windows open to the four winds of heaven.
Tall and slender, they are,
Lancets of light piercing the gray stone walls.

Through one window I can see a pathway,
Rough-hewn and rugged winding among the pines
Over a steep hillside;
And men go up and down the whole day long,
Some gaily and lightly,
Others staggering under their burdens—
But no one tarries.

Beyond the second arch there lies a pleasant valley,
Where lovers wander side by side,
Or loiter in the grey-green shadows,
Some for a short hour,
And some for lingering years.

And through the third arched window
I see the sky-line of the purple hills,
Where dawn comes down to rest its shimmering wings,
And I catch a glimpse of flowing water,
Grey and blue and gold.

And through the last I cannot see at all,
For it is darkened by a crimson curtain
That hangs in heavy folds across the casement;
But in a crevice of the window ledge
There grows a tiny flower,
That burns a clear blue flame against the dark.

And thus are life, love, beauty and death,
Framed in the carven stone of my lancet windows;
But I would not see all that lies beyond,
For I can dream that the rough path leads to the door of home,
Or to a shadowy hollow in the hillside,
And that beyond the purple hills, and in the far-off valley
There lie enchanted gardens,
And the shining river
I know leads onward to the sea.

But the tall darkened window
Brings me more wondrous dreams than all the others,
For I believe some day the small blue flower beside the casement
Will burn the curtain with its steel-blue flame,
And I shall see more radiant visions
Than all my dreams have brought me through the years.

Blue Homespun

BEYOND the doorway of the tiny room
The yellow autumn sunshine died away
Into the shadows of the waning day;
Wrapped in the twilight stood old Marie's loom,
A shapeless mass of timbers in the gloom;
But one small window cast a golden ray
Upon a bench where sky-blue homespun lay,
Lighting the dusk-like sheaves of chicory bloom.

Above the loom the Holy Virgin hung,
Blue-robed and smiling down; and old Marie,
After the evening angelus had rung,
Arose and touched the picture lovingly
With rough brown hand, then turned and looked once more
Upon her sky-blue cloth, and closed the door.

An Old Habitant

HE sits in silence on his porch at night
And looks into the gloom. The low winds mutter
Across dark level fields, and poplars utter
Low sighing sounds. Along the horizon's height
His barns rise darkly in the waning light;
Within the house; behind the half-closed shutter,
A flickering candle burns, and white moths flutter
Against the casement in their blundering flight.

Attracted by the glow of village lamps,
The younger folk have left him with his pipe,
Listening to the wind and crickets call.
He only thinks: The sun has dried the swamps,
The frost has touched the corn, and oats are ripe,
And in the orchard fruit begins to fall.

La Terre

WHEN Jo was young he used to hate the land;
And though he struggled hard and tried to wrest
A living from it, still he schemed and planned
To seek the distant town where men were dressed
In better stuff than homespun. Years have passed,
And now St. Jean seems very far away,
For chains he would not shatter hold him fast
In golden bondage to the loam and clay.

His fields are something more than clay and loam
To yield a living, bring him gain or loss,
Now he is old; and from his whitewashed home
He looks towards the churchyard with its cross,
Then at his fruitful acres lying there
Between, and murmurs low, 'La bonne, bonne terre!'

The Oven

BESIDE her oven of clay and stone she stands
Where smouldering logs of pine and spruce are glowing,
And burnt-out sparks, like melting flakes, are snowing
Upon her torn straw hat. The tattered bands
Of her worn homespun in the breeze are blowing
About her cowhide shoes. Through strong brown hands
She calls 'Souper!' to sons and husband hoeing
The early corn beyond the pasture lands.

She is the priestess of an ancient shrine,
Keeping alight the sacrificial spark
That made old altars through the ages shine.
Her dull contentment, pressed from years of toil,
Still feeds the fire with its sacred oil,
And burns and glows through storm and sun and dark.

The Sugar-Maker

PEASANT in form and face old Philippe stood
Beneath tall maples in the softening snow,
That spread its whiteness through the sugarwood;
Above him cawed the first returning crow;
A blue haze lay upon the hilltop's rim,
When early April wrought its magic spells,
And from tin buckets filling fast to brim
The dropping sap rang out like sanctus bells.

And as old Philippe heard the echoes pealing
Among the maple trees and silver birch,
That rose above him like the vaulted ceiling,
And painted pillars of the village church,
He looked towards the blue mysterious sky—
Then bowed as though the Host were passing by.

The Maker of Toy Boats

HERE by this calm backwater, where the tides
That creep up from the great gulf never reach,
His clumsy boat the placid water rides,
Half stranded on the muddy reed-grown beach;
And bending his gray head until the dark
Bids him lay by his task, he trims and hews

Small poplar twigs and strips of white birch-bark
To make his elfin fleet of toy canoes.

But while he makes to sail some tiny pond
Toy boats of frail white bark, the ship of dreams
He fashions for himself drifts out beyond
The sheltering hills to far-off lakes and streams,
Where tall dark spires of fir-trees pierce blue skies,
And down broad streams sail phantom argosies.

The First Garden

GOD made a garden when the world was young,
And walked each evening, pacing calm and slow
Along its pathways, when the sun was low
Behind the palm-trees, with dark branches flung
Like giant hands against red skies. Among
The cool damp grasses, waving to and fro,
The night-moths and the song-birds saw Him go,
Lifting His face to where the new moon hung.

And I with care and toiling, too, have made
A walled-in garden—a small, lovely thing—
Where golden orioles sing their mating song,
And brown moths flutter from the dark fir glade.
O here a wandering dream with broken wing
May find a place to rest and tarry long!

A Chinese Poet

LI FU, a Chinese poet, long ago,
Weary of strife, forsook the world and made
Himself a garden edged with cool green shade,
From pines and blossoming plum-trees in a row.
And by a hedge with crimson blooms aglow
He placed a tablet carved in sea-green jade,
Whereon each day the poet's scroll was laid,
That all who came his dreams might read and know.

But if none paused and entered in to read
His written words, the poet paid no heed,
But wrote the dreams and visions of his soul.
That was a thousand years ago. To-day,
In a walled garden half a world away,
And in another tongue, I read his scroll.

John Crichton

THIS new writer has a new way of saying things. The manner is free and fresh; there is a knowledge of the inner meaning of words and a sense of their sanctity; the metrical arrangement is interesting and true, although it does not conform completely with any established type. This means that the writer has style. When his manuscript reached me I was bewildered. It was obviously Canadian; but the customary vague and general dissertation upon river, lake, prairie, and forest was replaced by a fine and close observation of the intimate details of landscape, which more nearly touches the heart; and the impressions are conveyed to the reader through the direct medium of passion in a manner quite foreign to the traditional Canadian verse, a passion which is ancient and almost Italian in intensity. The author appears to have beheld these scenes with newly opened eyes; it is this which gives to the verse a fresh and strange quality, which is the sign and virtue of all poetry.—Sir Andrew Macphail in his Introduction to 'A Vista.'

JOHN CRICHTON is the pen-name of Norman Gregor Guthrie, Barrister &c. of Ottawa. He was born in Guelph, Ontario, July 22, 1877, the son of Donald and Eliza Guthrie. His academic education was received at the Guelph Collegiate Institute, and at McGill University (Science two years and Arts two years, '95-'99, but he did not graduate). He went under Articles in Law, February, 1897; attended Osgoode Hall, Toronto, '99-02, where he won scholarships in the first and second years, and a medal in the third year. Was called to the Bar, May 22, 1902. Located in Ottawa, in October of the same year, and has practised there ever since, chiefly as Parliamentary solicitor and counsel.

Mr Guthrie married in September, 1905, Amy Gordon Smith, daughter of the late Mr and Mrs George F. Smith of St. John, New Brunswick. They have four children. . . In a letter to the editor he says in part: 'In earlier years, was addicted to cricket, tennis and football and other open air games. Despise golf. In my latter years my athletic activities have been confined to gardening at St. Andrews, New Brunswick, where I have had a summer house for fifteen or twenty years. Presbyterian and Liberal by heredity'. . . This author has already three books of verse to his credit: *A Vista* (1921), *Flower and Flame* (1924), and *Pillar of Smoke* (1925).

John Crichton is a poet with rare gifts. He has lived and loved; and in verbal expression is a master. But his range of vision needs broadening and heightening. He should lift his eyes oftener to the horizon, and to the eternal stars.

There's a Garden

THERE'S a garden, there's a garden,
So free from worldly sin
That the humming-bird's the gayest spark
That ever sports therein:
And there my true love wanders,
And there my true love's feet
Pick gently by the daisy's eye—
O my true love is sweet!

There's a garden, there's a garden,
Where everything is fair:
No dandelion dare intrude,
No thistles flourish there.
And here my true love wanders
The weed-bare beds among,
And the butterfly is not so shy—
O my true love is young!

There's a garden, there's a garden,
An island of repose:
And the only amorous occupant
Is an old pink climbing rose:
And there my true love dreams of love
Caressed by the old rose vine—
O the roses sleek may kiss her cheek
While she dreams their lips are mine.

Inspiration

RED as your maple tree
On a clear September day,
Is the blood of my heart aflowing
Since you came in my way.

Purple and gold my dreams,
Crimson my songs, all through:—
I may sing to a thousand men:
I am singing only for you!

A Bird's Nest in Winter

THERE in the crotch of a naked branch
Look at the nest of May!
Filled up with snow where the eggs once were
And love dwelt for a day.
But the little birds and the big birds
Have flown to follow the sun,—
O why did they leave the house of love
When the day of love was done?

It were better, O bird! to pull it down,
For the honour of what was there.
Now the sun and the rain will blacken it

And the wind and the sleet will tear.
Is there anything sadder in this gay world
Than the tree that is shorn of green
And the little pitiful ruined house
Where the mystery of love has been?

Blue Hepatica

O BLOOD-ROOT and hepatica
And dog-tooth violet,
Abloom in a rug of fallen leaves
Bronzed and unbroken yet:
There's a hint of grass in a grove of trees
And maybe a cow or two,
And a cool blue sky, with the good sun nigh,
And you, my love, and you.

Of little flowers that quicken the life
In spring, I love, I think,
Hepatica best, with her downy limbs
And cheeks of mauve and pink;
Never forgetting the dearest one
Which had caught such a tender blue
From the dawn of a day in a bygone May,
When I picked her, love, for you.

O let us go back to the care-free groves
Of spring, and the merry hours,
With a seat and a smoke on a sunny bank
Or a kiss in a bed of flowers!
While the crows in pairs flew in the sky;
There were always only two,
For joy. It was good in that wild wildwood
With you, O love! with you!

The Confluence

A European in Canada

ROBIN'S egg blue and mother of pearl
Is the sky behind; and the water's swirl
Angry and brown in the heather abyss,
A split in the hills where two torrents kiss,
And jostle and race in the selfsame bed

But mingle not, till the sea ahead
Catches them up in his careless strength
And mixes and drinks of them both at length.

Out on the platform, above the stream,
She gazes long, and the sombre gleam
Under a puzzled brow compares
These wilds of ours with that world of theirs,
Her friends. Ah! well, she can go again
To the vines of France, or the hills of Spain,
Or Italy, where the azure bays
Blink in the blue. But now her gaze
Is not of memory, but desire
For breath, and air and colour and fire!
She cries for life as her nostrils spread
To the pine and the tamarac overhead!

What does she think? I make a guess
She dreams of life in this wilderness!
The old world peoples and cities and art
Seem unimportant; the human heart
Beats primitive, where a wolf or moose
May break the thicket without excuse;
And the music of joy is far more sweet
In the birch and spruce than a cobbled street
Mouldy with history, half as old
As these oaks and elms, or the black leaf mould,
Where the wintergreen's tiny feet make fast
In the wrack of a million summers past!

This for your street: your house a tent
On the lip of a crack in a continent,
Whose architect is the chance of force
That gouged this gorge in the hills, a course
For the bursting lakes of the north to pour
Their wood-stained waters. There is no more,
O wise-eyed stranger from over the sea,
Than the untouched stage, where the scenery
Was tossed by the workmen who struck on the stage
Long before Babylon came of age!

Her dream is passing. Her heart regrets
Her land of Popes and Plantagenets;
The land of art and the human graces,
Music and parchments, and painted faces!
This place is lonely: there isn't much
But the air and the sun to make up for such
As the stately streets and the avenues,
The ancient churches, and classic views
Of Europe—the lure of the Grecian shore
Where a broken column is valued more
Than the breath of life and the open sky,
By the tired-out tourists trudging by.

She turns her head. Can it be a sigh?
A quivering question in her eye:
A word that never passes her lip?
Who knows? She has vanished by train and ship!

The sky is clotted with puffs of grey,
With a splash of rose for an overlay.
Where are you now? O stranger! you—
Will you come again, once more renew
The touch that thrilled, and the blow on the fire
Of resinous birch? Ah! one's desire
Is a curious phase. In a little pool
Beneath the trees I stare like a fool,
To watch the splash and the wrinkle die
Where a trout is leaping to kill a fly!

Red Trillium

BLOOD-RED trillium in a pocket
Of pine needles crisp and dead,
What a pity that she crushed you
With the pressure of her head!

She is kind: she would have spared you
Had she known that you were there.
But, you perished like a lover
With your red lips in her hair!

Frances Beatrice Taylor

FOR those who prefer poetry to more or less rhythmic prose this little book of verse will have a strong appeal, for it is true poetry from cover to cover. Miss Taylor has the genuine lyric sense and the keen lyric ear. Every now and then one seems to catch an echo of ethereal music in these pages. The imagery is rich; the colours glow and gleam. She writes of many things that appeal to the poet. . . She handles whatever measure she elects to use skilfully. Indeed, from the technical viewpoint, no book of Canadian verse published during the year excels this. But there is far more than sound technique. There is that rare, elusive quality of vision without which the most sonorous or gorgeously-coloured verse is but a clangour and a beating of drums. Miss Taylor thinks in terms of poetry and she dreams in a world of imaginative beauty. But she can touch the earth without soiling her wings. Best of all, she sounds the clear, pure, harmonious note of human understanding. . . —S. Morgan-Powell in 'The Montreal Star.'

MISS FRANCES BEATRICE TAYLOR was born at Brussels, Ontario, daughter of Robert Leslie Taylor and Millie Chipman Taylor, both formerly of London, Ontario. She is of Dublin Irish and New England Puritan descent. Her great grandfather, William Taylor, was a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, who was a tutor to the sons of the Viceroy at Dublin Castle, before he emigrated in 1828 to London, Upper Canada, to found a Grammar School for boys.

Miss Taylor was educated by private tuition under her father.

In October, 1919, Miss Taylor joined the staff of the London Free Press as editor of 'Women's Department' and is still holding this position.

Her book of verse, *White Winds of Dawn,* appeared in 1924, but prior to that the Fleming-Revell Company of Chicago published her *The Song of Korthan* (allegorical prose work). Two of her plays, *Masque of all Souls* and *Bayberry Candles* have been presented on the stage in London. She has also printed in her columns numerous well-written sketches of local interest.

The Last Tavern

SOFTLY the darkness folds the sun away,
And on the hill-paths, treading to and fro,
Unwearied though they fared with me to-day,
The younger travellers go.

I lean across my window, looking down,
The court is dark with sombre pine and fir,
But in the lighted places of the town,
The folk are all astir.

'And these,' I said, 'will jest to-night awhile,
Will sleep, and dream, and waken with the dawn,
To take the road again for many a mile,
But I shall not go on.

'I do not bid the good host waken me,
For when I sleep, I shall not soon awake;
Ah, rest me soon! I have no will to see
The path I may not take.'

The Fruit Vendor

THE red-kerchiefed fruit man
Cries his gay wares
Up and down the city streets,
Through the quiet squares.
Over every door-sill
The little children run,
To beg pomegranates
Ripened in the sun!

Ruddy-throated pomegranates,
Ripened in the sun,
Veiled in moon-mist gossamer,
By fairy spiders spun;
Webs of fairy gossamer
Along the branches run!

The red-kerchiefed fruit-man
In the noisy street,
Treads cool cobbles
With weary feet;
Hears far waves calling
Along a sunny beach—
And one buys a yellow plum,
And one a rosy peach.

Velvet-warm peaches
In rosy damask rolled,
And great, round, melon-globes,
Hollowed in gold,
And wine-ripe cherries,
For a penny sold.

The red-kerchiefed fruit man
At a stranger door,
Hears far waves crying
Along a summer shore,
Offers clustered grapes for sale,
Mellowed headily—
And hears birds calling,
Beside a summer sea!

Hears a flute calling
  Very far and sweet;
In moon-white orchards
  The lilt of dancing feet. . .
And bargains for silver bits
  Along the dusty street.

Wayfaring Fools

THERE came a day,—
Among the ordered tumult of the spheres
That was creation—when the hand of God,
Weary of swinging planets into space,
Of kindling stars around the universe,
And beating pebbles into monuments,
Stayed in the six-day labour, and He spake:
'Now will I fashion Me another thing,
So lovesome, men will sing at sight of it,
So elfin, they will laugh at sound of it,
So holy, they will pray for love of it!'
  Then, in His hand,
Hallowed to hold the little griefs of men,
He gathered up a pearl of fallen dew,
A film of wood-smoke, drifted on the wind,
The languid stir of waters, softly blown,
Against a summer shore,—
  And of these all,
Wrought Him a goodly plaything;
  Cool as dawn,
Light as the young winds, flying in the dusk,
Fair as the little trees of Paradise
Blossomed for His delight, He set them down,
A wood of silver birches by the sea.
  Slender they were
As swords outswung, and pliant to the breeze,
But marching, warrior-fashion, in the sun,
And shaking all the laughter of their leaves,
Like white-winged birds, poised for adventuring
Between the sapphire fields of sea and sky.
And then God spake, and said,

'Because My people love a perfect thing,
I will make little spears of yellow flame,
To play about their feet, and gird them round
With a shining cloak of harvest, till the grain
Wraps in a splendid mantle all the wood,
And in the ripened grass, the goldenrod,
Bright lances couched against the marching trees,
Beats soft against their silver armament.'
So the days fell,
Wind-swept and glorious,—but of all that passed
None stayed to learn the saga of the trees,
Nor hushed their feet beside the smiling sea.
The highroad dimmed under their journeying dust,
As they went by,—
Merchants and captains, knights for tourney drest,
Wise men, who bore their learning in a scrip,
Wan pedlars, crying tarnished wares for sale,
And now a king, and now a serving maid,
And last, a Fool,—
With motley all awry
And bells long jangled into silence, set
Beneath a broken coxcomb; in his hand
A reedy pipe, spent of its melody
In woe and want, and at his shoulder swung
A thread-bare wallet, void of bread or wine,—
He, only, turned aside,
And came, and stood
In the wood of silver birches by the sea.

. . . . .

And of a sudden, cast
The poor crumbs of his wallet on the grass,
And knelt to kiss the feet of every tree,
(Being but a fool), and laid his arms about
Their silver stems, and laughed, and cried aloud,
And flung his cap and bauble out to sea,
As one gone mad, and caught his pipes again,
His pitiful, broken pipes, and made a song,
A little song of whimsey to the trees,—
And cast that, too, away,—so, having failed

Of all his utterance, wept, and knelt to pray,
(Being but a wandering fool)

. . . . .

The smile of God
Broke like a rainbow meteor on the sea.

Old Gardens

I LOVE old gardens best,
Gardens where cloistering walls of ruddy brick
Hold starry blossoms in the crevices,
And, topped with silver lichen, vastly thick,
One canopied gate must be, swung to the west,
Past bordered walks, and mossy terraces.

I love old gardens,—so,
Hoared with the frost, or rimed with early dew,
Flushed with the spring, or lying desolate,
With the long winds of autumn sighing through.
I care not whether blossoms drift, or snow,
So that no hand save mine unbar the gate.

But, most of all, in June,
June, with her amber noons, and silver morns,
Haw-bloom, and pear-bloom, shaken from shadowy boughs,
June with her riot of roses tangled in thorns,
And the oriole's lullaby, flung to the lover's moon,
Crooning gold babies to sleep in her wonderful house.

June, and June's amethyst dusk,
Little white moths in the phantom cedars astir,
Little shy winds, through the sheltered lattices blown,
And the dew distilled on lilac and lavendar,
Almond and bergamot, rosemary, thyme and musk,
The scented night, and the stars, and I, alone.

Cecilia MacKinnon

SEVERAL of the fine arts have lured this talented Canadian. She is now in Paris, sharing a studio with Miss Agnes St. John of book-binding fame. Here she paints and etches and prepares her work for the exhibits. She is studying etching with Edouard Léon, and has been elected, recently, a member of the 'Societe des Aquafortistes Francais'. . . Miss MacKinnon was born at St. Catharines, Ontario,—her father of Scotch descent, and her mother, the great granddaughter of Major David Secord, U. E. Loyalist, for whom St. David's, near Niagara Falls, was named. When she was three years old, the family moved to Buffalo, N.Y. She was educated at the Buffalo Seminary; and at Wellesley College, Wellesley, Massachusetts (B.A. degree, 1906). *In* 1914 *the family returned to St. Catharines. Miss Flora MacKinnon, a Ph.D. of the University of Toronto* (1924), *is a member of the teaching staff of Wellesley College. . . Miss Cecilia has served as President of the 'Buffalo Guild of Allied Arts', and also as President of the 'St. Catharines Guild of Arts and Crafts'. . . 'Fountains of Ordunna' was published in* 1923. *Her lyrics have music, beauty of thought and descriptive power.*—Editor

The Three Princesses

HILDA and Sophie and Belle-Marie,
Princesses, all three;
Hilda was tall, Sophie was small,
Smaller than Belle-Marie.
One wore blue, and one wore red,
One wore yellow, with gold thread.

They all went out to the woods that night,
Each with her golden crown;
In the mossy ground they dug three holes,
Down, and down, and down;
The moon was bright, and the shadows steep,
Like the waking side of sleep.

Hilda said, 'A crown's a thing
Works harm to everyone.'
She buried the guilty golden thing,
And sighed, for duty done;
She thought, 'The common folk will know
That we are through with pride and show.'

Belle-Marie took off her crown
And lightly tossed it in;
She did not care, though she could not see
Why Hilda called it sin;
She did not care, for her heart beat wild,
As she thought how her lover smiled.

Sophie said not a single word,
But her hole was not so deep;
She thought to herself, 'I'll do what I can
My own gold crown to keep;'
So she threw in the earth, but hid the crown
In the sweeping folds of her crimson gown.

'Sister Sophie, what is that hump
At the side of your crimson gown?'

'It's only a frill of my petticoat caught;
I'll stop and pull it down.'

'Sister Sophie, what is that lump
At the front of your crimson gown?'

'It's my corset, coming all undone.'
('Oh, never my golden crown!')

Moon-silver tipped the willow leaves,
And they hung limp, without a sound;
Moon-silver glistened on the road,
On little stones, so hard and round;
Hilda walked as in a dream.
Belle-Marie to herself did seem
As if she floated in the air
An inch or two from the ground.
Sophie knew she was wide awake,
But something strange in her voice would come;
With every word she tried to speak,
Her tongue refused, and her throat felt numb.

Hilda, silent, with austere face,
Led the way in stately pace,
Sophie followed wearily;
Belle-Marie was here and there,
Picking flowers, humming an air;
The gibbous moon peered eerily
Between the boughs of the Judas-tree
That should have told them where to turn:—

But no road there could they discern.
No road to the left, no road to the right;
The moon was down, and dawn grew light.—
There was only a bank of pale green fern
Where they should have taken the homeward turn.

'O sister Sophie, what shall we do?
I cannot find the way!'
Sophie looked left, and Sophie looked right,
But no word did she say.
'Belle-Marie, come listen to me,
Stop your dance and play;
This country is all strange and bare,
I'm afraid we've lost our way.'

Belle-Marie looked, Belle-Marie cried
And sobbed as her heart would break;
She saw the moorland, vast and lone,

But she saw no road to take.
No life was there, of man or bird;
The sun grew bright, but no wind stirred.

Then Sophie pulled out the golden crown,
And set it on her head;
'Remember we are princesses,'
Were the only words she said.
Hilda looked, Belle-Marie stared,
As one had risen from the dead.

The green fern parted before their eyes
And Sophie walked between;
Sophie walked with head held high,
As proud as any Queen.
Hilda followed silently,
Belle-Marie came wonderingly.

The green fern traced a pleasant road
That led to the gates of town;
The gate-men hastened to let them pass,
For one had a golden crown;
Hilda and Sophie and Belle-Marie
Were princesses at home, all three.

Sea-Garden

SILVER sand, silver sand,
Running down a neck of land,
Coral white, milky white,
In the warm green sea;
Underneath, underneath,
Swim the silent fishes,
Swim the silent shadows.

Through the limpid water slips
Quivering yellow sheen,
Topaz in emerald
And ultramarine;
Where the bent light creeps along
The furrowed sea-floor,
Softly wave, sway and wave,
Sea-fans yellow, sea-fans blue,
Purple at the core.

Living sponges stretch their fingers,
Huddled on the ground;
Black sea-urchins through their needles
  Hear the world above,
  Feel the world around.

Pallid grass upon a clean
And windless hilltop blows,
Lying to and upward pulsing
When the tide is high,
Straining outward, pale and moveless,
  When the current flows.
  Wait and see
  How silently
  Come amazing fishes.

Glittering scale on scale,
Turquoise barred with moonlit white
Moves a languid tail;
Filmy wings of living gauze
Float and sink and rise full-blown,
Sink and rise and float again,
Wavering out of sight.
  Down below
  Grey swimmers go,
  Opal in the light.

Darts a black and silver arrow,
  Small and keen,
Followed by a chasing flight
  Through the green.
Quiet mouths along the ledges
Hunting morsels infinite
  Nibble food unseen.
Undercurrents lift and lower
Pale sea-jessamine
At the arch of an arcade,
Clear as crystal, green as jade,
  Green and clear within.

Down below, far below,
In a pool the king-fish lies;
Cavernous the headlong passage
To his quiet pool;
Tawny ferns and yellow streamers,
Orange, ochre, red,
Flowing with the pulling tide,
Hang and overspread,
Conceal his secret bed.

Sometimes as in dream he stirs,
Moves a fin, or with his tail
Makes a sudden vortex down
Which giddy fishes spin;
Terror quivers, panic vibrates,
From his hidden cave,
Scatter all the silver arrows,
Darting up the stricken current,
Down the sheltering wave;
Then an undulating shadow
Through the dimness passes,
  Where below,
  Far below,
Stir the ghostly grasses.

In the deeps of the sea
Rosy-pink anemone
Stars the hanging ledges;
Sea-fans purple, sea-fans blue,
Softly wave, sway and wave,
Yellow at the edges.

In the sea, the south sea,
Ever-moving, changing sea,
Coral, white, milky white,
Reaches to the light;
Up above, underneath,
Waving fans and grasses,
Silent swimming fishes.

Hilda Mary Hooke

THERE is a dancer's ecstatic gesture in the poetry of Hilda Mary Hooke. It leaps and swings to beauty, swirling and resting in strange, tossed rhythms, urged by elemental intensity, yet carried forward with style almost oriental in its suavity. Her poems are blended of many dreams. She croons lullabies so pagan of spirit they might be whispered in the still forest by an Indian Mother to her bronzed babe. Again, on the wash of dramatic abandon, she feels the sacrificed passion of a King's Dancing Girl. She returns to touch with elusive lyricism the fused splendour of the Canadian Autumn. She lifts a mystic's eyes upon life and writes of God. Such is Hilda Mary Hooke. As the years pass and try with experience the quality of her, and if she fulfils her artistic novitiate with the mute surrender of the faithful craftsman, Canada will cherish her name. It is early to prophesy. One can but remember that all the magic of wine is in the perfume of the grapes as they ripen in the sun.

—LAWRENCE DARE

ON February 7, 1917, in a column of the Toronto *Globe*, it was my privilege to announce the discovery in London, Ontario, of *a remarkable girl poet*. Her name was Hilda Mary Hooke, and at the time she was but eighteen years of age. . . Am reproducing but one of the two poems quoted then, *The Perfect Round*, with several others since written.

Miss Hooke was born October 3, 1898, in Odcombe, Somerset, England, the daughter of Mr and Mrs John V. Hooke; and she accompanied her parents to Canada, in May, 1902. Her education was received at home chiefly from her mother (née Annie F. Jackson) and good books, and at the London Conservatory of Music, of which she is a graduate. . . In the formative years of her teens she was a regular attendant at the Cronyn Memorial Church, where the incumbent was the brilliant preacher and poet, Robert Norwood. The penetrating power of Norwood's pulpit teaching, and his unreserved appreciation of her genius, directed and encouraged her to high achievement.

On September 26, 1925, Hilda Mary Hooke became Mrs Richard Tapscott Smith, but she will continue to write under her maiden name.

The Perfect Round

IF I could gather up the threads of time
And weave them into one harmonious whole—
Those myriad misty threads that take their toll
From scattered dust of nations, from the grime
Of lowest life, the panting hordes that climb
Through countless ages till they merge and roll
Into that mighty ocean called the soul,
Breathing eternally of things sublime—

Then would be mine the mounting radiant song
That shook the purple heights and thrilled the skies,
When, from the brooding Love of ages long,
Creation's marvel dawned on dreaming eyes
And waiting hearts that caught and understood
Earth's great refrain: 'God saw and it was good.'

Inspiration

A MOMENT when the world is sunk in space,
And like a cloak Eternity is flung
Across the shoulders of the lifted soul
That stands tiptoe, outstretched to meet the spheres,
And, yearning upwards, like a flower is caught
Against the bosom of the Infinite.

Iris

IRIS by the riverside,
Tall and proud and blue,
Love was very wonderful
When His heart dreamed you.

With the springtide fragrance,
Sun and sweeping rain,
Came your mystic radiance
To the world again.

You have grown and blossomed
Many long lives through,
Many stars have fashioned
This unfathomed You.

You have heard the triumph
Of eternal spheres
Flung along the arches
Of the ancient years,

Till their vibrant music
Singing in your soul
Lifts your mind to vision
Of a shining goal,

Where through pain and passion
Each new road you plod
Sweeps a flaming highway
To the hills of God.

Iris by the riverside,
Tall and proud and blue,
Love was very wonderful
When His heart dreamed you!

Tulip Queens

THESE tulips are, I think, Egyptian queens
In exile—forced, for past misdeeds, to dwell
A space in this pale land, whose palette gleans
Fresh colour from each vivid painted bell.

This one is clad in gold, a faded flower,
Past beauties sadly faint upon her brow;
This, brings to life in one brief sunlit hour
The scarlet pomp of days she dreams of now.

Here's one in flimsy pink, a favoured queen,
Who held her crowded courts with luring eyes;
While this, in pearly white and silver sheen,
Walked proud and pale beneath the eastern skies.

And here's a regal bloom in robes of flame,
Her ragged petals dashed with tawny gold—
Some glorious Cleopatra known to fame,
Magnificent and godless as of old!

So calmly through the sunny hours they stand,
Untouched and royal in their proud disdain:
Poor lonely sovereigns in an alien land
Whose haughty heads must bow and droop again.

The King's Dancer

AND you are gone, my King. I am alone
In all the vastness of this lonely land.
Once it was rich with beauty, music bound,
Tuned to the chorale of your mighty mind;
Pulsing with laughter, lit with leaping fire
And songs as passionate as summer dawns
Flinging themselves upon the lips of Day.
Now it is silent as a moonless night
Emptied of all her stars. How can I dance—
I who am born to flow in rhythmic life
Through every flashing hour that makes a day
Ripen to radiance as a desert flower
Beneath the sovereign fingers of the sun;

How can I draw the pictures that you loved;
Painting in movement, flinging with a glance,
Turn of my head, sweep of my scented hair,
Colours in living fire upon the screen
Wrought of the wonder waiting in your eyes?
Music is dead, my Lover, since your heart
Matches no more with mine its stormy songs;
And as the fiery laughter of the day
Dies into silence, so my throbbing dreams—
My golden birds, my heralds of the dawn,
Whose lifted pinions sweep my soul to heights
Undreamed of by a careless dancing girl—
Sink into mournful twilights of repose.

Between these lonely hours—
Twilight and dark—my dreams are all my own;
I shall traverse again the winding road
That brought us here, and I perhaps may trace
Some fragment in the forging of the years
That carries comfort, holds the lamp of faith
Over the granite past, and shadows forth
The strange unshaken justice of the gods.

Here on the desert's brim the flying sun
Shakes off his garments as he nears the goal;
Caught by the vagrant winds, they lift and swirl
Over the bosom of the patient sky
Like crimson banners at a festival.
Such were the sunsets when we used to ride—
Comrades together—out upon the hills
To watch the twilights gather; and the stars
Enter the sky as graceful maidens might
Before the lustrous fountains of the moon.
Those were the hours in which you learned control;
The stormy passions and the iron will
Were hushed to gentleness beneath the stars;
More god than king you were, and I could lean
Within your arms and know I held your heart
As quietly as my hand might hold a bird
Soothed into silence and serenity.

And after all the wonder of those hours,
Scattered like pearls across more brilliant days
When dancing came to be a sacred fire
Fanned by your presence, woven with your name,
We were to find a warning in the stars,
Within the circling winds a battle cry
And sorrow in the silence of the hills.

E'en yet I cannot see beyond the gloom.
I knew that you must go to find your world,
World that to you was like a ripened fruit
Hanging beneath your fingers; that a touch
Brought into being all your dearest dreams,
Crowned you with kinghood, made you master mind
Over the hosts that weakened to your will.
It is your life, my King. I have no grudge
Against the world because it beckoned you;
You are my greatest gift; it is my pride
That in one life I learned the deathless song
That giving is the soul's eternity.
Now I can rest; can lean upon the years,
Knowing that I shall face them fearlessly;
Out of my tents of twilight summon stars
Ready to beacon every seeking soul
Whose darkness finds a kinship with my own.

The night is passing, and the silent East
Grows tremulous with dreaming of the town.
So shall my heart be silent; and my soul
Follow the trails of darkness till the day
Breaks with the tumult of a lover's song
Across the broken barriers of life. . .
So with the consummation of the years,
My King—I wait the coming of the Dawn.

Arthur L. Phelps

ARTHUR L. PHELPS was born at Columbus, Ontario, Dec. 1, 1887, and received his academic training at the Lindsay Collegiate Institute and at The University of Toronto. . . . For some time he was Associate Professor of English in Cornell College, Iowa, but is now Head of the English Department of Wesley College, Winnipeg. . . . He has published fugitive verse in Canadian and United States magazines and has issued in book form two small collections: 'Poems' and 'A Bobcaygeon Chapbook,' both out of print. . . . In September, 1914, he married Lila Nichols of Vancouver. . . . A Canadian writer of distinction, after reading this author's poems, wrote him privately, in part, as follows: "It is the chief purpose of this hasty scrawl to say that in my judgment, you are really and essentially a poet. . . . This stuff of yours is the real singing stuff, virile and fresh and sincere and human, and I rejoice in it. . . . 'Nameless as meadows on another star'—that's pure inspiration, and new. It leads one right out. 'The Monk's Day' is great! There are lovely haunting lyrics. . . . "—Editor.

Apple Blossoms

SHY, amorous,
The brown-haired dryads of the apple trees
I saw this day;
Shy were they in among the blowing blossoms,
Their white knees
Hidden by blossom tapestries
The winds had woven, weaving cunningly.

Yet their arms and faces,
And shoulders bloomy pink, by swaying spray
I saw; and their long glances
In the sunny garden places
Where the sunlight dances
Held me in sweet trances;
While they begged me come to play,
Bathe with them in blossoms,
On a white Spring day!

On the Eve of All Hallows

FOR gray Folk in the falling leaves
My eyes are tender now,
For People of the dusky wood,
Beneath the beechen bough.

My eyes have seeing power this night;
It is All Hallows Eve.
I'm out into the chilly lanes,
An old man, by your leave.

Once more I hear the crying wind,
And feel the Shapes go by;
Once more I see Folk in the wood,
Under the autumn sky.

I have not let my old eyes shine,
But they are shining now,
To see the Folk in the dim wood
Beneath the beechen bough.

My back is bent upon my beard,
My splintered staff is old;
But I can stand beside the wood
And be warm in the cold.

There Was a Rose

THERE was a rose that faded where it grew;
There was a bird that could not brook the wind;
There was a sunset whose wild glory thinned
To nothing-wonder and the night's ash hue;
Pale blossoms, when they quicken, count life sped;
And there were purple astors in the fall
Of the cold year that withered by the wall
And died, with all spring's dreams about them dead.

A rose, a bird, a sunset, and a weed,
A blossom whose death sentence is its sky,
Yea, and dead waves that break on sobbing seas,—
Man is a faint, frail brother with no creed
Than that of these. Behold, all things must die,
And all the vaunting ages are as these.

Thoughts

NAMELESS as meadows on another star,
Fleeting as white birds at a black cave's mouth,
Distant as North is from the dreamy South,
As near as those inseparables are,
So are my thoughts, at once my boon and bane,
Sweet as dear love and never more defined,
Strange as slow sorrow stalking in the mind
'Mid incommunicable moods of pain.

Yet are the thoughts the empire of the self;
They are the fashioned glory and the worth;
They are the enduring thing when all the earth
Sunders to drifting nothing on the shelf
Of some blown wind of God, sunders and dies
With Shakespeare's brow and Dante's withered eyes.

An Old Man's Weariness

I WANT to lie alone beside the sedges,
Where the dim faced waters are quietly singing.
There is peace there and a deep old happiness
That the drake knows when he is tired of winging
The far heights and avoiding
The craft of the grey hunter.

I have long avoided the Grey Hunter, Death,
And now I am weary and in much need of learning
What still peace is; I need the voice of the sedges
That knows not any of the old earth yearning,
And its cry, but is quiet,
Like the air and the water.

The Monk's Day

THIS morn I footed far
Down towards the city there;
This step and that step
Lured me in the spring air.
New birds were on the wing,
My heart bounded to sing.

Lord, if my heart forgot,
Lord, if it gave Thee pain,
This joy and that joy,
If the joy, Lord, was vain,
For this I tell a bead,
For this I bow my head.

Later, a flower girl climbed
Up from the city street;
White face and drawn face,
I found her a cool seat;
Had I her life reproved
She had been all unloved.

At noon a band of boys
Scaled up the white cliff's steep,
Big boys and small boys,
To shout, and throw, and leap;
I left my prayer to show
Them where the wind flowers grow.

Should I, my Lord, have kept
Rapt to my prayer and book,
Deep eyes and far eyes
For Thee, for them no look?
My Lord, if this be so,
For it my head is low.

H. A. Cody

HIRAM ALFRED CODY was born at Cody's, Queen's County, New Brunswick, July 3, 1872, *son of George Redmond and Loretta Augusta Cody. . . His academic education was received at St. John Grammar School, and at King's College, Windsor, N.S., where he graduated in Arts, and later was granted an M.A. degree. . . He was Rector of Greenwich, N.B.,* 1897-04; *Travelling Missionary in the Yukon,* 1904-05; *Rector of Christ Church, Whitehorse, Yukon,* 1905-10; *and has been Rector of St. James Church, St. John, N.B., since* 1910. . . *In September,* 1905, *Mr Cody married Jessie Margaret Flewelling of Oak Point, N.B. They have four sons. . . Mr Cody has written many popular novels, a few of the more widely read of which are: 'The Long Patrol', 'Rod of the Lone Patrol', 'Under Sealed Orders', 'The Unknown Wrestler', 'Master Revenge' and 'The Trail of the Golden Horn'. . . His first book of poems, 'Songs of a Bluenose', reached me to-day (Oct.* 12, 1925) *and I have read it with avidity. His verse expresses human life in action, with swinging rhythm and virile diction,—the sort of verse that appeals to the many.*—Editor

The Woman on the Walls

'The first and greatest of Acadia's heroines—a woman whose name is as proudly enshrined in the history of this land as that of any sceptred Queen in European story. As long as the sons and daughters of this new Acadia take an interest in their country's early history they will read with admiration the story of the constancy and heroism of Lady LaTour.'—*History of Acadia,* by Dr James Hannay.

RATTLE of musket and sword
Under the pine trees tall;
Clamour of shouting men,
And a clarion bugle-call—
And the sound of a woman's voice
High up on a bastion wall.

Frigates of war down the Bay,
With death-doom in their stride,
Winging in from the sea,
On the lift of a flooding tide—
And a woman high on a wall,
Looking down with scorn and pride.

Charging of Charnisay's men,
Clanging of blow on blow;
Roar and booming of guns,
And the grapple of foe with foe—
And a woman's voice on the wall
Ringing orders down below.

Reeling of desperate men;
Hurling of d'Aunay's might;
Crashing of fortress door,
And the triumph of foe in sight—
When a woman down from the wall
Leads her soldiers in the fight.

Jaquelins, pride of LaTour,
Facing a ruthless horde,
Nerves her men to the charge

With the sweep of her glinting sword,
In her fight for honour and life,
And Cause of her absent lord.

Baffled and crumpled in fight,
Grimly the foe gives way,
Only to leap again
At the break of another day—
While a woman high on the wall,
Looks anxiously down the Bay.

'Will he never come?' breathes she.
'What keeps LaTour so long?
Oh, hard it is to strive
'Gainst Charnisay so strong!
And I hear him charging again,
With his brutal sea-dog throng.'

Grimly the garrison stand;
Sternly the dark walls frown,
As d'Aunay wins the day
Through the deed of a traitor clown,
And the Banner of de LaTour
On the Easter morn goes down.

Jaquelins, mother and wife,
Crushed by a cruel fate,
Watches her soldiers die
At the battered fortress gate,
With a dangling noose at her throat,
Strung there by the hand of hate.

Somewhere Jacquelins lies low,
Close by Woolastook's Falls;
But ever more she lives
Where the courage-drummer calls,
And all true hearts respond again
To that voice from LaTour's walls.

The Port of St. John

WHERE is the Port of grey St. John?
The sea clans knew it well;
They winged up by my Island light,
They steered by buoy and bell,
And of the welcome that I gave,
They had one tale to tell.

I bred a hardy seaman race upon my rugged steeps,
Who sailed my fastest clipper-hounds and sounded all th
deeps;
My ships were known in every port, manned by my Blue
nose breed,
Stern fearless driving skipper-men, hard both in will and deed
The finest wooden sailing-ships were built upon my shore,
The roaring 'Marco Polo' and the bounding 'Beejapore';
The 'Flying Cloud', the 'Guiding Star', and other far-fame
ships,
Designed and built by St. John men, went smoking from thei
slips.

The tide flows out, the tide flows in, it never can be still,
It follows where the strong sea calls, the sea that works it
will,
And ships come up, and ships go down, their black smok
trailing far,
Great rovers of the ocean ways where ports of heroes are.
But sure as homing swallows wing in from the open main,
The ships from all the Seven Seas come sweeping back agai
They know my port is open wide, my headlights always clea
No ice to stab, no rocks to scar, no tempest blast to fear.

Where is the Port of grey St. John?
The sea clans know it well,
They point up by my Island light,
They steer by buoy and bell,
And of the welcome that I give,
They have one tale to tell.

A. M. Stephen

'THE Rosary of Pan' by A. M. Stephen was published in 1923, and at once attracted attention. It was apparent that the author had lived intensely in a varied experience, and that he was vigorous in thought and artistic and fearless in expression. . . Mr Stephen was born near Hanover, Ontario, of Scotch parentage. His father, a relative of Sir Leslie Stephen, was a public school principal, and his mother was a grandniece of Sir Robert Whiteford of Ballochmyle, Scotland, whose daughter inspired Robert Burns' 'Lass o' Ballochmyle'. His mother was also a descendant of Scottish poets. . . Mr Stephen attended Public School and High School in Ontario, and was then articled to a law firm in British Columbia; but the Klondike rush drew him to a life of adventure. For years he prospected and mined, ranched, cow-punched, and taught school in remote districts. . . Later, he studied architecture and engineering, and is now practising his profession in Vancouver. . . Alexander M. Stephen is much interested in social and educational reforms, and in the artistic life of the community.—Editor

The Dryad

O SOUL, what hast thou seen,
In those enchanted lands
Where strewn by elfin hands,
And where man's foot hath seldom been,
The foam-flowers dance and pixies play
Upon the golden sands?
Prosperpine's host hold nightly sway
Beneath the moonlight's silvery ray.
The night world and its shades obey
Their lightning-like commands.

A Dryad walked with me.
Her white form gleamed among
The gray-green moss which clung,
A silken web from waist to knee.
Diaphanous, golden-brown, her unbound hair,
A misty splendour, hung
O'er carven shoulders, glistening fair
As marble. Twin breast-flowers blossomed where
Her tangled tresses veiled her beauty, rare
As Love when Earth was young.

Scarce could my feet keep pace,
As through the forest glade,
She flitted like a shade
Or shaft of moonlight. Nor could I trace
Her slim, young form at times. Trees drew
And hid her, as she played.
Her white feet, twinkling, living things,
Like merry moonbeams seemed or wings
Of wood doves. Music, soft as hidden springs,
Her gentle footfalls made.

Her little hand touched mine;
Warm as a rose-bud, curled,
With tender petals furled,
Flower-soft, it lay. A light divine
That moment made my whole heart kin
With all the round, green world.
I knew no more of guilt and sin

Or loves we lose our lives to win;
Nor Pain nor Death could enter in.
The forest round us swirled—

And shapes grew gray and dim.
A great wind filled the wood.
I, gazing where she stood,
Saw every quivering limb
Grow rosy red. A fierce joy shone
Within her eyes nor could
Their lashes hide the wondrous dawn
Of an unwonted tender light. Anon,
The mists swept in and half withdrawn,
She seemed with fear imbued.

Who taught the fairy folk
To fear our mortal ways?
Their joy in life allays
All hint of pain or loss. Fear broke
My dream. To pierce the deepening night,
In vain my eager gaze.
The winds died down. The moon's white light
Revealed no trace of her swift flight.
An oak, with dewy pearls bedight,
Stood glimmering in the haze.

Voices

ALONE, head pillowed on the mother heart
Of earth, I lay upon a starlit peak.
From out the shadows of the great ravines
Strange whispers crept which seemed to speak
In runlets of enchanting rhyme
Of secrets older far than time.

Sibilant as restless waves on shores asleep,
As rain on summer leaves or grass
Beneath a sudden breeze, the voices rose
And upward flowed. I heard them pass
To mingle with the infinite
And wistful silence of the night.

And then I knew that many times, by day
And night, within the city's heart, alone,
My ears had sensed this eerie murmuring
From out the walls of brick and stone—
Beneath the din of human strife
The plaintive wail of prisoned life.

For Life is One, though mind and senses reel
Upon the steeps precipitous of time
And, trembling, shun the deep abyss surpassed—
The long, long road the soul must climb
To touch the stars—a radiant god
Born from a chrysalis of sod.

And thus to every listening soul the beat
Of angels' wings is audible, as life
Strains at its bonds of clay and yearns
For the lost freedom. The endless strife
And hunger for the hidden light
Is voiced in whispers of the night.

A. C. S.

IF wandering through some silent forest aisle,
A light wind stirred its tapestries of light and shade
And woke the myriad voices of the leaves, which swelled
To symphonies antiphonal—orchestral waves of sound,
Which beat like winged hosts in mad, tumultuous flight
Through the deep solitudes of space—
If blent with this were heard sunbursts of song,
Resplendent jewels of light divine and melodies
As soft as dewdrops falling o'er the rimmed
And curved chalice of a rose—
Then might I know the lyric power which thrilled
Through Swinburne's heart and hand,
Which gloom of English skies nor priestly ban
Could still the while he sang
In flawless music of the soul of man.

James Harold Manning

LIEUTENANT MANNING took part in much severe fighting in the Great War. He was with the 52nd battalion, C.E.F. (Port Arthur). At Vimy Ridge he was wounded in the arm by a shell and was invalided for three months. On recovery he rejoined his regiment and fought in the battle at Lens. On August 27, 1917, a bursting whiz-bang shattered his left hand, and ended his military career. After months in an English hospital, he was discharged from active service in 1918 with a life pension. . . James Harold Manning was born February 15, 1897, at Saint John, N.B., the second son of Dr James and Helen (Hanington) Manning. He graduated from the High School in his 16th year with the two most important prizes; and after his discharge in 1918, he won distinction for scholarship at Acadia University and as Editor of the 'Acadia Athaneum'. . . In 1922, Manning joined the Engineering staff of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, to serve in Venezuela. He died of malarial fever, at Maturin, Oct. 27, 1924. . . Apart from his fine gift of poetry, he was a brilliant linguist. . . His collected poems were published in 1925, entitled 'Courcelette and Other Poems'.—Editor

Ode to the Spirit of Life

I

BEAUTIFUL Spirit of Life,
Sweet essence of music and air,
Thou knowest my soul is thy slave;
Oh, melt to the flame of my prayer.

By the love that I bear for thee
I pray thee my words to inspire,
And lay on my parted lips
A coal from thine altar-fire!

II

For as I woke to-day
With the peeping of the sun
The clouds were rolled away;
And, though dawn had scarce begun,
Rosy glimmerings of light,
Bright as never yet were seen,
Trembling glances of delight,
Seemed to quiver, dance and play
Through the vibrant air, and run
O'er the wet enamelled green.

While the trees that gently sway
Close beside my window ledge
On the sudden waking gay
Rustled to a newer pledge
Of some inner happiness.
What it was I scarce could guess
Till a gladness born of day,
Laughing all my cares away,
Thrilled me like a fond caress.

For fairy-like the springing morn
In fuller harmony was born,
Charming my spirit into song;
And instant as the swallow's dart
A golden vision pierced my heart
Of Life and Beauty ever young.

III

Oh, for one magic moment
  She whom my heart of fire
Flames to possess forever
  Bent to my wild desire.

Lighter than infant's fingers,
  Keener than frosty wine,
Sweeter than dew that lingers,
  Rested her lips on mine.

I have gazed in the star-filled heavens
  Till my eyes were lost in the deep;
I have pondered the sliding waters
  Where the secrets of ages sleep;

But deeper far than the skies,
  Cloud-filmed in the vastness of night,
Lay the pools in thy dreaming eyes
  In the flash of my sudden sight;

Nor deep the mysterious spell
  That broods on the slow, black stream,
To the love beyond power to tell
  That woke at thy earliest beam.

Then with pity, fair Spirit of Life,
  From thy heaven of music and air,
Breathe into the soul of thy slave,
  And return at the flame of my prayer!

. . . . .

The Stormy Petrel

UP the slope and over the crest
  I fly like a feather of spray,
    So gay,
And light is my airy breast.
  I hover about where the dolphins play,
  And splash in the foam and startle away
With a flick of the wings, while colours sheen
  In a gorgeous veil of dazzling hues,
Crimson and yellow and emerald green
    And blues.

Oh, what can compare with this delight,
To float on the crest of a wave
And breathe in the wonderful misty light
When the lip curls over and breaks into foam,
A fountain of green, frothed over with white,
And up again on the wing to shave
The toppling verge of another surge:
This is pure ecstasy; this is my home!

All day long with laughing and song
In a dance with the rainbow I wander along,
I race with the sunbeams and whirl with the breeze;
And when the red sun
Dips down on the seas
With the swell of a billow to serve as a pillow
I can sleep till the day is begun;
Are there joys that can rival these?

At the Turning of the Tide

AT the turning of the tide,
When the pale night wind comes trembling to the sea,
The Power that flung the striving waters wide
Calls in my heart to them and me.

My heart that felt the flood of the returning,
Drawn on the thronging water-main,
The source and light and haven of its yearning
Among the reefs of pain.

Then oh, my soul, from out thy folden prison,
Wherein thy patient longings burn,
See where the orb of thy release has risen,
And bids the restless mighty tide return.

Great Power, to that current I confide
My bark, from all misgivings free;
Oh draw me with the ebbing of the tide
Home into the vastness of the sea!

Dorothy Choate Herriman

MISS HERRIMAN, the youngest poet in the book, was born at Lindsay, Ontario, September 1st, 1901; *but her childhood was spent at Kingston, Toronto and Orillia. She is the daughter of Dr William Choate Herriman, Medical Director of the Ontario Hospital at Orillia, and his wife, Nellie J. Williams of Johnstown, Pennsylvania. . . Her paternal grandmother, Martha Achsah Choate, is a member of the distinguished Choate family of the United States, which includes Rufus Choate, lawyer and statesman, and the eloquent Joseph H. Choate, at one time Ambassador to the Court of St. James. . . Her maternal grandfather was the late Lewis Williams of Johnstown, Pa., a noted inventor and master mechanic. . . A great grandfather of Miss Herriman fought for Canada at Lundy's Lane and other points in the War of* 1812. *. . Miss Herriman was educated at the Model School, Toronto, the Central School, Orillia, the Orillia Collegiate Institute, and at Havergal College, Toronto. Since passing the Junior Matriculation, she has studied Drawing and Designing at the Central Technical School, Toronto, and at The Ontario College of Art. . . As a poet Miss Herriman has genuine talent, from which we may expect much good verse in the future.*—Editor

The Spruce Tree

I AM a spruce tree tall and strong;
Over my branches all day long
The blackbirds hop and the red squirrels run,
And the chipmunks chatter and chirp in fun.

I am a spruce tree wide and green;
Birds in my branches hide unseen;
My cones are treasures of tempting seed,
In their winter garner, the squirrels to feed.

I am a spruce tree white with snow;
Over my head the tempests blow,
But warm and green are my arms, to care
For the birds, when maples and elms are bare.

I am a spruce tree green and wide;
Close to my heart the wood-folk hide;
By day they flutter and fly and run,
And I guard their sleep when the day is done.

Waiting

IN my home by the great pagoda
He has left me alone,
And has followed the Tsien-tang river
From Hang-chau down to the ocean,
Like a bird that has southward flown.

He has said he would bring me bracelets
And a fan, and a shawl
That is covered with golden dragons,
And incense smelling of spices
In an ivory incense-ball.

But when Tse Hsu, the Prince, comes riding
From the ocean at night,
And the crest of his wave is shining
Beneath the moon, like the spectre
Of a sword that is poised to smite,

Then I pray to the great pagoda
Where the harmonies dwell,

That it temper the winds and waters,
Its six-fold sorceries utter
And their turbulent madness quell.

Then the gold he would bring, and treasures
I would proudly disdain,
For the sight of his junk-sails showing,
Like wings of birds in the springtime—
For the sight of his sails again.

Roses

YOU came when roses were in bud
And stayed the while they bloomed;
But now the garden faded lies—
And love's entombed.

Again the flowers will nod and blow
When Summer wooes the Year;
But only as a ghost in dreams
Will you appear.

And then from out the haunted night,
With roses on its breath,
All bitter-sweet will blow to me—
A kiss of Death.

Torii

THERE'S a sacred Shinto island
In a silver inland sea,
Where the mirrored moon makes magic
Round the gate of Torii.

Makes a magic of its moonbeams,
Conjures up an olden spell,
While the waves with incantations
Ancient lore and legend tell.

There the moonlight weaves a pathway
To our long-forgotten dreams;
And the dear ancestral spirits
Beckon us with ghostly beams.

Black against the silver water
Stands that ancient temple gate,

Symbol of a faith of ages,
Lasting as the power of fate.

By the isle of Miyajima
When at night the tide is high,
Myriad spirit-haunted ripples
Round the gateway lap and sigh

Of a past that binds the present
In its dim relentless grasp,
Lest the freedom of the future
Loose and steal it from its clasp.

Even when the spell is broken,
And they sacred are no more,
Haunted still will be that gateway
By the ghostly moonlit shore.

A Welcome to Bliss Carman

HERE at the gate of the Northland we welcome you,
Welcome, thrice welcome you, bard of the sea,
Child of the tide that rides Fundy so sweepingly,
Brother of night-winds that kiss the waves weepingly,
Son of the ocean, deep-dreaming and free.

Friend of the wanderers, back on the trail again,
Turning a moment away from the waves,
Does the sea call to you like a child cryingly?
Does your heart answering, low-voiced and sighingly,
Throb like the beat of the tide-filling caves?

Yours is the youthful heart tuned to life's melody.
Minstrel of morning-time, lover of dream,
Lead us to fairy-land softly, beguilingly,
Tell us of sorrow and pathos, but smilingly
Teach us life's woes are but half what they seem.

Here is the land where the rocks and the forests are,
Nights of cold moonlight and sunsets of flame.
Here where the lakes have a witch-tempting way with them,
Come for a season and live with them, play with them,
Sing us their soul-secrets, lend them your fame.

Index

PAGE

Allison, William T. 409
The Return to Nature .. 410
The Canadian Pine..... 411
Cartier Arrives at Stadacona 411
Hymeneal Chant of an Algonquin Maiden 412

Benson, Mary Josephine 475
Words 476
Heredity and Ego 477
Foam of Fancy 478
Sun-Song 479
Song of the Moon-Spirit 480

Blackburn, Grace 275
The Evening Star 276
Sing Ho for the Herring 276
The Cypress Tree 277
The Chant of the Woman 277

Blewett, Jean 185
She Just Keeps House for Me 186
The Firstborn 187
The Boy of the House.. 188
For He Was Scotch and So Was She 190
In the Old Church 191

Bourinot, Arthur S. ... 455
To the Ottawa 456
Canadian Ski Song 457
Enchantment 458
To Suzette 458

Bowman, Louise Morey 331
Deep Snow 332
Hyacinth 333
Green Apples 333
The Witch 335
Sea Lavender 336
The Wealthy Shepherd .. 337
She Plans Her Funeral.. 338

PAGE

Call, Frank Oliver 481
Through Arched Windows 482
Blue Homespun 483
An Old Habitant 484
La Terre 484
The Oven 485
The Sugar-Maker 485
The Maker of Toy Boats 485
The First Garden 486
A Chinese Poet 486

Cameron, Geo. Frederick 97
Ah, Me! the Mighty Love 98
Standing on Tiptoe 99
The Way of the World . 99
I am Young 100
What Matters It? 100
To the West Wind 101
An Answer 102
Wisdom 103
Amoris Finis 103
In After Days 103

Campbell, Wilfred 73
England 75
The Children of the Foam 77
Stella Flammarum 79
The Mother 80
The Last Prayer 83

Carman, Bliss 85
Low Tide on Grand-Pré 87
Spring-Song 88
The Ships of Yule 92
Roadside Flowers 93
A Mountain Gateway ... 93
The Grave-Tree 95

Cody, H. A. 515
The Woman on the Walls 516
The Port of St. John .. 518

PAGE

Coleman, Helena 163
More Lovely Grows the Earth 164
To a Bluebell 165
Indian Summer 166
Prairie Winds 167
Enlargement 169
Day and Night 169
Beyond the Violet Rays. 170
As Day Begins to Wane 170

Crawford, Isabella Valancy 25
Love's Forget-Me-Not .. 27
Said the Daisy 27
From 'Malcolm's Katie'. 29
From 'The Helot' 33
The Mother's Soul 34
The Rose 36

Crichton, John 487
There's a Garden 488
Inspiration 489
A Bird's Nest in Winter 489
Blue Hepatica 490
The Confluence 490
Red Trillium 492

Dalton, Annie Charlotte 345
The Robin's Egg 346
Incantations 348
Wild Larkspur 349
Flame and Adventure .. 350
(concluding verses)

Dollard, James B. 417
Rupert Brooke 419
The Haunted Hazel 419
The Fairy Harpers 420
At Dead o' the Night, Alanna 421
Ballad of the Banshee ... 422
The Passing of the Sidhe 423
Ould Kilkinny 424

Drummond, Wm. Henry 151
The Wreck of the 'Julie Plante' 153
Little Bateese 154

PAGE

Johnnie Courteau 156
De Nice Leetle Canadienne 158
Madeleine Vercheres ... 159

Eaton, Arthur W. H. .. 177
The Phantom Light of the Bay des Chaleurs. 179
The Lotus of the Nile ... 180
I Watch the Ships 181
L'ile Sainte Croix 182
By the Bridge 183

Egerton, Helen Merrill . 193
In Arcadie 194
A Hill Song 195
Bluebirds 197
Sandpipers 197
When the Gulls Come In 198

Garvin, John W. 263
Ancestral Ghosts 265
The Soul of Man Seeketh 265
A Fatalist 266

Gordon, Alfred 445
Dedication 446
Innocence 447

Hale, Katherine 279
Cun-ne-wa-bum 281
An Old Lady 282
Northern Graveyards ... 284
Crimson Pool 285
The Answer 286

Harrison, S. Frances ... 117
Gatineau Point 119
The Voyageur 119
Danger 120
Les Chantiers 120
Petite Ste. Rosalie 121
St. Jean B'ptiste 122
Catharine Plouffe 123
Benedict Brosse 123

Haweis, Lionel 379
Tsoqalem: Canto III ... 381
Tsoqalem: Canto IV. ... 383
Tsoqalem: Canto V. ... 385

PAGE

Herriman, Dorothy C. .. 527
The Spruce Tree 528
Waiting 528
Roses 529
Torii 529
A Welcome to Bliss Carman 530

Holland, Norah M. ... 295
The Little Dog-Angel .. 296
Kitty's Feet 297
The Lost Shoe 298

Hooke, Hilda Mary ... 505
The Perfect Round 506
Inspiration 507
Iris 507
Tulip Queens 508
The King's Dancer 508

Huestis, Annie C. 373
The Will-o'-the-Wisp ... 374
Aldaran 375

Johnson, E. Pauline ... 125
In the Shadows 127
As Red Men Die 129
The Song My Paddle Sings 130
The Lost Lagoon 132
The Pilot of the Plains. 132
The Songster 134

Lampman, Archibald .. 49
April in the Hills 51
The Truth 52
Morning on the Lievre. 53
Heat 54
A January Morning 55
After Rain 56
To My Daughter 57
Winter Evening 58
In March 58
The Railway Station 58
Nesting Time 59
The Largest Life 59

Lighthall, Wm. Douw. .. 259
Commandant's Isle 260
The Shebear 261

PAGE

Livesay, Florence R. .. 339
Butterfly Weed—Indian Fire 341
In the Public Ward 341
The Floating Barque ... 341
The Widow 342
Khustina—The Kerchief 343
Tim, the Fairy 344
The Violin Calls 344

Logan, John Daniel ... 299
The Heavenly Runaway . 301
Flute of God 302
The Over-Song of Niagara 303
Cartier: Dauntless Discoverer 304
Champlain: First Canadian 305
Laval: Noble Educator . 305
Brock: Valiant Leader . 305
Winifred Waters 306

MacDonald, Wilson ... 431
Whist-Whee 433
The Cry of the Song Children 434
The Miracle Songs of Jesus 436

MacInnes, Tom 363
Ballade of Youth Remaining 365
Ballade of the Mystic and the Mud 365
Mirelle of the Good Bed 366
Nirvana 367
White Magic 367
Amber Lands 368

Mackay, Isabel E. 221
Fires of Driftwood 223
The Homesteader 223
Calgary Station 224
The Prairie School 226
The Bridge Builder 227
The Mother 228

PAGE

MacKinnon, Cecilia ... 499
The Three Princesses ... 500
Sea-Garden 502

MacMechan, Archibald . 405
The Ballad of the 'River' 406
The Ballad of 'La Tribune' 407

Mair, Charles 13
August 15
From 'Tecumseh', (a Drama) 18
Tecumseh to General Harrison 21
Enter General Brock and Lefroy 22

Manning, James Harold 523
Ode to the Spirit of Life 524
The Stormy Petrel 525
At the Turning of the Tide 526

Marshall, William E. .. 251
Brookfield 253

McArthur, Peter 245
Corn-Planting 247
To the Birds 247
An Indian Wind Song ... 248
Sugar Weather..... 249
The End of the Drought 250

McCrae, John 391
In Flanders Fields 393
The Anxious Dead 393
The Night Cometh 394
The Pilgrims 394

McCully, Laura E. 425
Our Little Sister 427
Canoe Song at Twilight. 427
A Ballad of the Lakes.. 428

Middleton, Jesse Edgar. 441
The Canadian 442
The Ballad of Jack Monroe 443
For Dominion Day 444

PAGE

Moffatt, Gertrude M. . 413
Lyric 414
All Night I Heard 415
Brief as the Snow 415
Genius 415
The Pine 416
Out of My Want 416

Montgomery, L. M. ... 229
When the Dark Comes Down 231
Sunrise Along Shore 231
Off to the Fishing Ground 232
The Old Man's Grave .. 233
The Old Home Calls.. 234

Norwood, Robert 313
From 'His Lady of the Sonnets' 315
After the Order of Melchisedec 315
Extracts from 'Bill Boram' 318
From 'The Witch of Endor' 320
From 'The Man of Kerioth' 321

Osborne, Marian 215
Dedication 217
White Violet 217
The Elf 218
Phaon to Sappho 218
'Sister' 219
Folded Wings 220
The Trinity 220

Parker, Gilbert 199
Love is Enough 201
Rosleen 201
You'll Travel Far and Wide 202
The World in Making ... 203
The Red Patrol 203
The Yellow Swan 204
The Little House 205

Phelps, Arthur L. 511
Apple Blossoms 512
On the Eve of All Hallows 512

PAGE

There Was a Rose 513
Thoughts 513
An Old Man's Weariness 513
The Monk's Day 514

Pickthall, Marjorie L. C. 323
The Lamp of Poor Souls 325
The Pool 325
The Shepherd Boy 326
The Bridegroom of Cana 327
A Mother in Egypt 329

Pratt, E. J. 469
The Ground-Swell 470
Sea Variations 471

Rand, Theodore Harding 171
The Dragonfly 172
Sea Music 175

Redpath, Beatrice 287
The Star 288
Ponto the Fool 288
The Convict 290
The Clown 291
The Mother 293
Earth Love 294

Roberts, Charles G. D. 37
Hill-Top Songs 39
The Good Earth 40
On the Road 41
The Summons 41
Wayfarer of Earth 42
All Night the Lone Cicada 43
O Earth, Sufficing all our Needs 43
Monition 44
'The Unknown City' 44
The Place of His Rest .. 45
When the Cloud Comes Down the Mountain .. 47
Under the Pillars of the Sky 47
Cambrai and Marne 47

Roberts, Lloyd 463
Young Blood 464
The Fruit-Rancher 465
Miss Pixie 465

PAGE

Husbands Over Sea 466
The Madness of Winds . 467
If I Must 468

Roberts, Theodore G. .. 399
The Maid 400
The Hamadryad 401
The Blind Sailor 402
The Lost Shipmate 403
Fiddler's Green 404

Sangster, Charles 3
Sonnet 4
Lyric to the Isles 5
The Soldiers of the Plough 6
Harvest Hymn 7
The Rapid 8
The Wine of Song 9
Brock 10
The Plains of Abraham. 11

Scott, Duncan Campbell 105
At the Cedars 107
Night Burial in the Forest 109
The Voice and the Dusk . 110
The Sea by the Wood .. 111
The Wood by the Sea ... 112
The Builder 112
The Half-Breed Girl ... 113
From 'Lines in Memory of Edmund Morris ... 115

Scott, Frederick George 61
The Feud 63
Samson 64
Dawn 66
The River 67
The Storm 68
In the Winter Woods .. 69
The Unnamed Lake 70
The Burden of Time ... 71

Scrace, Richard 395
At the Place of the Roman Baths 396
The Auction 397
The Gypsies 397
A Masque of Souls 398

PAGE

Service, Robert W. 449
Little Moccasins 451
The Law of the Yukon . 452

Sharman, Lyon 351
Brasses 352
The Great Tides 353
The Building of the Sea-Wall 353
The Dragon's Warning . 354
The Dragon Sees His Advantage 355
A Ballad of a Famous Fisherman 356

Sheard, Virna 207
The Slumber Angel 208
In Solitude 208
The Daisy 209
The Shepherd Wind 209
A Southern Lullaby 210
The Ballad of the Quest . 211

Skinner, Constance L. . 357
Song of the Search 358
Song of the Long River. 359
Song of Cradle-Making. 360
The Wild Woman's Lullaby 362

Smythe, Albert E. S. ... 307
The Way of the Master. 309
November Sunshine 310
Anantasis 310
The Trysting Path 311
The Seasons of the Gods 312
Death the Revealer 312

Stephen, A. M. 519
The Dryad 520
Voices 521
A. C. S. 522

Stringer, Arthur 267
I'll Niver Go Home Again 269
Caoch O'Lynn 270
The Meeting 271
The Old Garden 271
The Seekers 274

PAGE

Sullivan, Alan 387
Suppliant 388
Brébeuf and Lalemant . 388

Taylor, Frances Beatrice. 493
The Last Tavern 494
The Fruit Vendor 495
Wayfaring Fools 496
Old Gardens 498

Thomson, E. W. 135
Thunderchild's Lament . 137
The Mandan Priest 139
The Canadian Rossignol (in May) 142
From 'Peter Ottawa' ... 142

Trotter, Bernard F. 459
The Poplars 460
The Road to Tartary ... 460
Smoke 462

Watson, Albert Durrant 235
Hymn for Canada 237
Beauty Everywhere 237
Twenty 238
Breeze and Billow 239
The Crow 240
Song of the Storm 240
A Colonial Song 240
God and Man 241
Kepler 241
Under the Open Sky ... 242
Listen 242
Priest and Pagan 242
Galileo 243
One Consciousness 244

Wetherald, Ethelwyn .. 143
The House of the Trees 145
The Screech-Owl 145
If One Might Live 146
Legacies 146
The Hay Field 147
The Wind of Death 147
The Indigo Bird 148
At Waking 149
The Song Sparrow's Nest 149
Earth's Silences 150

WARWICK
BROS. &
RUTTER
LIMITED
TORONTO
PRINTERS & BOOKBINDERS

(In print - 40.00)

30.00